

**Is the body
its own best
doctor?**

BY SIDNEY KATZ

COVER BY BRUCE JOHNSON
At the Royal Winter Fair

Blair Fraser asks: What if war comes on land?

NEW, BRIGHT HOPE FOR OUR RETARDED CHILDREN

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 22 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



MERRY CHRISTMAS MEETING...



Your family and the Parker family

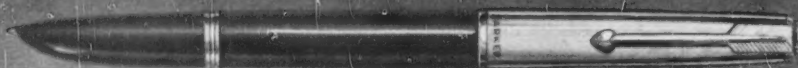


They're sure to take to each other right away,
because there are no finer Christmas gifts
than these handsome Parker pens and pencils.

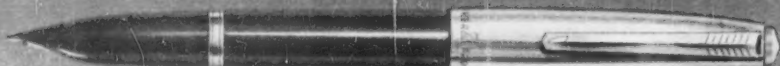
Check this list of Parkers against your gift list...



Very Special Gift—the **PARKER 61**. The most modern, most unique pen in the world. It fills itself by itself—has no moving parts. Match it with a Parker Pencil for a really superb gesture of goodwill. Black, green, blue, charcoal, red. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$27.50, Set \$40.00. Sterling Silver and Gold-filled cap, Pen \$25.00, Set \$35.00. Nickel and Silver plated cap, Pen \$22.50, Set \$30.00.



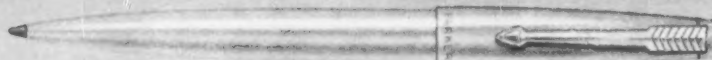
PARKER "51"—Exclusive electro-polished point, easy two-finger filling. Black, cocoa, burgundy, teal-blue. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$18.75, Set \$28.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$16.50, Set \$24.00.



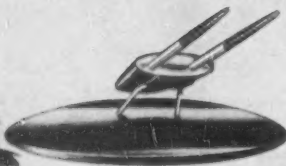
Give the **PARKER "21"**—most popular of medium-priced pens. It has the exclusive Parker electro-polished point. Black, red, blue, green. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$10.00, Set \$16.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$5.95, Set \$9.95.



The **PARKER T-BALL JOTTER** with the new porous ball-point that won't skip! Stainless steel cap. \$2.95.



Or give the all-Lustraloy **Parker Custom Jotter** with all the famous Jotter features in the gift-box. \$3.95.



The Brilliant **PARKER JOTTER DESK SET**, with two tapered Jotter Pens. \$12.50.



**PARKER PEN CO. LTD., DON MILLS, ONT.
(METROPOLITAN TORONTO)**

PARKER

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ New load for traffic courts: the point system
- ✓ New clues on Oakes, says writer. Reopen case?

WITH THE POINT-DEMERIT SYSTEM FOR DRIVING spreading to more provinces, look for: 1. An increase in court cases, with drivers appearing to defend themselves instead of accepting automatic fines and loss of points. 2. A move toward more uniform speed laws. Under the system each driver starts with so many points—usually 12—and starts losing them for various infractions. Loss of them all costs him his license; he regains points for periods of safe driving. Manitoba, N. B. and N. S. have the system now, Ontario expects to get it in December.



OAKES

THE MURDER OF HARRY OAKES, Canadian millionaire mysteriously killed fifteen years ago in Nassau, may become front-page news again through a new book by Geoffrey Bocca, English-Italian biographer who did *The Woman Who Would Be Queen*, the story of the Duchess of Windsor. Doubleday expects to publish it by next summer. Bocca says he'll "indicate new areas of investigation" and the book will suggest the murder case be reopened.

LOOK FOR MORE FRUIT TREES on the so-called bald prairie, not so much to vary western diets as to boost farmers' morale. The federal government is spending about \$75,000 a year in the three prairie provinces on experiments with apples, plums, apricots and a host of other fruits. Few will be grown commercially. "It's just that prairie farmers will get a bigger bang out of an apple tree in the backyard than they would out of a bumper wheat crop," says one scientist. Most popular apples? McIntosh, Delicious and Northern Spy in that order.



CONNIE TUNNELL
Welcome to Who's Who

WHILE THE SOCIAL REGISTER is trying to look down its nose at all except the 50,000 Canadians in its pages, the book that got there first—the 50-year-old Canadian *Who's Who*—is joining the game and looking down its nose at the *Social Register*. "There aren't 50,000 people of merit in Canada," says *Who's Who* publisher Arthur Tunnell, "just 8,100—the ones in *Who's Who*. The rest must have come out of city directories." Other charges: "You can pay and be in the *Social Register*; in *Who's Who* only success counts—we're putting Constance Tomkinson of *Les Girls* and painter Harold Town in the next issue . . . The *Social Register* forgot Sidney Smith but listed people who no longer exist at addresses where others live."

MOST OF CANADA'S DENTISTS are lining up behind a new budget plan to encourage people to get their teeth fixed—and pay later, without the financial stigma of being dunned or chased by bill collectors. The plan will be administered and financed by the dentists themselves. Saskatchewan has such a plan working now, Ontario and Alberta will launch theirs Jan. 1. Patients will pay the dentist or any chartered bank.

SPUTNIK-STYLE WOLF HUNT Radio's beep-beep to reveal how killers of animal kingdom live, hunt and die

Borrowing from Sputnik, Canadian biologists expect to solve soon some of the mysteries of the wolf, "that grey shadow" who is the north's most savage and relentless killer. How does he hunt and kill? What are his will-o'-the-wisp habits?

Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests is spending \$30,000 on an electronic-age peeping-Tom program to find the answers. Biologists plan to "bell" live-trap wolves with small radio transmitters that will broadcast a con-

stant beep-beep to reveal at any time the whereabouts of the up-to-now ghostly wolves.

How will they do it? Cigar-size transmitters attached to a leather collar will be fastened to the live-trap wolves. A transmitting aerial will form a loop around the collar, which will be expandable so that it will stretch, if fastened to a pup, as the wearer grows.

What do the scientists hope to learn? For one thing, how many wolves there are in any area and from that, possibly,

WHAT'S UP AT ROYAL YORK NEW LOOK IN OLD HOTEL A BONANZA FOR ARTISTS



ARTHUR PRICE

Carvings for Commonwealth's biggest.

WHEN THE ROYAL YORK in Toronto opens a new 400-room, \$10-million addition in February and becomes again the biggest hotel in the Commonwealth, it will be with a starched and stately bow to the ten provinces, two territories and Confederation—all new rooms bristling with totem poles and other native insignia and festooned with a fortune in Canadian paintings. It will bow as well to its best customers, Canadian businessmen, who'll be guests at the opening. But, with a cold sniff in the direction of Montreal's new Queen Elizabeth, whose gilded opening last spring created front-page news, the York will turn its back on starlets and Pinkerton-guarded satellites of the international set and café society.

Instead, the opening function will be the dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade—1,700 guests and a head table of 75 top Canadian businessmen. They'll sit down in the Grand Canadian room in a nest of others named for provinces. Speaker will be Neil McElroy, U. S. secretary of defense.

With the 400-room addition, the York will boast 1,600 rooms and soar away past the QE, which has 1,215. It will also stake claim as world convention headquarters. Five floors of the addition are devoted entirely to conventions. Space: 100 suites, 31 meeting and dining rooms capable of feeding 10,000 people, parking for 2,400 cars. It will take 1,500 employees to run the hotel, 500 more than before, and Chef Donat Perrault's kitchens will operate 24 hours a day.

Dozens of Canadian artists and two department stores, Eaton's and Simpson's, will have a crack at decor. One convention room will be surrounded with totems carved on paneled walls by Ottawa artist Arthur Price. Montreal artist Iliu is doing a mosaic for the main lobby and Zigmund Mazur aluminum panels for the Newfoundland room. Painters range from Vancouver's E. J. Hughes to Montreal's Leslie Smith. Special services: PA that will reach 10,000 listeners; blowing up balloons in wholesale lots (fee \$5.00).

—CAROL CHAPMAN

OUR THINNING BRITISH BLOOD Keeps on thinning

How fast is Canada's traditionally British bloodstream thinning? By about a third of one percent a year—according to present population trends. British blood is still predominant in the nation's veins, but this will be the worst year in a decade for British immigration.

From 1951 to 1956 the number of people of British ancestry in Canada increased through births and immigration by 10%. But Germans increased 36%, Dutch 46% and Italians a thumping 98%. In seven years Britons have accounted for only 32% of our immigration total. The result has been to depress the percentage of Britons in the population from 50% to 46%. If things keep going the same way for the next 20 years, by 1980 Canada will be less than 40% British.

In Britain there is growing coolness toward going off to Canada. Reasons: recession talk about Canada in newspapers and on radio and a trickle of disgruntled returnees who spread their discontent among friends.

About 60,000 have gone back to



Britain's lead is narrowing.

Britain since the war. Sample comment by Mrs. Francesca Phillips who left a job in Toronto to go back: "Canadians are smug and self-satisfied. They think we're mad not to rave about their way of life."

According to Gordon Cumming, Canada's immigration chief in London, it also grates on stay-at-home Britons that many Canadians "don't think Britain is No. 1 any more."

Is Canada worried? Not officially. Immigration offices in Britain are advising applicants it's "not the best time to go" and official Canadian travel films ("Doorstep to Opportunity") are being toned down with a few notes of caution.



A built-in spy system.

the numbers of other animals by estimating a wolf's average kill, say, in deer, rabbits and other game. Also, how and why the wolf population fluctuates from year to year.

Can science outfox the elusive wolf? Ontario's biologists think so. When the wolf's radio battery begins to weaken, for example, they think they'll know his habits so well they can trap him and replace it. When he dies, they'll follow the beep and take the transmitter for use again. —FRED BODSWORTH

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Which way will Fulton go in prices battles?



Davie Fulton, minister of justice, has a hard decision to make between now and the opening of parliament:

What changes should he recommend in laws governing retail sales? So far as reporters can learn, the key decisions about the legislation have yet to be made. The best guess, though, is that the law against retail price-fixing will not be repealed, but that the law against "loss-leader selling" will be strengthened, and perhaps broadened to include other practices such as misleading advertising.

The Conservative struggle against the Liberals' "resale price maintenance" bill was the great parliamentary battle of 1951—a mere skirmish compared to the later debates on the Defense Production Act and the Pipeline Bill, but known in its day as a filibuster. Tories broke all precedent by continuing the fight through the Christmas holidays and thus condemning themselves as well as the Grits to lukewarm restaurant turkey and no Santa Claus. One of the leaders in the 1951 encounter was the young Conservative MP for Kamloops, E. Davie Fulton. He moved the six months' hoist at second reading, with a speech two hours long.

Fulton had hardly got settled behind his desk as minister of justice last year when the retail merchants arrived to remind him of the stand he had taken six years before. When they tried to quote his 1951 speeches back at him, though, they ran into difficulty. Fulton had berated the Liberals for acting hastily, for making too cursory investiga-

tion of what the effects of their bill would be, for not giving a proper hearing to thousands of merchants and manufacturers who would be seriously affected by it. But he hadn't actually said, anywhere, that resale price maintenance was a good thing in itself and should not be forbidden.

He wouldn't promise to repeal the law against resale price-fixing either. All he undertook to do was study the question carefully. The study has been going on ever since, and Fulton hopes it will be completed before the next session of parliament. Already a few straws in the wind have floated by.

For the first time in twenty-three years, the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission put out a report last month on a price-cutting case, a charge against two Edmonton wholesalers of "selling goods at prices unreasonably low, having or designed to have the effect of substantially lessening competition or eliminating a competitor."

The law that forbids this kind of price-cutting was enacted in 1935, after the Harry Stevens enquiry into price spreads. The particular trade practice it was intended to prevent was the so-called "loss leader," the device of advertising some well-known item at an unprofitable price as a means of enticing buyers into the shop. Most retailers consider the "loss leader" an unfair trick, and the Conservative government of 1935 agreed with them and made it a crime.

However, nobody has ever been convicted of this crime. Frequent complaints have been made to the Restrictive

Trade Practices Commission, and enquiries have been held from time to time, but in no previous case did it seem worth while even to issue a report—the cases were simply dropped for lack of evidence. Prosecutions in the courts have also been tried by aggrieved retailers, one in British Columbia within the past year, but the offense has never been proven and the accused have always been acquitted.

Now, for the first time, the complaint of "unreasonably low price" has at last become the subject of a formal report. In addition to the Edmonton case, similar enquiries are being held in Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa, and reports are expected in the eastern cities as well.

In Edmonton T. D. MacDonald, director of investigation for the commission, looked into the charges last summer and reported them to be well founded. Two big wholesalers had cut prices of cigarettes, chocolate bars and chewing gum last January to a point MacDonald said was "unreasonably low." He found no evidence that the cuts were deliberately designed to eliminate competition, but he thought they would in fact have the effect. Several competing wholesale firms were losing money heavily in their efforts to meet the new low prices, and it seemed inevitable that they would be driven out of business, thus "eliminating a competitor" in the way forbidden by the law against "loss leaders."

However, the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission itself did not agree with its investigator. Instead, as it often

had done in the past, it dismissed the charge that MacDonald's evidence supported. "The evidence," says the commission's report, "fails to establish that such prices are unreasonably low . . . The reasons (given for the price cuts) are legitimate business reasons in keeping with normal competitive practice," and their effect "was to increase rather than lessen competition."

Davie Fulton said when he released the report that, in view of the findings of the commission, there would of course be no prosecution in the Edmonton case. However, he also said "a large number of 'complaints' have been received against the law forbidding resale price maintenance, which is Section 34 of the Combines Investigation Act. The present enquiry should be regarded as part of the general study which the Department of Justice is giving to the operation of Section 34, and the adequacy of Section 412 (of the Criminal Code, the one enacted in 1935) as a 'remedy against serious cases of loss-leader selling.'"

As a statement of intent, that sounds very comforting to the aggrieved retailers. The only trouble is that no "serious case of loss-leader selling" has ever been satisfactorily proven.

Four years ago, in response to similar complaints from merchants, the commission held an enquiry into loss-leader selling, and found that the practice was "neither so prevalent nor so serious as to call for legislation." The commission remarked that even the phrase itself was vague and ambiguous—some trade groups applied it to "any reduction below the manufacturer's suggested retail price." Sales at an actual loss—that is, below net purchase cost—"affected such a small number of lines that occurred so infrequently that they were unlikely to have lasting effects."

At that time, too, cigarettes were an item of which wholesale grocers complained. The commission found "the evidence did not support the allegation that the chain stores were selling cigarettes on unreasonably low margins." It recognized that some merchants, faced with these competitive prices, "would have great difficulty in conducting business in the accustomed manner," but the commission "did not think this was sufficient reason for compelling, by law, many retail stores to charge higher prices than they themselves preferred."

Of course, this was in the day of a Liberal government, the same Liberal government that enacted the hateful law against price-fixing by manufacturers. Pressure on the Conservative government to take a different attitude has been hopeful and intense, and still is.

So far, though, Davie Fulton has been a disappointment to those who thought he would take a gentler view of trade combines, price-fixing and similar practices. When the Liberals were defeated in 1957, two major cases under the Combines Investigation Act were still hanging fire. Illegal combines had been charged, by the commission, in the sugar business in Manitoba and also in the brewing trade; in neither case had the Liberals got around to prosecuting, before their defeat.

Contrary to some people's hopes and others' fears, Davie Fulton went ahead with both prosecutions. Whether he will also disappoint the hopes and fears about "loss selling" and retail price-fixing, we shall probably know before spring. ★



The betting is that he won't fight them both.

BACKSTAGE WITH PM'S MAIL

He's nation's top pen pal. Here's what they write him

After lagging behind chubby pop singer Paul Anka for a while, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker is now firmly in the lead as Canada's No. 1 pen pal and target for autograph seekers. The PM gets about 150 personal letters a day—about fifty asking for autographed pictures of himself—although this varies greatly, depending on what he's been doing, where he's going or what the government's up to.

Just before he took off on his round-the-world trip, the volume of mail suddenly doubled. People from all parts of Canada wrote cautioning him against overexertion. Some suggested places he should see. One woman gave him a complete manual on the vaccine shots he should take to be safe in almost every country in the world.

The PM gets considerably more mail than Louis St. Laurent or Mackenzie King did before him, but the biggest beefs he hears were big beefs in their day too. Now, as then, the most prolific letter writers are old-age pensioners. Their main

complaint: they want pensions payable to Canadians living abroad—non-resident Canadians can't collect old-age pensions.

Every twist and turn in the international situation influences the weight of the PM's mail. At the beginning of the Formosa crisis he got letters both condemning and supporting the U.S. A third of his mail outside Canada is from the U.S. Many Americans take time out to explain to Diefenbaker their country's foreign policy and privately solicit his endorsement of it.

Many letters are a straight appeal for handouts. From India, Nigeria, Pakistan and Ghana, students write asking the PM to finance their education in Canada. Recently three girls in French Togoland wrote asking for training as midwives. Diefenbaker replied that it wasn't a recognized profession here and referred them to UNESCO.

A man in Buenos Aires complained that the Royal Bank of Canada had refused him a loan.



DIEFENBAKER

... a flood of advice.

He apparently thought the bank was a government agency and he wanted Diefenbaker to do something about it. Similarly, a German soldier wrote that Canadians in the war had taken his watch and other valuables worth \$45. He had a receipt but hadn't been able to trace the Canadians. "C'est la guerre," the PM replied.

Diefenbachers in Switzerland, Germany and Hungary write him dozens of letters, some asking for money, some swapping "family" gossip.

There's one Indian woman on an Ontario reserve, however, who never asks for anything. She keeps in touch regularly, often sends him a box of homemade candy. Just before he left on his world trip he heard from her, with a collection of herbs and Indian remedies to take along with him.

—KLAUS NEUMANN

Backstage WITH MUSIC

The priest whose ballads are wowing Quebec

Among the hottest items on Quebec record shelves are a new and bouncy assortment of songs such as this, accompanied by a thumping Presley-style guitar rhythm and sung not by a crew-cut teenager but by a tonsured Franciscan priest named Bernard de Brienne.

"When they call the roll on payday up above," Père Bernard chants on his one-night stands throughout the province, and his predominantly teen-age audiences stomp, sway and clap as though they were being serenaded by The Four Lads.

His brown robes swishing on the stage, an open-toed sandal tapping the beat, he then launches into Lady Mary, or I Left My Boots Behind, or Frère Feu, or The Mixed Up Kids, or his theme song, My Little Yellow Flower:

*Oh, my little yellow flower, teach me how to love.
In my singing soul, make all eternity flower.*

The singing and swinging is all part of Père Bernard's apostolate. Following their ordination as priests, the Franciscans go out from their monastery doing various works, usually charitable. Père Bernard's choice was to sing and beat a guitar.

Quebec's youngsters can't get enough of it, and he works hard to meet the demand. In two years he has composed 300 songs in a style best described as pop-tune spiritual and sung in auditoriums, churches and town halls. He has the full blessing of his superiors. "He does a good thing to propose this new style of music," says Father Superior Cyrille at the Franciscan monastery at Sherbrooke, where Père Bernard studied.

His fame seems likely to go well beyond this lively start. Since March recordings of his songs have sold 30,000 copies. Next, he plans a tour of Catholic youth clubs in the U.S. He has recorded a five-song album for Christmas and will follow that with a 12-song LP for Easter. Plans are also being made to distribute his records in France. He preserves his vows of poverty by turning his royalties into an education fund for would-be Franciscan priests.

Père Bernard became a troubadour chiefly through the Elvis Presley craze. He played piano but found teen-agers cold to it. So he took up the guitar and began singing; his audiences warmed up amazingly.

Is Père Bernard merely a phenomenon of French Canada? Probably not. He sings in both French and English. Recently he put on a show in Cornwall, Ontario. By next morning, he says, "half the kids in town were singing The Blessed Rain, which goes, 'So do mi. Splatter with glee...'"

—KEN LEFOLII

THE BLESSED RAIN

*So do mi
Splatter with glee.
So do mi
Rain, rain,
Rivulets flow.
So do mi
Raining on me.*

Backstage WITH WORLD-FAMOUS PHOTO / How Karsh got Pope



POPE AND PHOTOGRAPHER
... a mountain of success.

When Pope Pius XII died hundreds of newspapers published millions of copies of a single picture of him—a profile of the Pope in prayer. It was taken by Yousuf Karsh and its first appearance anywhere was in the Dec. 15, 1949, issue of Maclean's.

Since then it has become the best-known and most widely distributed photograph in the world. The sitting was the only formal

portrait sitting given by the Pope in his lifetime. Karsh presented reproduction rights free to the Vatican, which up to the pontiff's death had turned out 22 million lithograph reproductions. Karsh himself estimates that in addition the picture has been reproduced in more than 100 million copies of various magazines and on book jackets. He gets royalties on these, but won't divulge how much.

"To the best of my knowledge," says Karsh, "this picture has been the most used in the history of photography."

The picture has been used in prayer books issued by the Vatican to illustrate the "Papal Blessing," handed to Vatican visitors, and it is sold to pilgrims from a shop inside St. Peter's. It has been used on Vatican stamps, and hangs in the Vatican library.

"Even I am satisfied with its success," says Karsh, "and I am very difficult to please."

The most satisfying thing to Karsh, however, is that it was

taken at all, because he almost didn't get it. Here's how it happened:

Karsh was given ten minutes with the Pope on June 16, 1949, although in planning the sitting with Count Galeazzi, the Vatican's chief of protocol, he had gathered that he'd get an hour. Karsh had also understood the Pope would be in white. Instead he turned up in ermine-trimmed crimson.

Karsh asked him to say a prayer for Canadian children and took three shots. Eighteen minutes had elapsed. The Pope became impatient and asked to be excused. Karsh asked for "one more." The Pope nodded. This ultimately was the picture reproduced 122 million times.

"I was never more nervous," Karsh recalls his effort to get the picture of his lifetime. "The Pope asked me where I was born. I was so rattled I said, 'I'm an Armenian citizen born in Canada.' It's the other way around of course."

—PETER C. NEWMAN

Background

"BRILLIANT BOB"

With Australian PM Robert Menzies among those touted to succeed Vincent Massey as Canada's governor-general, how would he look to Canadians? He's 64, with wavy silver hair, heavy black brows, thick jowls, a burly six-footer. Australians call him "Brilliant Bob" for his knife-sharp intellect. He's rated the nation's top orator, wittiest after-dinner



MENZIES

speaker, best radio voice and most formidable TV personality. He's a storekeeper's son who studied law, gave up a \$100,000-a-year law practice to enter politics. He has two sons and a daughter. Hobby: cricket.

CLUE TO NEGRO ILLS?

The relaxed and happy-faced American Negro of popular conception isn't that way at all, according to a recent medical study, and the fault is the so-called "American way of life." Two medical teams came to this conclusion after comparing a group of South Carolina Negroes with another group in Haiti—two peoples of the same racial origin but with

different environment. Finding: coronary disease was twice as prevalent among the South Carolinians as among the Haitians. The explanation: The Haitian sleeps and exercises more, eats and worries less. The American Negro, frequently in conflict with whites, is full of tension.

OFFBEAT MOVIES

Film societies are booming, with 70 groups in Canada booking an assortment of classic and off-beat fare for 14,000 viewers. Membership has doubled in five years and is expected to jump much higher. The biggest clubs—Ciné-Club of Montreal and AGE and Toronto Film Society

in Toronto—have more than 1,000 members. Probable hits this season: Umberto D (an Italian portrait of an old man) and Day of Wrath (a Danish story of 17th-century witchcraft).

COMIC STRIP LOSES ARROW

Near casualty when the government announced an uncertain future for the supersonic Arrow: the new Danny Fortune comic strip, which originators Bill Dulmage and Bill McCormick had planned around the advent of the Arrow. Toronto Star dropped the strip, although continuing to syndicate it to 52 other newspapers. Dulmage hastily moved the strip from north Canada to Vancouver.



PÈRE BERNARD

... a splatter of glee.

Editorial

Independence or paternalism? We can't have them both

To the Economic Club in New York last month Hon. Gordon Churchill, minister of trade and commerce, repeated some familiar Canadian complaints against American trade policy. Among other things he protested U. S. restrictions on the import of oil, lead and zinc that cut into the business of producers in western Canada.

Mr. Churchill said he understood the American government's problem, the need to protect home industries in the interest of national security, but he had two grievances in particular: One, there should have been "prior consultation with Canada before action was taken." Two, "Our position in continental defense is not fully appreciated. If for national security the oil industry must be kept active and base-metal production assisted, we do not readily see why we (Canadians) are left out."

Some of his American listeners must have been puzzled by this rebuke. If there is one thing that annoys Canadians more than another it is to be "treated like a fiftieth state" by Washington, and not recognized as a sovereign and separate country. But if in fact we are a separate nation, how could we help being "left out" of United States' national policy? And why should Washington be any more bound to "prior consultation with Canada" than with any other sovereign, separate, friendly country?

Last summer the Canadian government brought in some fundamental amendments to the Customs Act, amendments that have great effect on the trade with Canada of other nations, including the United States. The American government took a grave enough view of this amendment to send a formal note of protest to Ottawa. But there was no indication that the sovereign government of Canada had conducted any "prior consultation with the U. S. before action was taken," nor did anyone argue that it should have done so. The Canadian Customs Act was recognized as Canada's business.

Of course other countries have a right to make their views known on forthcoming legislation that will affect them. Canada has done so many times, on the subject of oil, lead and zinc.

We ourselves quite agree with Mr. Churchill that the American restrictions on these imports are a bad thing. We think they damage the free world, including the United States, far more than they help American interests. We also think, as he apparently does, that the plea of "national security" as an excuse for this protection is inadequate, specious and full of holes. We believe most Canadians share these views too.

But Canada has no more and no less right to exception from U. S. policy than Peru, which depends on lead and zinc exports far more heavily than we do, or Venezuela, which lives almost entirely on oil sales to the United States, or any other member nation of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade that was signed in Geneva eleven years ago. Not unless Canada does want the very thing that we most often say we don't want — treatment as a fiftieth state. Canada can't expect to have it both ways.

Mailbag

- ✓ Will Bomarc missile do the job for Canada?
- ✓ A visit to the woodshed with Professor Lower
- ✓ How a Canadian got a "sneak" picture of new Ford

Contrary to your editorial, *It Takes No Courage to Drop the Arrow*, *Just Common Sense* (Oct. 25), I feel most Canadians don't approve of the government's double-dealing. The Arrow is not "very" obsolete. It's a finer plane than any of its kind built today. The decision to drop it is the most cowardly act by a Canadian government, unfeeling for Canada and Canadian workers. So we go out of the country to make another richer with Canadian money and make Canada poor economically, poorer in world stature, poorer in self-confidence and national pride.

The Bomarc missile was designed to ring strategic targets such as New York. Can it roam Canada's vastness seeking out the enemy? Can it distinguish friend from foe?—S. R. KIRK, KINGSTON, N.S.

✓ Is it courageous and common sense to depend upon a foreign, unmanned, unproven missile for the defense of one's country? Is it courageous to discourage the skill and talents of our few remaining design engineers, technicians and skilled workers? Is it courageous to threaten the livelihood of Canadians? We are urged to "buy Canadian! Apparently we should buy American—it's cheaper."—K. E. ROGERS, CALEDON EAST, ONT.

The whipping professor

After reading *The Gods Canadians Worship* (Oct. 25) with keen pleasure, I would like to say to Prof. A. R. M. Lower: "You sure slobbered a bib full, professor!"

I was beginning to despair that any Canadian university would be able to produce again an unpressed professor, similar to Stephen Leacock, who could lick the living daylight out of us and make us like it. There is a reckoning past due in the woodshed for the average Canadian dodgling along having so much fun while the destiny of the na-



tion hangs in the balance. Professor, keep putting the old birch to the hind end of this irresponsibility until Canadians again remember all the things they have been told.—F. LETT, SASKATOON.

✓ As the representative of a Canadian family of six generations I take exception to Professor Lower's brutal analysis of my generation. I suggest a close study of the results of two languages in one Dominion will prove it was a real handicap. Indeed if I had my wish all Europeans or others entering Canada as immigrants would be obliged to study the English language before entry and use that language only.—M. A. GIBSON, TORONTO.

How to help the helpless

"I get much more satisfaction out of giving a dime to a panhandler than seeing \$10.58 knocked off my pay cheque for charity every month."

This quote from Peter Newman's article, *Is the United Appeal Too Big?* (Sept. 27), sums up why there should be no United Appeal at all. Private charity may make the giver feel noble, but it degrades the recipient. Anyone who needs help and who is too poor or too sick to help himself should re-



ceive assistance as a *right* and not as a favor. We should all pay taxes toward health and welfare, the money should be administered by the government and the accounts subject to the scrutiny of parliament so that the taxpayer may know how his money is spent.—PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ, MONTREAL.

✓ My appreciation to Peter Newman for his article. It is an excellent attempt to analyze public opinion on the federated approach to fund-raising. The author includes a quote indicating that nearly half of the money collected by the Toronto Fund goes for relief. If an interpretation of the word relief is individuals, Mr. Newman's statement does not fit the facts. His statement is true only in the sense that relief is interpreted as being all those expenditures related to alleviating misfortune and distress.—GEORGE N. BARKER, DIRECTOR, AGENCY OPERATIONS, TORONTO.

"Sneak" shot of a car?

In the *Cloak-and-Dagger Struggle to Keep the New Cars Secret* (Oct. 11) Eric Hutton states: "Two years ago, the editor of a small magazine got hold of a photograph of a future Ford and ran it. The lines of the car were rather indistinct, but Ford was quite unhappy about the leak." If this photo could be considered a leak then the manufacturers had better look into the efficiency of their security guards. On the return from a California holiday I stopped at the Grand Canyon where this car was being photographed by Ford in plain view. I approached the party with a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic in my hand, a 35mm. camera about my neck, and talked with members of the party about the new car before I took my photos. There was no question as to what I was doing, or that I should leave. I object to the statement that "the lines of the car were rather indistinct." This picture was taken at close range and was not done with a telephoto lens; nor is it a huge enlargement of a section of the negative.—J. E. PHIPPEN, CORNWALL, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 12



the BIG news for BIG dinners...

The NEW large family size GENERAL ELECTRIC *Automatic* FRYPAN



LARGE FAMILY SIZE. 25% more cooking area than large pans—holds two big chickens, or a dozen chops, or a company dinner for 8 or 10—New "helper" handle for easy serving.



BIG SQUARE ELEMENT. A square pan needs a square element—and General Electric has it. Built-in square Calrod element provides controlled heat, uniform from corner to corner—ensuring even cooking.



AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL. Easy-to-read dial sets temperature, holds correct heat automatically. Light comes on when pan is ready to use and there's a setting to keep food warm without drying-out.



LOW PRICE INCLUDES EVERYTHING. Compare prices and see how you save on G-E—the price includes this cord set AND air-vent lid. No extras to buy with General Electric.

- BRAISES
- BAKES
- FRIES
- GRILLS
- STEWS



G-E makes a frypan to suit everyone's need—large or medium, round or square—all with exclusive matching Calrod element. Air-vent lid and cord set included at no extra cost. Prices start as low as \$19.95.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC
FRYPANS

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



Why is ARTHRITIS called "the Sphinx of diseases?"

A RTHRITIS... the oldest disease of which we have evidence... has been likened to the ancient Sphinx. For arthritis, no less than the Sphinx, is still strange and mysterious in many ways.

For example, the *exact* cause of some types of arthritis is unknown. Nor do doctors fully understand why it flares up in certain patients and smoulders or develops gradually in others... why treatment beneficial for one victim may not help another... why rheumatoid arthritis strikes women three times as often as men.

Despite such mysteries, the outlook for those who have arthritis has never been so good as it is today. When proper treatment for arthritis is started early... or before the affected body joints have been severely damaged... there is great likelihood of lasting relief and marked improvement.

Proper treatment for arthritis and other rheumatic diseases... affecting about a million Canadians 14 years of age and older... must be based on the needs of the *individual* patient.

This is because arthritis has many forms, each requiring special management. Yet, many people brush aside treatment prescribed by their doctors for a "cure" promising quick and complete recovery. *There is no such thing.*

At least 50 different forms of arthritis are known to medical science. But only

two of the forms make up more than seventy percent of all rheumatic complaints. These are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Osteoarthritis, or degenerative joint disease, begins as a rule in the thirties or forties as part of the process of aging. It usually attacks joints that undergo greatest wear and tear.

Osteoarthritis is usually mild... more of a nuisance than a real disability. Under proper medical care, a great deal can be done to lessen discomfort and reduce further damage to joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis may be more serious. Though it involves the joints, it also affects the entire body. Moreover, it strikes in the prime of life, generally between the ages of 20 and 50.

If neglected, rheumatoid arthritis can cause severe crippling. But if diagnosed early and treatment faithfully followed, many patients can be spared disability and helped considerably.

Even if the disease does not yield to treatment, rehabilitation can often help a badly handicapped individual continue a comfortable and useful life.

If your joints become sore, stiff, painful or swollen, consult your doctor... and always avoid self-treatment. The sooner you seek his help, the better your chances to head off trouble.

COPYRIGHT CANADA, 1958 - METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada.

Please send me the free booklet, "Arthritis," 118-M

Name.....
Street.....
City..... Prov.....



MACLEAN'S

Ralph Allen
Editor

Leslie F. Hannon
Managing Editor

John Clare, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders
Associate Editors

Blair Fraser
Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors

N. O. Bonisteel, Peter Gzowski, Eric Hutton, Ken Lefolli, Herbert Manning, Barbara Moon,
Peter C. Newman, McKenzie Porter

Gene Aliman
Art Director

Desmond English
Asst. Art Director

Jack Olsen
Photo Editor

Editorial Assistants

Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Shirley E. Mair, Joan Weatherseed, Barbara West

Stanley L. Hutchings
Advertising Mgr.

B. Anthony Lawless
Circulation Mgr.

B. Wes Spicer
Advertising Production Mgr.

Douglas M. Gowdy Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

CONTENTS

VOLUME 71

NOVEMBER 22, 1958

NUMBER 24

- PREVIEW:** Will new point system swamp the traffic courts? /
Canadians becoming less British / How new Royal York will look 1
- BACKSTAGE:** Fulton's dilemma: what to do about prices problem 2
The world's most famous photograph / What "pen pals" tell the PM 3
- EDITORIAL and MAILBAG** 4

A MACLEAN'S ALBUM

- The days that are no more. Photographs by William Notman 25

ARTICLES

- Is the body its own best doctor? Sidney Katz 15
- Where do we stand in defense? Part II. If war comes by sea or land.
Blair Fraser 16
- A better world for retarded children. John Clare 18
- Is Jarvis mis-spending our art millions? Peter C. Newman 20
- The Gas Bag. Robert Thomas Allen 22
- Confessions of a fellow traveler. Mordecai Richler 24
- The biggest fall fair of them all. Richard O'Hagan 32
- The on- and offstage life of a boy wonder. Ken Johnstone 34

DEPARTMENTS

- For the sake of argument. China may soon be the World Power.
Edward B. Jolliffe 10
- Letter from Formosa. Behind Chiang's smile: a troubled people.
Beverley Baxter 10
- Sweet & sour page 36 Maclean's movies page 38
- My most memorable meal page 44 Jasper page 50 We asked page 54
- Canadianecdote page 84 Parade page 96

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

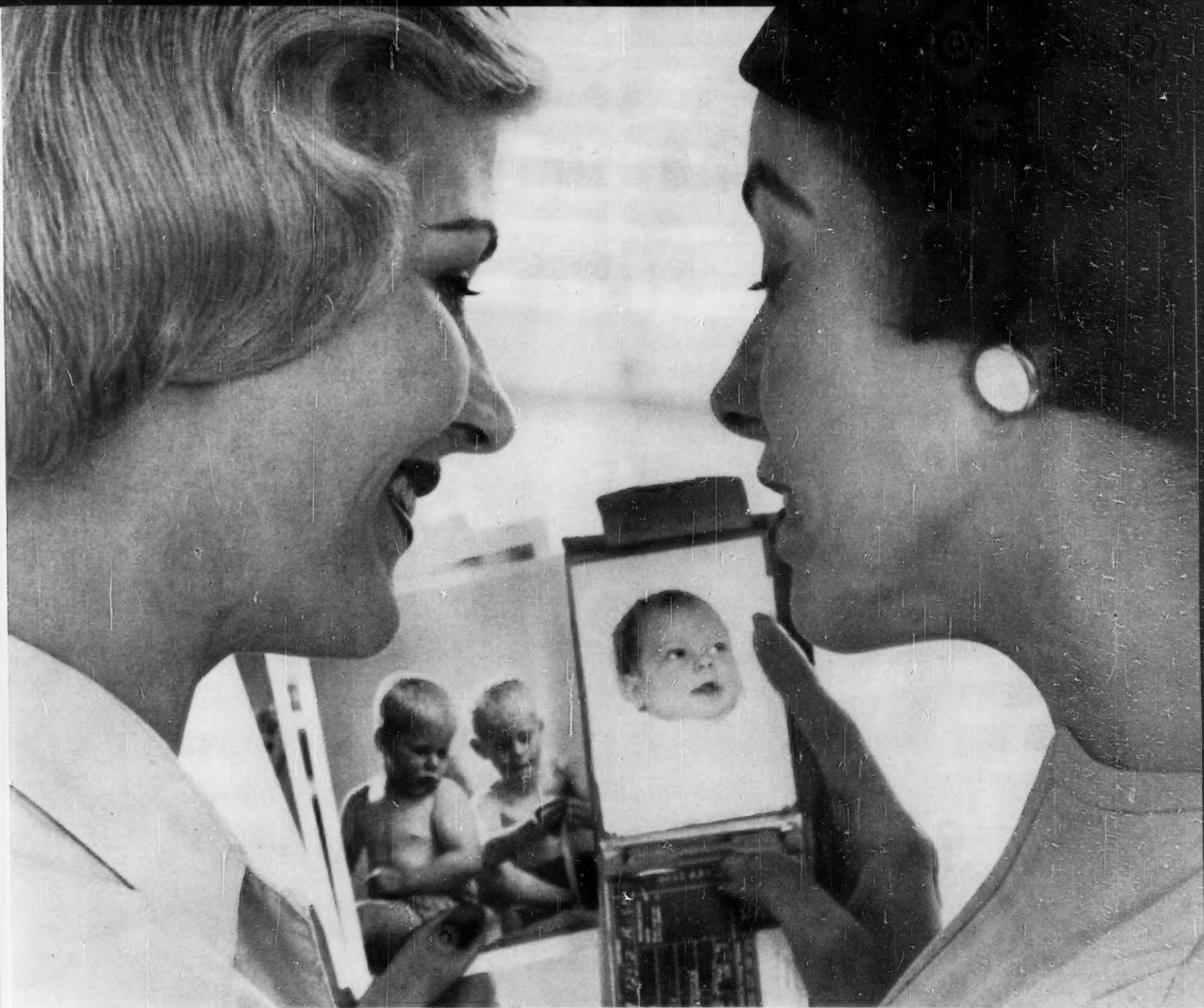
Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Miller Services, Wheeler / 15, Medical News, Phil Trevill—Black Star / 16, U. S. Navy / 17, National Defense, United Press, Underwood and Underwood / 18, Alex Bellon / 19, two Horst Ehrlich / 20-21, Jack Olsen / 24, Horst Ehrlich / 25-31, William Notman / 34-35, Basil Zarov / 80, Underwood and Underwood.



THE COVER

Fancy-gaited saddle horses draw the top-hat crowd to the Royal Winter Fair, but **Bruce Johnson** found that to this little lady of the tackroom the hefty Percheron is still king. More Johnson impressions accompany a story on the Royal starting on page 32.

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board. Floyd S. Chalmers, President. Donald F. Hunter, Vice-President and Managing Director. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. Branch Office: 1030 West Georgia St., Vancouver 5, B.C. U. S. A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 341 Madison Ave., New York 17. Great Britain: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright, 1958, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for return. The publishers will not be responsible for loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.



This is what we work for at Parke-Davis

... the better health and longer life that come with better medicines

It seems that no conversation between mothers is complete until the latest family snapshots have been shown. A healthy, active and attractive family is naturally a mother's proudest possession.

Of the scores of new medicines now available, *vitamin preparations* are of special interest to everyone concerned with the health and well-being of a family.

Expectant mothers, infants, pre-school children, teenagers, adults, the aged—all have different nutritional requirements, and today's vitamin products play an important part in meeting any vitamin deficiencies.

It's important to know, however, that vitamin combinations which benefit one group may not be completely adequate for another.

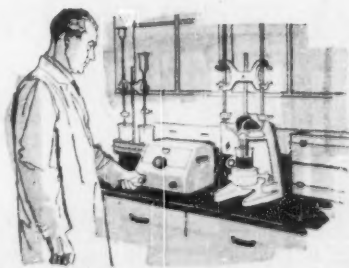
That's why, at your pharmacy you'll see many different Parke-Davis vitamin preparations.

To make sure you're getting the vitamins you may require, see your doctor. His experience and judgment will enable him to prescribe the right vitamin preparations for your needs.

Copyright—Parke, Davis & Company, Ltd., Montreal 2, Que.

PARKE-DAVIS

... PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1886



This modern ultrasensitive electronic equipment "measures" vitamin preparations. In addition to numerous quality and safety checks, it helps maintain the high standards of vitamin strength and potency Parke-Davis has maintained for 42 years.

Firestone's launching '59 models



A spectacular new cord material, TYREX, gives you the greatest combination for safety,

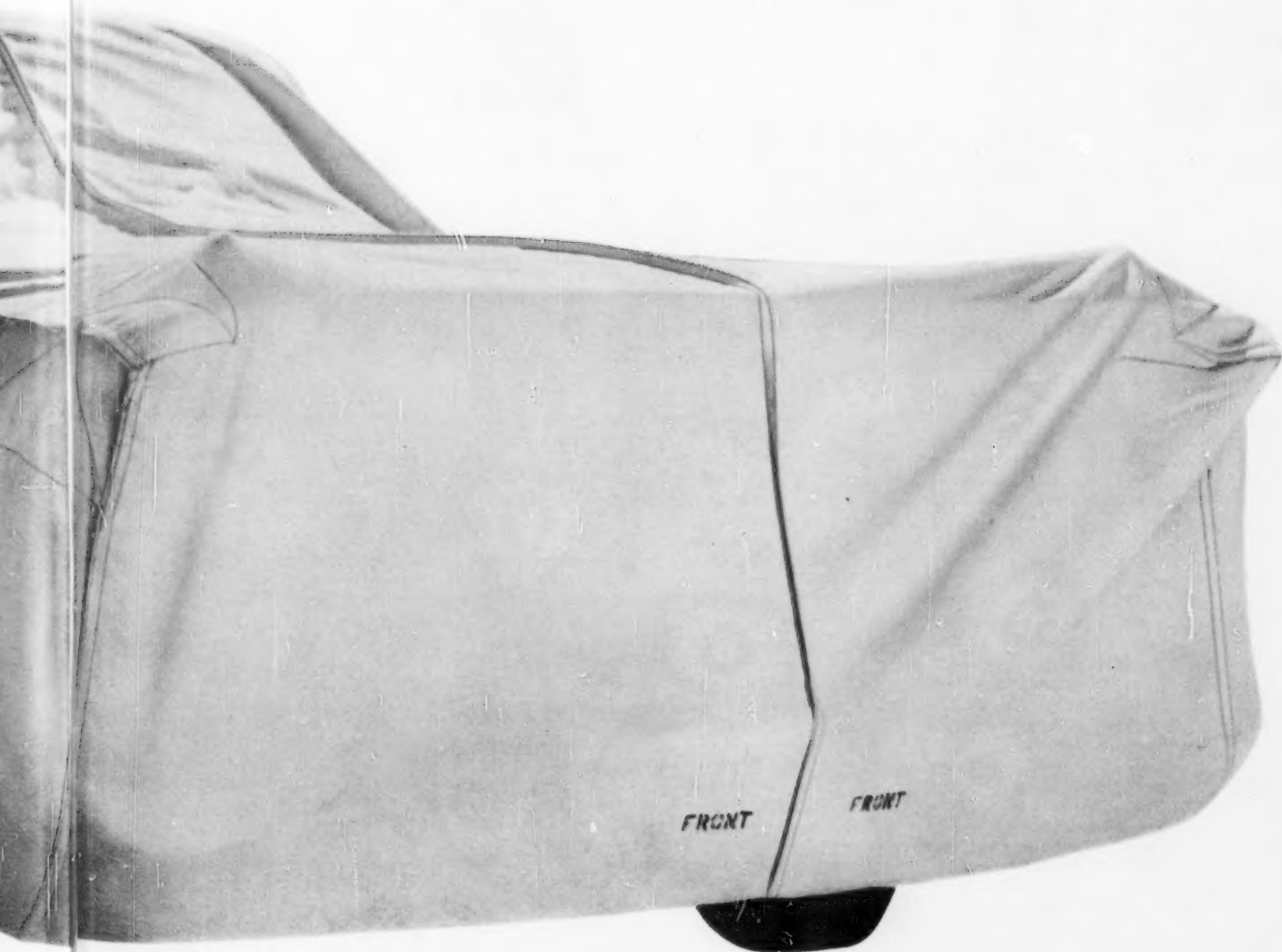
NEW TYREX CORD DELIVERS THESE EXTRAS!

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Longer Mileage | 4. Smoother Ride |
| 2. Easier Rolling | 5. Greater Safety |
| 3. Saves Gasoline | 6. Quieter Operation |

The spectacular new Firestone De Luxe Champion, with both TYREX cord and Firestone Rubber-X, earned its rave notices the hard way. Months of laboratory and test-track punishment proved it. World-famous automotive engineers and research scientists proved it again. Millions of test miles on back road and turnpike made it official.

New Firestone Rubber-X is tough, rugged and longer wearing. New TYREX is the strongest cord material ever used in regular original equipment tires.

s on a great new kind of tire!



together with *FIRESTONE RUBBER-X*,
strength and long mileage you've ever known!

Exhaustive tests prove TYREX cord offers added safety at high speeds, helps hush road noise and gives a new smoother ride. Tests prove this new kind of Firestone tire, with Firestone Rubber-X and TYREX cord, stands up, performs, and protects you and your family, year after year, mile after mile.

These new Firestone De Luxe Champion tires are standard equipment on leading new 1959 models. You can get them for your present car, at regular prices and on convenient terms, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

TWO PERSONAL REPORTS FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STRAIT OF FORMOSA

For the sake of argument



EDWARD B. JOLLIFFE CONTENTS

China may soon be the world power

Lawyer-writer Jolliffe headed the CCF in Ontario from 1942 to 1953.

Having spent most of my first seventeen years in China, I grew up thinking of it as a backward Oriental country. After four weeks there in August and September, I am obliged to think differently. It seems to me the issue of "recognition"—or of seating Communist China in the UN—is only part of a much larger and more serious problem: the failure of the West to notice that China has suddenly become strong and may be the strongest of them all within a few years. Our myopia results from a collection of outdated illusions and fallacies.

Ever since 1945 we have been getting used to the idea of two giants dominating our hopes and fears. The USA and the USSR seem to dwarf all others. We take it for granted no country could possibly match the military and economic might of the strongest, the American giant, or the biggest, the Soviet colossus. For us, Washington and Moscow are the two capitals of our world, each with

friends, allies, satellites and followers. We even suspect that any event of international importance must have occurred by direction from the White House — or the Kremlin.

The titanic rivals compete in producing and testing H-bombs, in launching mysterious submarines, man-made moons and intercontinental ballistic missiles, in fierce debates at the UN as well as propaganda campaigns which crowd the air waves. By these means the two-power illusion has become well established in North America, if nowhere else.

The usual comment on China does nothing to disturb the illusion: "Oh, I know they have six hundred million people and twenty million more every year, but what else have they got?" It's a question that implies there can be no valid answer. On this sandy foundation rests the widespread belief that China must forever be an impoverished coolie-land, unfortunately fallen under Russian influence.

Western policy, including that of Canada, appears to assume a two-power **continued on page 69**



"China is no longer weak." Here, Chinese Red Army troops stand before their bristling tanks at a Peking show of military might.

Letter from Formosa



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Behind Chiang's smile: a troubled people

"The President will be glad to receive Sir Beverley Baxter and Lady Baxter for tea at his residence." This was the agreeable message which we received at the Grand Hotel not long after our arrival in the troubled island of Formosa.

If we agree that the journalist is the contemporary historian then you will understand the interest with which we looked forward to meeting this remarkable man whose life has been a series of climax and anti-climax and endless controversy.

In the outside world he is looked upon variously as a faded potentate, a messiah who might yet lead his followers back to their own Chinese mainland, a dreamer out of touch with reality; and an American investment which cannot be liquidated.

Three days previously when we boarded the airplane at Hong Kong for the flight to Formosa we looked at our fellow passengers to try to assess their mood and the purpose of their journey. Actually we did not learn very much for the reason that they were nearly all students returning from vacation,

and like students the world over they were a jolly and noisy lot until they grew drowsy and we had comparative peace.

Yet the Hong Kong newspapers, available on the plane, were full of news about the fierce, prolonged bombardment of the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. How long could they hold out? And if they did hold out how long before the Communists would turn their fury on Taiwan itself, the home and citadel of Chiang Kai-shek?

To our surprise as we drove through the city to the Grand Hotel the whole place seemed to be *en fête*. In the brilliantly lit streets there were gleaming American motorcars the size of destroyers, rickshaws drawn by boys on bicycles, carriages hitched to sullen, heavy-footed water buffaloes, and laughing young mothers with their babies strapped like papooses on their shoulders. They were celebrating the moon festival in the avenues of Taiwan while a few miles away the people on the off-shore islands were being pounded by the mainland guns of the Red Chinese **continued on page 66**



The Baxters in Taipei with Chiang Kai-shek supporters. Over tea, the generalissimo said he'd fight on even without U.S. support.



Orient & Pacific Lines ships sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Where will you be when you land—Australia? Fiji? Hawaii?

YOUR Orient & Pacific liner is about to dock at Suva in the Fiji Islands. Six sunlit days ago you were in Hawaii. In another six you'll be in Australia.

The men on the pier are members of the Fiji Military Forces Band, which greets your ship with a stirring concert. (Captain Cook got a different reception. He called these the Cannibal Islands.)

Fiji is a fascinating place to explore.

You can shop for primitive art and rare sea shells. Have a suit made to measure by an Indian tailor in six hours. Or turn back the clock at a native feast and listen to old Polynesian songs.

Your trip is just as exciting between ports. Each Orient & Pacific liner has two swimming pools and thousands of feet of open deck for sun and games. At night there are brilliant parties and

dances. Your meals are prepared by chefs trained on the Continent.

What does a vacation like this cost? As little as \$24 a day! Round trips to Australia on Orient & Pacific start at \$604—to the Far East at \$640. See your travel agent. He has all the details.

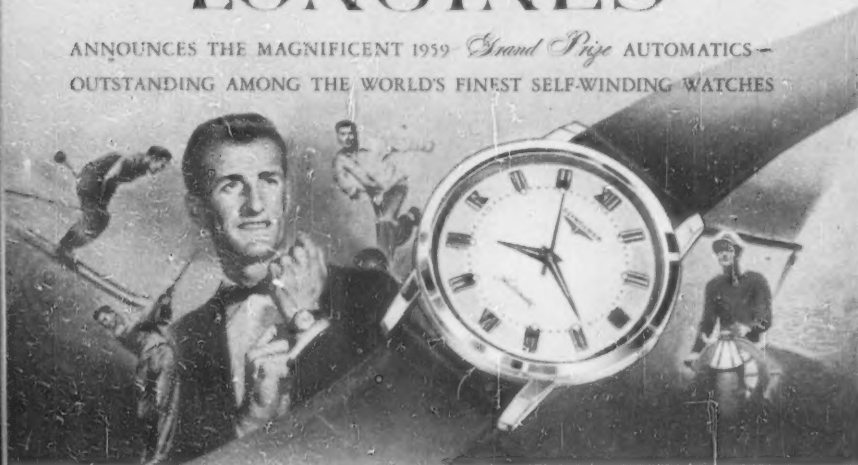
Orient & Pacific Lines: Suite E, 210 Post St., San Francisco. **Cunard Line:** General Agents in U.S. and Canada.

Orient & Pacific liners are the largest, fastest in the Pacific. →



LONGINES

ANNOUNCES THE MAGNIFICENT 1959 *Grand Prize* AUTOMATICS—
OUTSTANDING AMONG THE WORLD'S FINEST SELF-WINDING WATCHES



MAXIMUM PROTECTION AGAINST ALL COMMON WATCH HAZARDS—
IT GOES WHEREVER YOU GO—DOES WHATEVER YOU DO

Finest watches of their type are the Longines 1959 *Grand Prize* Automatics, distinguished new 14K gold self-winding watches with built-in safeguards against all common watch hazards—water, perspiration, dust, shock, magnetism. Ten years of research, six years of field testing, and almost a century of experience in the science and art of watchmaking are the essential ingredients in the success of these superior self-winding watches. *There are no other watches in the world like them.* The self-winding mechanism, developed and patented by Longines, keeps the mainspring at full power with normal activity. Longines *Grand Prize* Automatics, in world-wide use, have demonstrated incredible accuracy and dependability. Yet, in spite of a somewhat higher price, they are most economical to own, thanks to perfection of manufacture and maximum protection from damage in normal use. **Presented** in highly-styled and beautifully finished cases of 14K gold, they feature attractive dials with individually applied 18K gold dial markers. Here is the watch for your personal use, or the gift watch of distinction for a man of discrimination. Remember, for all the qualities by which the worth of a watch may be judged, Longines has won highest honors when measured against the finest watches of the world. **See** these and other magnificent 1959 Longines watches at your authorized Longines-Wittnauer Jeweller. For an informative booklet, write to Longines-Wittnauer Company of Canada, 1255 Phillips Square, Montreal. **Illustrated above—the Nobel "A", one of the Longines series of "Grand Prize" Automatics, \$250. Other Longines Automatic Watches from \$115.00.**

prices shown are suggested retail

LONGINES

*Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals*

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER

THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Mailbag Continued from page 4

✓ In defense of a college education

✓ Dr. Lin Yutang — textbook or mumbo jumbo?

I have read Hugh Garner's *Why I Won't Push My Children Into College* (Oct. 11) with interest. It seems to me the trouble with articles of that kind is that many are written and read by those who have never been to college and therefore do not know, firsthand, what they have missed or of what they are depriving their children. The advantages of such an education are not tangible and cannot be measured or weighed; they are hard to explain. It has been said, "You cannot argue against ignorance."

The question is not, "Can a college graduate earn more money?" so much as, "Can he produce a lower percentage of



idiots, morons, delinquents and misfits in his progress?"—MRS. KATHLEEN CASLER, SMITHERS, B.C.

✓ Since when is money the sole source of happiness in this world? Garner's closing sentence is a beauty: "And how much education do you need to peddle pills on a TV commercial?" Well, Garner, if after all the upbringing you have given your children you want them to be money-hungry suburbanites, security conscious, staring dully into their half-paid-for TV sets at adult westerns, not really vulgar, not really unintellectual, not really uncultured, not really anything, then you go right ahead. I am 18 and just entering college and expect to earn most of my way through. When I graduate in six or seven years I hope to be educated but I don't know how far I would have gone if my parents had had Garner's attitude toward university.—RICHARD B. POTTER, TORONTO.

Should we recognize China?

To give in to the Reds on any issue let alone give them formal recognition as the *rightful* rulers of China (How We Can Help Avert Disaster, Oct. 11) is to increase their prestige and leadership, which is just what they want. In giving in to the Reds on an issue which *in itself* is not worth a war, you would give them victory also on the fundamental issue of communism versus Christian freedom. . . . Also, a demand for free elections in Formosa would be against our interests unless coupled with a demand for free elections in mainland China.—ARTHUR BLYTON, FERGUS, ONT.

✓ High time somebody in Canada took a stand in favor of the 600 million Chinese who for years have been thwarted by that greatest of political gangsters, Chiang. Isn't it time, also, that we took a closer look at Cyprus, Algeria, South Africa, so that, if nothing more, we may come up with a reappraisal of the so frequently used term: "terrorist."—SEAN A. BROWNE, LINDSAY, ONT.

✓ . . . Supposing we do offer U.N. recognition to Communist China. Then what? Does this mean the Communists will desist from further efforts to take over—will they bow a grateful "thank you" and settle back to let the world live in peace? Have they reacted thusly after seizing East Berlin, infiltrating Poland, crushing Hungary?—ALEX E. BEDARD, TORONTO.

Tales of two cities

As a citizen of Halifax for 65 years I want to thank you for the story of Barrington Street (June 7) and of a Weekend in Halifax (Oct. 11). I recall Halifax in 1885 with a population of only 35,000 and yet it was then the fourth largest city in Canada. What changes I have seen! Today my city is down to eleventh place.—CYRIL E. SMITH, WINDSOR, N.S.

✓ Thanks to Maclean's and Ray Gardner for Edmonton's Jasper Avenue (Sept. 13). Because of close ties in Edmonton I have had the thrill of watching this Hudson's Bay fort develop into a tremendous city through the years. I am always proud to identify myself when asked what part of Canada I am from.—MRS. JESSIE MCINTOSH, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

Polite or not to Russia

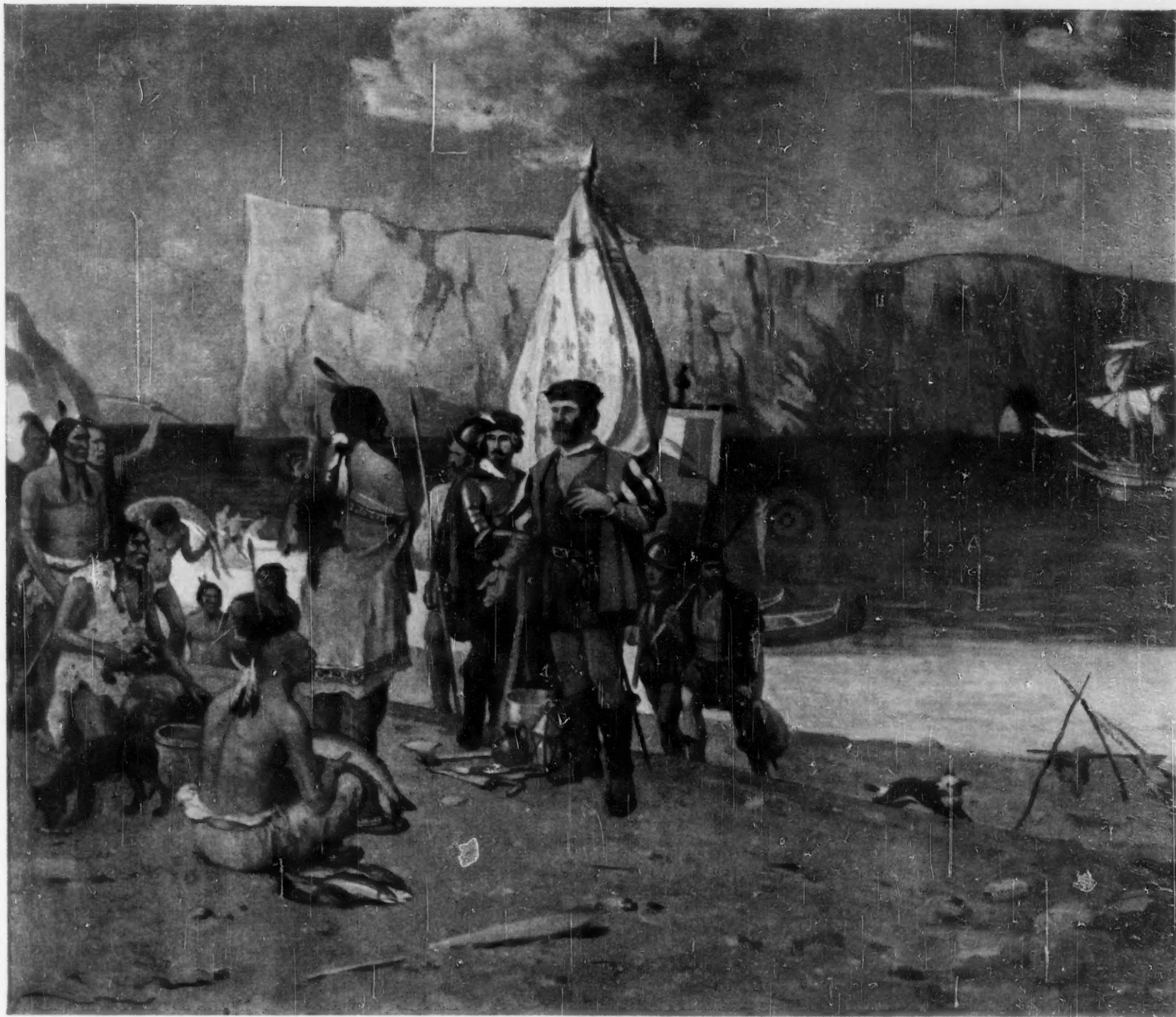
What rubbish Lin Yutang crammed into *Let's Stop Being Polite to the Russians* (Oct. 11). He must have only one eye that



sees only a little. Could it be that he has never realized that the free world is full of professing Christians, who are polite. Is it safe to presume that Lin Yutang makes no profession of being a Christ follower?—A. E. SHERRATT, MAYER-THORPE, ALTA.

✓ Dr. Lin's remarks are really sensational and should become a new textbook for our professional diplomats and particularly for various "Russian experts" who so far have been mainly competing with each other in the glorification of the Soviet technical achievements and the sowing of fear and terror in our hearts.—L. BIBEROVICH, MONTREAL.

✓ Of all the mumbo jumbo I have ever read, Lin Yutang takes the cake. He is calling on the West to do what they have been doing for the past forty years. The reality is that Western propaganda is failing not because it is good or bad, but because the West persists in supporting the world antiques, for example, Chiang Kai-shek. Propaganda to be successful must be supported by the living, not the dead.—J. B. BELL, MONTREAL. ★



Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

He introduced the world to "Canada"

Among the rugged sea captains of Brittany, none had won wider renown than the master pilot of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier. So it was no surprise when, in 1534, King Francis I named Cartier to lead France's expedition to China—by way of a passage through North America.

Captain Cartier didn't find this passage. He discovered Canada!

With 60 men and two ships, he sailed from St. Malo in April, 1534. The crossing took 21 days . . . and the first landfall he sighted was the ice-jammed coast of Newfoundland. For two months, Cartier piloted his tiny ships through this empire of water, rock and treacherous tides—beating through the Strait of Belle Isle, exploring rugged St. Lawrence harbours, admiring the beauty of Prince Edward Island.

July brought Captain Cartier to the shores of Gaspé, and to his first contact with trade-hungry Indians. On the 24th, the pilot of St. Malo claimed the land for France by raising a thirty-foot cross, marked with the fleur-de-lis and bearing the words "Vive le roi de France".

No, Cartier didn't find the fabled passage to the East. He *did* discover an empire—a new world of untold wealth and wonders—Canada!

Through the years, men with the spirit of Cartier have worked for the safety and security of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his entire career to building security for *you* and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better, more secure future for all—the Confederation Life way!



Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE: 321 BLOOR ST. E. TORONTO

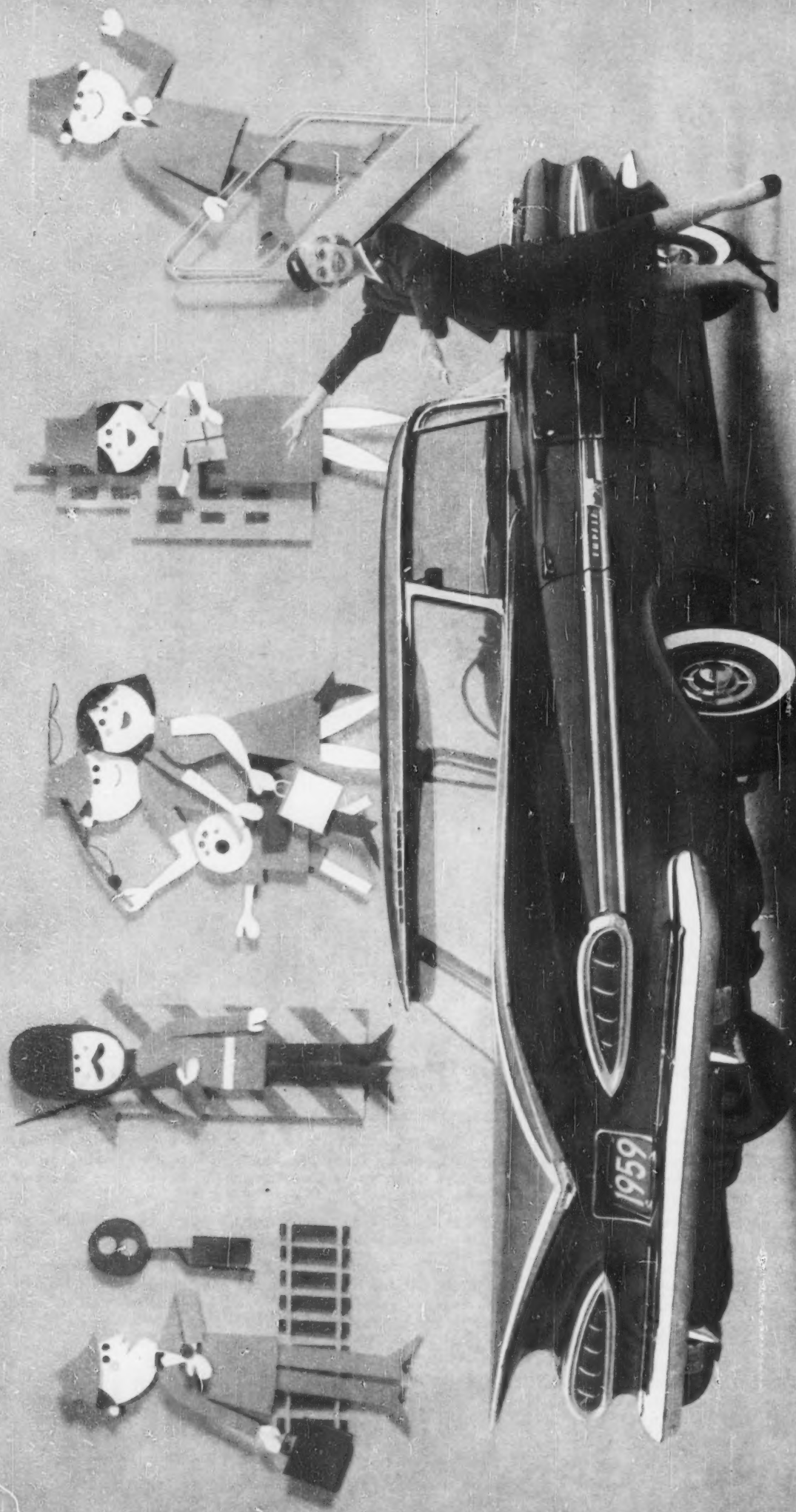
BUSINESS

TRAVEL

VACATIONS

SHOPPING

CONVENTIONS



Here and now...Hertz has the new 1959 Chevrolet!

Hertz Rent A Car — always first with the newest and finest cars — has the beautiful new 1959 Chevrolet today at Hertz offices everywhere!

Now you see it . . . and now you can rent it! For today, the new 1959 Chevrolet is at Hertz offices the country over. And you can rent one with just a phone call to your local Hertz office.

You'll get a new 1959 Chevrolet Bel Air or Impala with Powerglide — at the regular, low Hertz rate (includes all gasoline, oil and proper insurance). Try The Hertz Idea now. For business trips, for pleasure

trips, or just for the fun of driving one, rent an exciting new Chevrolet or other beautifully maintained Hertz car.

To reserve a car in Canada or anywhere in the world simply call your travel agent . . . or your local Hertz office listed under "Hertz" in your alphabetical phone book. For fast, efficient reservation service — Hertz has more offices by far where you can rent, leave and make reservations for a car!

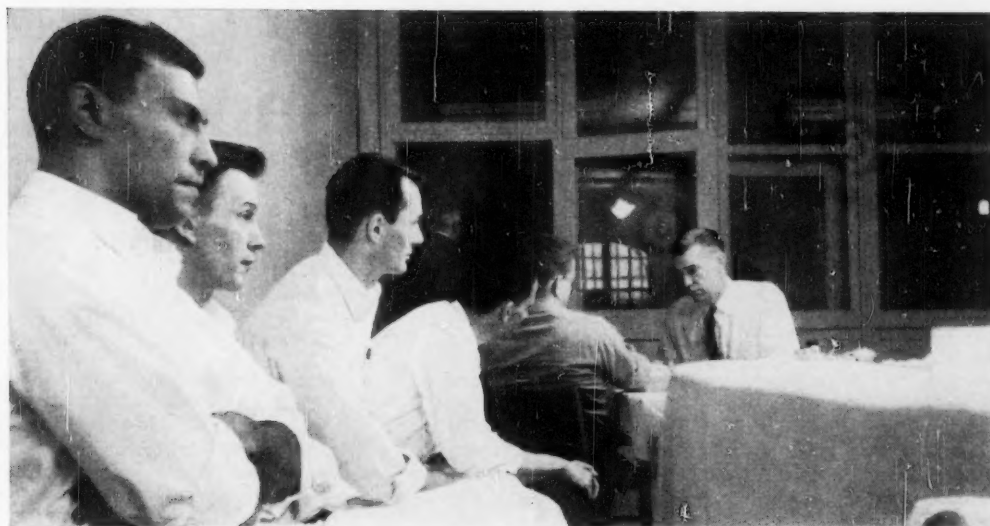
IN CANADA SINCE 1924 . . .

HERTZ

NOW WORLD-WIDE

DRIVE IT AS YOUR OWN . . . A NEW 1959 POWERGLIDE CHEVROLET OR OTHER FINE NEW CAR

Hertz Rent A Car of Canada, 25 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.



MACLEAN'S: CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

These U.S. convicts offered themselves as "guinea pigs" to test the body's defenses against transplanted virulent cancer cells.

Is the body its own best doctor?

Some of the most exciting medical news ever made may follow fresh discoveries about the body's own natural defenses. They offer hope of —

- protection against some cancers
- an answer to schizophrenia
- a safe way to graft tissue between persons
- immunity to allergies before birth
- a remedy for "lethal" doses of radiation

BY SIDNEY KATZ

There's a good chance that we're on the verge of the biggest medical breakthrough of the century. The area which may yield this rich harvest in human health is the immunological mechanism — the body's built-in natural defense against disease. If the hopes of present research are realized we may soon have the means to curtail or even wipe out a long list of illnesses that have been hitherto unpreventable.

Throughout medical history doctors have been making use of the immunological mechanism to protect us against disease. There are now vaccines which shield us against polio, whooping cough, smallpox and diphtheria. They all work in the same manner. The body has a defense mechanism which immediately springs into action when a foreign substance invades it—be the invader bacteria, a virus or an allergic substance like ragweed pollen.

Millions of antibodies (proteins produced by the plasma cells in the body) pour into the blood stream to grapple with the invader. For each type of invader (or antigen, as the scientists call it) a specific kind of antibody is produced. Once created the antibodies remain in the body for a lifetime ready to do battle against the invader again. The effectiveness of these antibodies is usually so great that most of us have had mild attacks of serious diseases without even being conscious of the fact. This is proven by the high

continued on page 91

No. 2 If war comes by sea or land

Most of our fears—and our defenses—anticipate attack from the air. But the alarming evidence reported here

Canada and the United States have tied up more than half their whole defense budget, and a major fraction of their attention and concern, in preparing for one kind of war—aerial attack and counterattack, probably across the Arctic. What assurance have we got that the Russians will wage the kind of war for which we are making ready?

None at all. Critics of North American strategy, many of them military professionals who have had access to secret information, point out that aerial combat over the North Pole is by no means inevitable. Some think it's not even likely, and that it becomes less and less likely the more we perfect our weapons and defenses against it.

There are two obvious alternatives (other

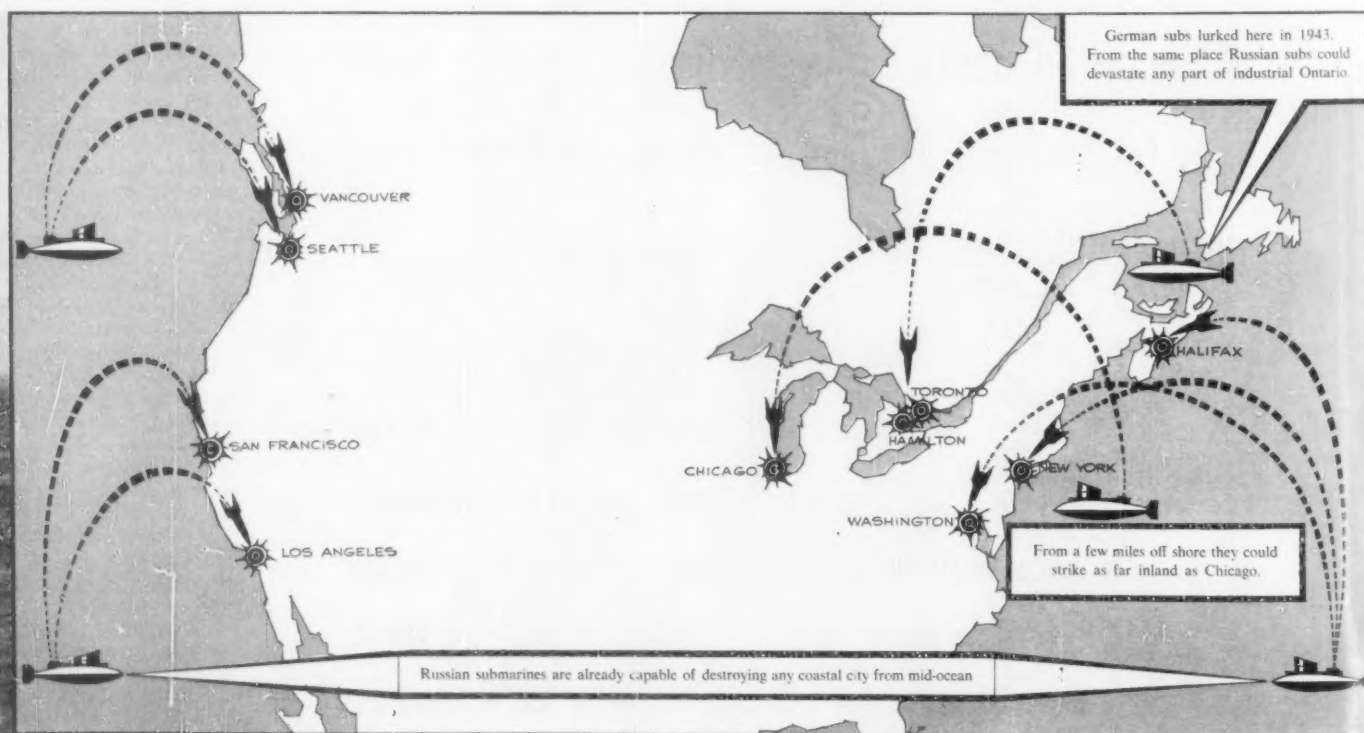
than peace) and the West is ill prepared for either one. The uglier of the two, from a North American viewpoint, is attack by submarine from the Atlantic or Pacific.

Soviet Russia has at least five hundred submarines in operation now. Hitler had sixty when World War II began, and never more than two hundred and fifty at any one time. Half the Russian subs are short-range coastal vessels, but at least two hundred and fifty are ocean-going submarines capable of very long voyages. So far as we know these long-range submarines are not yet nuclear-powered, but this development will undoubtedly come soon. When it does, a Russian submarine will be able to remain at sea almost indefinitely. Even now

it can go to any point in any ocean, operate there for a while, and return to base.

It is almost certain that the larger Russian submarines are capable of launching an intermediate-range missile—up to fifteen hundred miles, that is—with a nuclear warhead. They may already be able to fire such a missile from under water. This is what the American Polaris will do, when it comes into operation a couple of years hence, and most American servicemen believe that the Russian missile program is at least two years ahead of their own. In any case, whether from the surface or submerged, Russian submarines are already capable of destroying any coastal city from mid-ocean. From a few miles off shore they could strike

The danger by sea is history's deadliest submarine fleet. Reds have 500 submarines in operation; half are long-range subs capable of reaching any ocean and returning to base. Some can launch intermediate-range missiles with nuclear warheads. Against them, we're "pitifully ineffective."



← Our own submarine missile: Polaris, designed by U. S. for sub-surface launching, is two years away from operational use.

suggests the Reds are arming for a different kind of war. Is their land and sea strength tipping the balance of terror?

as far inland as Chicago. From the St. Lawrence estuary where Hitler's U-boats lurked in 1943, they could devastate any part of industrial Ontario.

There is no satisfactory way of detecting these submarines at the present time. The devices we have, barely adequate against the old-fashioned air-breathing U-boat, are pitifully ineffective now. Their range is too short, and they are vulnerable to changing conditions of weather, water and ocean floor.

Today's undersea warship is a true submarine. It does not have to surface every night to recharge its batteries, as the German subs of World Wars I and II had to do. It does not even need to expose a snorkel pipe, although the snorkel itself was enough to elude the radars of 1944 and 1945. The true submarine doesn't need to surface at all, for weeks at a time, and therefore never exposes itself to radar observation.

The means of detecting a submerged submarine are only two:

- SONAR, a refinement of the old-fashioned ASDIC that was used at the start of World War II, and is also used by fishermen to locate schools of herring or cod. SONAR is an echo device, using high-energy sound waves which bounce off the target and return. Its range, though much greater than that of the World War II device, is still measured in thousands of yards, not in miles. Also, it cannot distinguish reliably between an enemy submarine and an innocent whale.

- MAD, for Magnetic Anomaly Detection, an electronic device to locate large bodies of metal in the neighborhood. Its range is even more limited than that of SONAR—hundreds of feet rather than thousands of yards. It doesn't chase whales, but it can't tell a submarine from a submerged wreck or even an underwater ore body. Sailors agree that MAD is chiefly useful for pinpointing a submarine target already located by other means.

That is all. According to a U.S. Navy summary released for publication last July: "More exotic equipments which utilize other phenomena have been tried or are under evaluation, but those previously described are the ones that must do the job today."

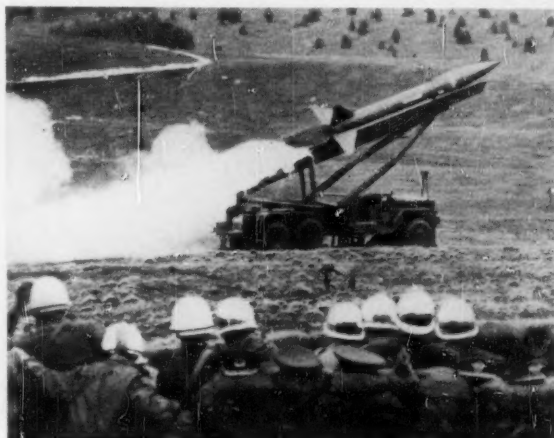
SONAR can be carried in a destroyer, towed by a patrol airship, dipped and hoisted and dipped again by a helicopter. For protection of a limited target such as a convoy of ships, it might work fairly well. To protect a target as big as the whole North American continent it is not much good. The task now is to keep a whole ocean—three oceans, **continued on page 80**

The danger by land

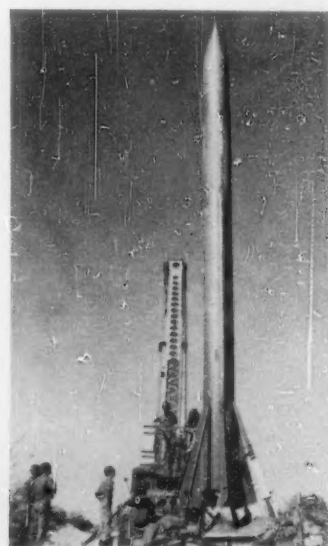
is the massive Red Army. Facing it, we have a thin line of much-criticized devices like the nuclear missiles pictured here. Our strategy calls for meeting the Reds' numerical advantage by superior mobility and firepower — but up to now we haven't produced them.



Lacrosse, U.S. light guided missile being tried out by the Canadian Army, is truck-launched. But it's in short supply.



NATO's mobile Honest John missile is unguided, not highly accurate. Its range is short—only fifteen to twenty miles.



The guided Corporal seemed complicated and too heavy to NATO experts. Some say, "It's a dead duck."



SOVIET & SATELLITES IN EUROPE NATO IN EUROPE

Outnumbered 4 to 1

Reds have 62 combat-ready divisions in Europe to NATO's 15. Our strategy relies on the threat of atomic retaliation.



HER FATHER'S EMBRACE comforts Linda Bowey, 10, of Carleton Place, Ont., whose mental age is 3. Problems of children like Linda are subject of Retarded Children's Week this month.

A better world for retarded children

One Canadian child in 33 is "retarded"—fated, until recently, to live behind a barrier of ignorance and fear. Now fresh knowledge and new methods are breaking the barrier

By John Clare PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX DELLOW & HORST EHRLICH



Her family's warmth makes Linda feel secure. Of the five children, three are adopted.

WHAT A GOOD HOME CAN DO

Her sister's gift, a flower, will fascinate Linda for hours. Twin Cathy is bright and normal.



Throughout history one of the stumbling blocks to better health has been the reluctance of people to discuss some of the more frightening diseases. Advances against cancer, tuberculosis and venereal infections came only after they were brought into the open. The most recent conquest of ignorance and fear concerns perhaps the most tragic of victims: retarded children.

Some parents still regard this affliction as literally a fate worse than death. "I'd sooner break the news to a mother that her child has fatal leukemia than that he will never be normal," one doctor on the staff of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children recently admitted. A Kitchener, Ont., pediatrician went further: "I'd rather have to tell parents, 'Your child is dead.'"

It is all the more dramatic, then, that the plight of "children who will never be right" is being shouted from the housetops by the very people who once kept it a melancholy secret—thousands of parents of retarded children.

This month Canadians will learn how complete has been the change from unhappy silence to open challenge. The parents, banded together as the Canadian Association for Retarded Children—an organization that started with a Toronto grandmother's refusal to accept in lonely resignation the affliction of her orphaned grandson—will hold Retarded Children's Week to focus public attention on their problem.

The parents' funds are meagre for the enormous job they have set themselves; their best hope for their children falls pitifully short of the spectacular victories over such diseases as polio and diphtheria. But they know from bitter experience that any improvement is a God-send both to the children and to their beleaguered parents. They know, too, that one of the most important ways in which they can help their children climb one short step toward normality is to help the public understand the facts of retardation. Retarded Children's Week is the first nationally organized drive by parent-crusaders to sweep away some myths, stifle a number of superstitions and generally inform their neighbors on the subject of retardation.

The most pertinent questions are: What is retardation? What causes it? How many does it affect? Finally, what can be done about it?

Retardation is defined by one authority as "all degrees of mental defect arising from arrested or imperfect mental development as a result of which a person is incapable of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows or managing himself" continued on page 87



Their talents emerge at a special day school run in Toronto by Association for Retarded Children.

WHAT A GOOD SCHOOL CAN DO

Their physical skills are also developed at the school. They take happily to the hoop craze.





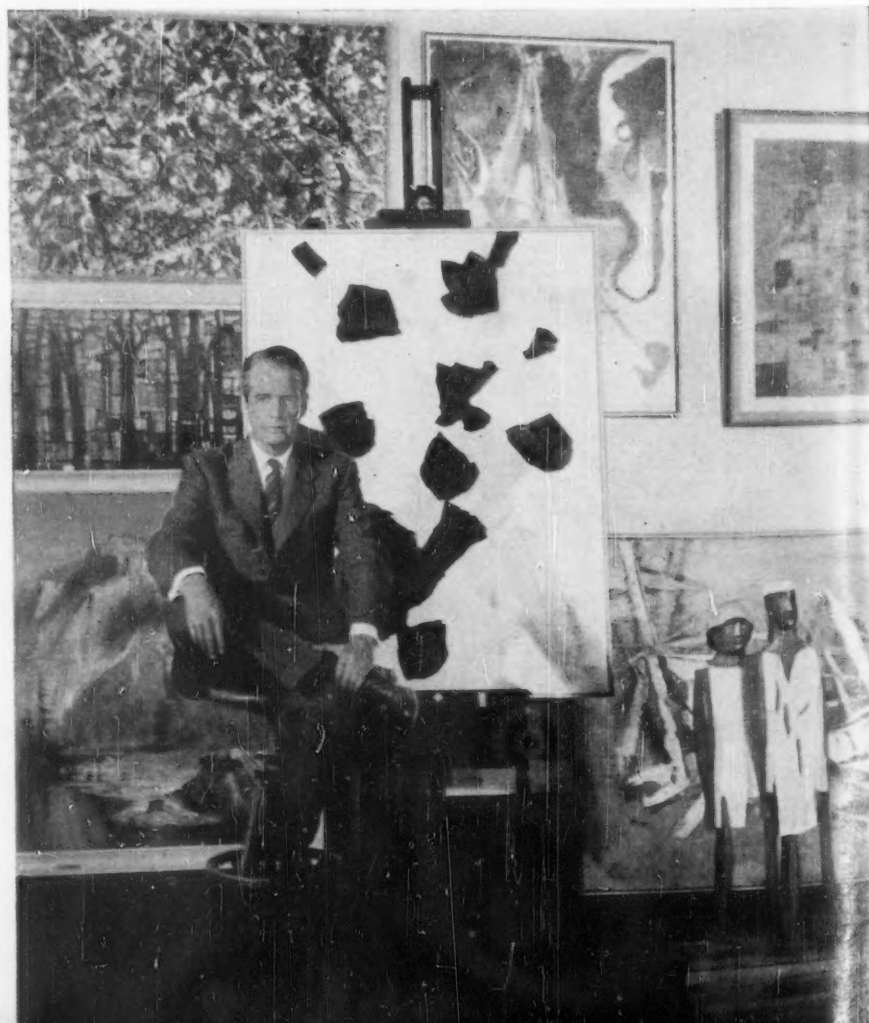
FOR EUROPEAN ART: A MILLION PLUS

In the three years he's been director of the National Gallery, Alan Jarvis has bought foreign works like these with almost all the million-and-a-quarter he's spent on new art. Some traditionalist critics and many taxpayers think paintings like the Picasso behind Jarvis' head are "incomprehensible blobs." Jarvis answers: "We aren't hillbillies. Our artists must set world standards."

Controversy has stormed around the National Gallery ever since Alan Ja

FOR MODERN CANADIAN ART: \$91,000

Jarvis has spent most of the relatively small amounts he *has* invested in Canadian works on abstract modern paintings, like all but one of these. "A farce," traditionalists charge. "The most creative work being done in Canada today," Jarvis snaps back. The single traditional landscape (lower left) he bought for historical value; abstracts, for their "emotional content."





FOR THE "BUNNY SCHOOL OF ART": NOTHING

Jarvis refuses to spend a nickel on more pictorial works like these, which the Gallery once bought in large numbers. He says they're in "the chocolate-box tradition" that insists art must be pretty. Jarvis contends horror, disgust and pity are artistic subjects too. Senator Pouliot counter-charges: "Jarvis is ashamed of the prices he pays for those disgusting horrors he buys."

an Jarvis took over. On the evidence, how would you answer this question:

MOST GOVERNMENT employees stubbornly adhere to the creed that the less you say publicly, the less trouble you get into. A spectacular exception is Alan Hepburn Jarvis, director of the National Gallery of Canada, who passionately insists on saying the unconventional, the controversial and the unexpected.

Jarvis enjoys tossing verbal firecrackers at the timidity of Canadians in everything from architecture to cooking. Our suburban homes, he claims, resemble nothing so much as rabbit hutches. Most of our food, he has said, tastes rather like Kleenex. He is the first government employee publicly to classify a whole region of Canada, the Maritimes, as a cultural backwater, or to refer to a particular city—Saint John, N.B.—as one of the ugliest in the world.

While the National Gallery is by far the biggest patron of Canadian art, all but ninety-one thousand dollars of the million-and-a-quarter which Jarvis has paid out for paintings since he became director has been spent on foreign canvases. Some of these have been bought at prices that seem to the ordinary taxpayer to be enormous, and many of them, in the opinion of the same

taxpayers, are incomprehensible blobs. But Jarvis asserts resolutely: "Canada is no longer a country of hillbillies and chaps with axes on their shoulders. Canadian artists must set standards for themselves that are world standards."

Jarvis was appointed to the more than \$12,500-a-year top job in Canadian art by Gallery trustees almost four years ago. Their choice was influenced by his strong interest in contemporary art, his knowledge of traditional painting, and his conviction that he could sell Canadians the idea that art is for everybody.

"I don't want a cozy, pensionable job," he told the trustees. "I want to be free to say what I please." He signed a five-year contract instead of assuming the lifelong civil-service status of his predecessors. "That way you'll be able to fire me," he told J. W. Pickersgill, the minister then responsible for reporting to parliament for the Gallery. "After all, I could easily run the Gallery into the ground in a few years."

"If there's any excuse at all for my having this job," he says, "it's the wide variety of experience I've had." Jarvis has been a fashionable sculptor, a personnel executive in the aircraft **continued on page 40**

IS JARVIS MIS-SPENDING OUR ART MILLIONS?

By Peter C. Newman

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK OLSEN



Staff magazine published by and for the employees of

THE APEX BOT-TLED GAS CO.

THE GAS BAG

VOL. 7 NO. 36



HI, "EL"! OR IS IT AUTUMN?

Are those leaves falling past yours truly's window? What's that? Who's minding who's business? Well, anyway, folks in Accounting were "down to business" last Tuesday when they presented R. M. "El" Elwood with a pair of lawn-bowling balls on his thirtieth year with Apex. "El" joined the company in 1928, was made

Assistant Outgoing Traffic Clerk in 1938, and forged ahead to Returned Invoices in 1948. He is married to the former Marge Pringle of Mail In. Asked for his recollections of early days with Apex, "El" recalls that there used to be a laundry where the new garage is now being built. Ever get taken "to the cleaners" El?



'STAN' AMES JOINS HIGH PRESSURE VALVES

Introducing to our fair midst Stanley "Stan" Ames who "saw the light of day" in Thistle town. "Stan" left that "fair city" at seventeen to "nose out the news" for the Moon Creek Mentor as crime reporter. "I wasn't cut out for scoops," says Stan, who plunged into a six-month course at the Steyner School of Public Speaking. When offered the opportunity to join forces with High Pressure Data Sheets Stan accepted the challenge. His hobbies are skiing, photography and collecting records: classical, popular and dance. Stan will share a temporary office with Gladys "Glad" Eastman, who will teach Stan "the ropes." Stan is a bachelor. Take it easy, girls!



Joins Cost Control

Starting next issue, The Gas Bag will have a new "roving reporter," Tyrone "Ty" Dyland of Cost Control, who "scribbles" successfully in his spare time. He writes under his own name and has sold short

stories to Canadian Dairyman, Off Stage, Weaving in America, The Teaswater Tatler and The Seagull. Before turning to cost control, "Ty" took a course at the Mary Hand Vocation School, where he studied Sumerian pottery, Sanskrit, Speed Writing, Batik work, ceramic pigmentation and Roman lettering. There's just nothing "Ty" won't "try."



**BETTER SAFE
THAN SORRY**

by Don Mitchell, Safety Editor

When approaching a gas cylinder, always turn the RPX cut-off before setting the feed valve at "Pilot." "We like gas, but we like you better."

**ANYONE
GOING TO
NEW YORK?**



Would anyone traveling to "The Big City" for Thanksgiving be willing to take a passenger? Call Mary-Anne Munroe, Die Casting.

**High adventure in the lives of
six of the people behind the scenes at
mighty Apex Gas—
as chronicled (fairly closely)
by a great North American institution:
the House Organ**

Ye "Ed": ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Ye Illustrator: DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Staff magazine published by
THE APEX BOT- TLED GAS CO.
THE GAS BAG
VOL. 7 No. 37

Was That The Last Of The Mohicans?

Friends of "El" Elwood (and who isn't) learned last week that along with his duties in Returned Invoices and Deposits, "El's" new office will be over the garage, within a "war whoop" of where he started with Apex thirty years ago. Asked for his early recollections of Apex, "El" said, "There were no elevators then. We didn't need them. We were all on one floor." "El" feels "up in the air" about his new promotion. Hope you come down long enough to "gas" with old friends, El!

continued on page 62



Confessions

OF A FELLOW TRAVELER

Free love! among Montreal's pink youth? Police spies! in Paris?

Red writers' cells! in London?

Now, at last, a young novelist who has brushed against them all lays bare an unsuspected aspect of underground communism—its lighter side

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

Now that everybody from Arthur Koestler to Howard Fast has come clean about his past Communist affiliations, I'd like to get my two cents in before this type of confession goes out of style. Where I come from—St. Urbain Street in Montreal—the boys were very politically wise. There were those, like my Uncle Jake, who never voted. This wasn't laziness. He had a point of view. All politicians were dirty crooks. "Promise, promise, that's before elections," he'd say. "All they want to do is line their pockets."

Talk like that used to irk Mr. Tansky, the proprietor of the cigar store where these discussions took place. Tansky was a convinced Communist. "How," he wanted to know, "could He have created the whole lousy world in seven lousy days when even in this modern scientific age it takes longer than that to build one lousy house? Answer me that, big-mouth."

That was during the war years; Russia was a valiant ally, and Tansky's store was in the heart of a constituency that was represented by Fred Rose in Ottawa and the late Michael Buhay at the provincial legislature in Quebec City. Both were members of the Labor-Progressive Party. Not all of Tansky's customers, however, were either Communists or non-voters like my Uncle Jake. Most of the horse players and a majority of the gin-rummy crowd voted for the Liberal candidate. This they did for a variety of reasons.

"Aw," Arnie said, "it just wouldn't look nice for our people to elect a Commie again. You know what I mean?"

According to Tansky, Lou and lots of others voted Liberal because their sons, McGill students, were hired each time there was a federal, provincial, or civic election, to go down to the cemeteries with notebooks and compile lists of all those who had died since the last census. Other students were hired to represent the lately deceased at the polls. Naturally this enraged Tansky. "That's the only way the lousy Liberals could ever elect one of their candidates," he said.

"Let's face it," Arnie said, "most of them would have voted Liberal anyway."

"Don't be so sure."

"In Russia there's no problem," Lou said. "Nobody votes."

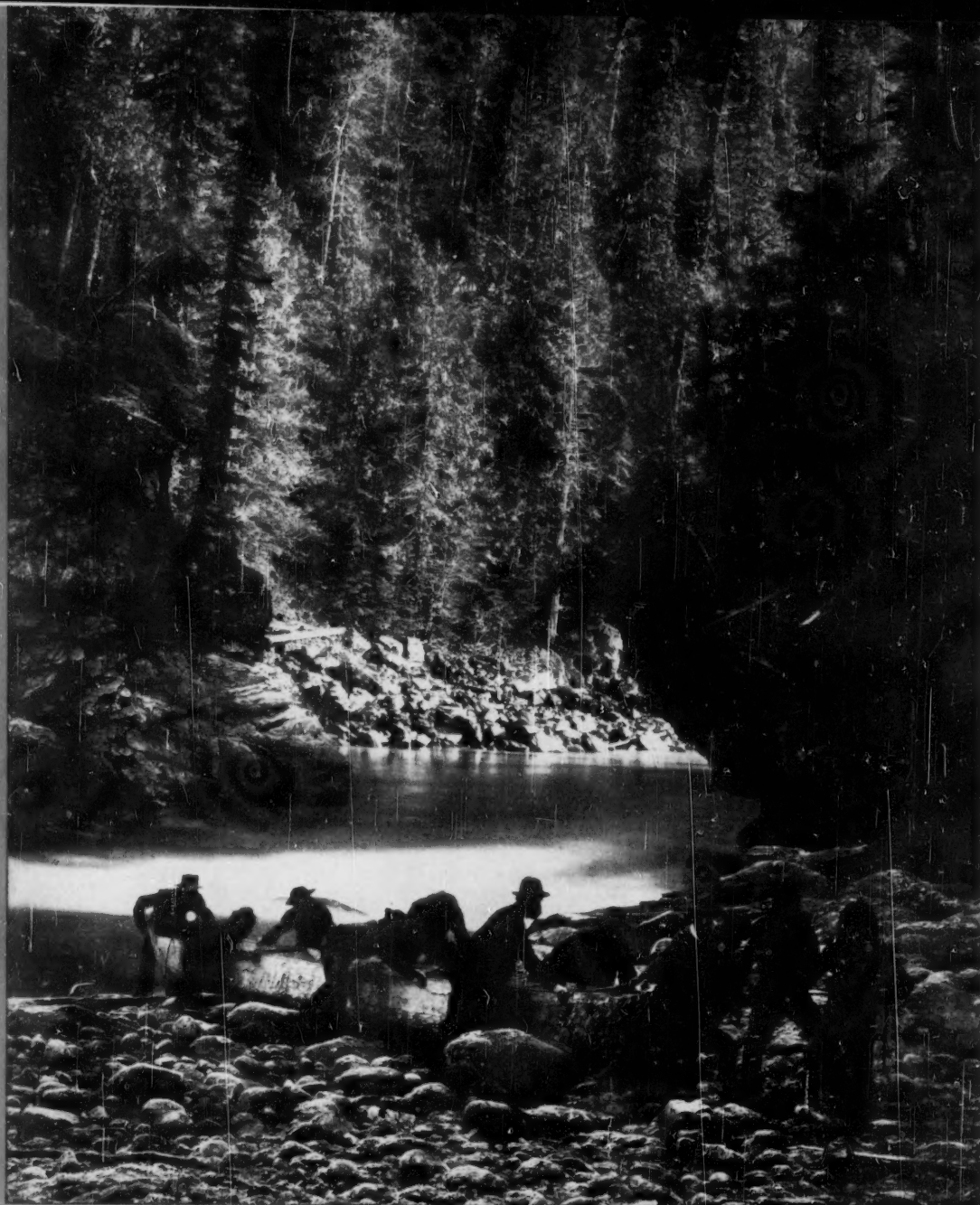
Communists, non-voters, and phlegmatic Liberals aside, there were also a number of social democrats and the odd crank candidate who frequented Tansky's store. CCF voters were universally despised.

"The trouble with those guys," Arnie said, "is they want to have it both ways."

The odd crank candidate, like Buddy Lerner, usually got as many votes as he had members in his family, sometimes less. Lerner had once been given a ticket for speeding on the Laurentian highway and he ran time and again on a one-plank

continued on page 46





Voyageurs, a forgotten breed, beach a dugout canoe on an unnamed river.



*The
days
that
are
no
more*



*William Notman's
historic photographs
evoke
nostalgic memories of
a vanished era*

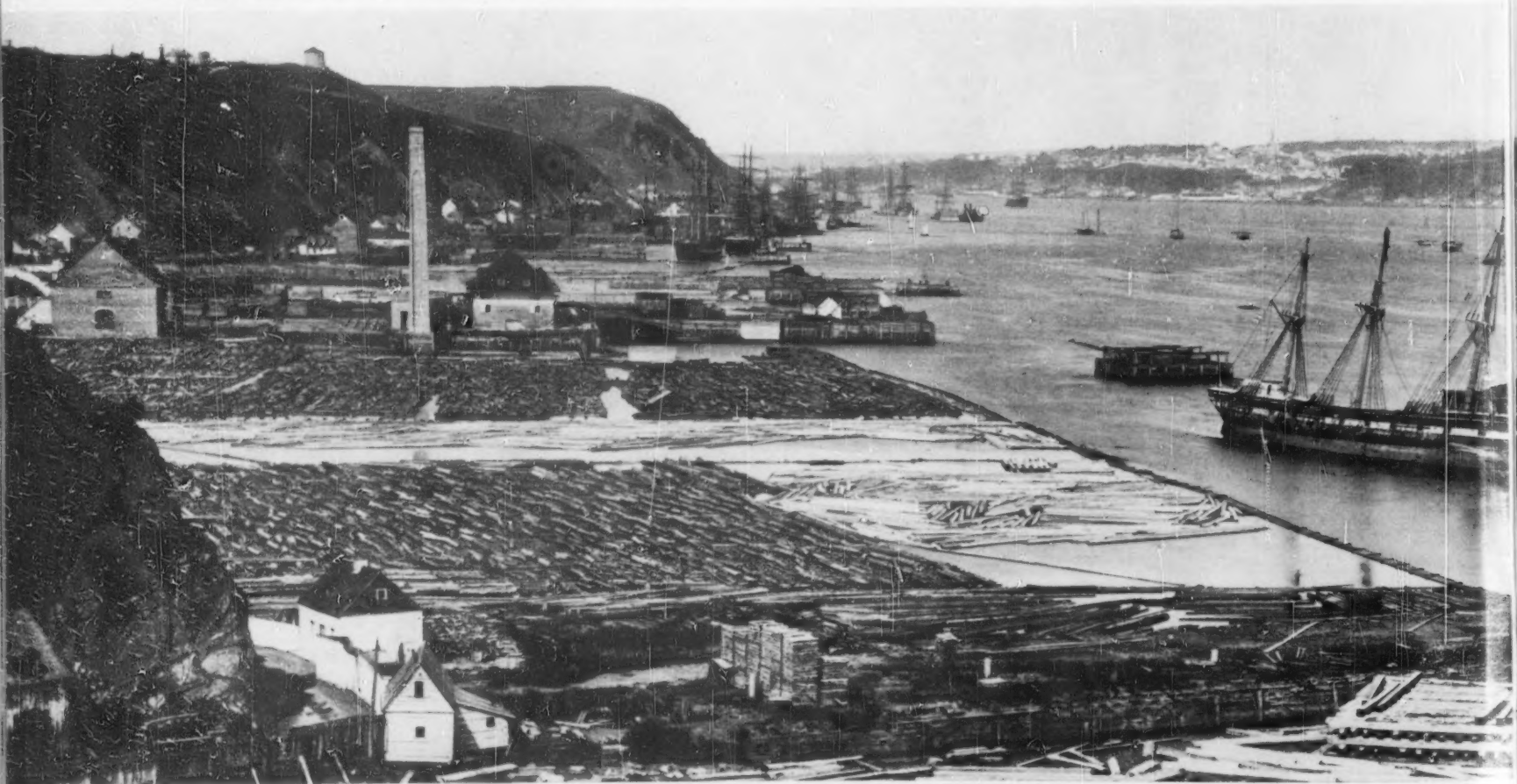
In 1894 Notman photographed one of Montreal's first gas stoves, in the days before aluminum pots.

Although William Notman, the great Montreal photographer, was best known for his remarkable nineteenth-century portraits, he was also a master of outdoor photography, as the pictures on these pages show. As official photographer for both the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways, Notman recorded a Canada that no longer exists, a country of three-masted ships and dugout canoes, of hand looms and outdoor bake ovens—a nation not yet heavily industrialized, where a gas stove was still a new-fangled oddity to be recorded with a certain awe. Forgotten today, this Canada still lives as part of the Notman collection which was recently housed at McGill University with the assistance of Maclean's.



A SHANTY ON THE OTTAWA. Lumbermen, mostly Irish, lived on beans and salt pork, slept rolled in a blanket on shanty floor and earned from \$10 to \$55 a month.

LUMBER IN QUEBEC HARBOR. This magnificent Notman panorama can never be repeated. There are over 40 craft here, all connected with the timber trade.





RAFTS ON THE OTTAWA were a familiar sight in Notman's day. The huge square-cut timbers, knitted together like this, were easily conveyed from camp to mill.

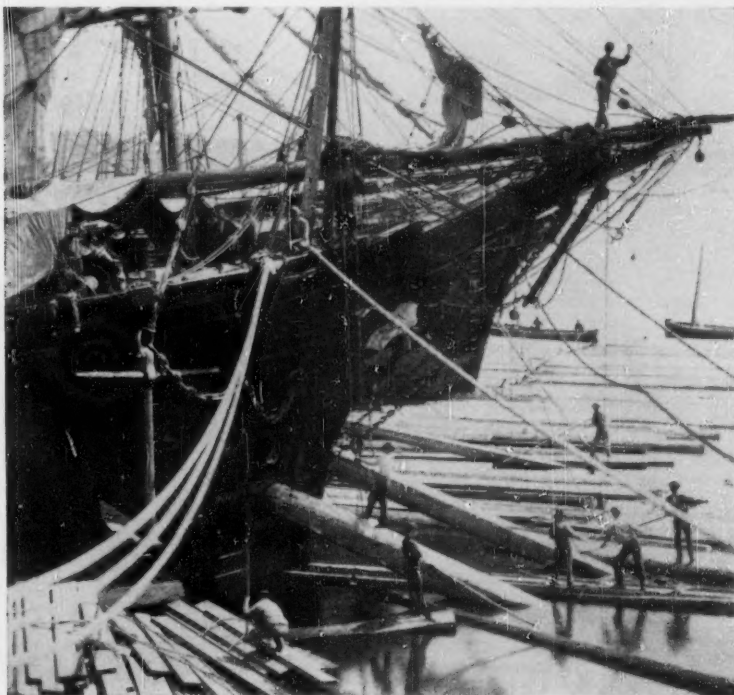
THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE continued

An era of ships and timber

The great rafts and the great three-masters are long gone from the St. Lawrence, but these pictures bring back those noble days when as many as five hundred sail were lying off Quebec City waiting to load with sawn lumber cut from the enormous forests of French Canada. In the Sixties and Seventies, when as many as one hundred ships a year were built at Quebec, the huge logs were hauled

down the frozen rivers by sled and then, when spring came, floated the rest of the way to the St. Lawrence to feed the screeching mills. The waters were thick with immense rafts of square timber and with barges, bateaux and schooners. Every ship in this huge fleet was loaded with lumber and swarming with gangs of Irish timber stowers who could work, drink and fight with unmatched gusto.

LOADING LUMBER through the bow port of a timber ship, men with pike poles separate squared timbers from rafts; another on fo'c'sle-head superintends tackle.



Continued on next page



SAINT JOHN HARBOR, circa 1880, looking west from Trinity Church. This photograph was made after the great fire that destroyed half the business section. Note the two moored barques (centre).

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE continued

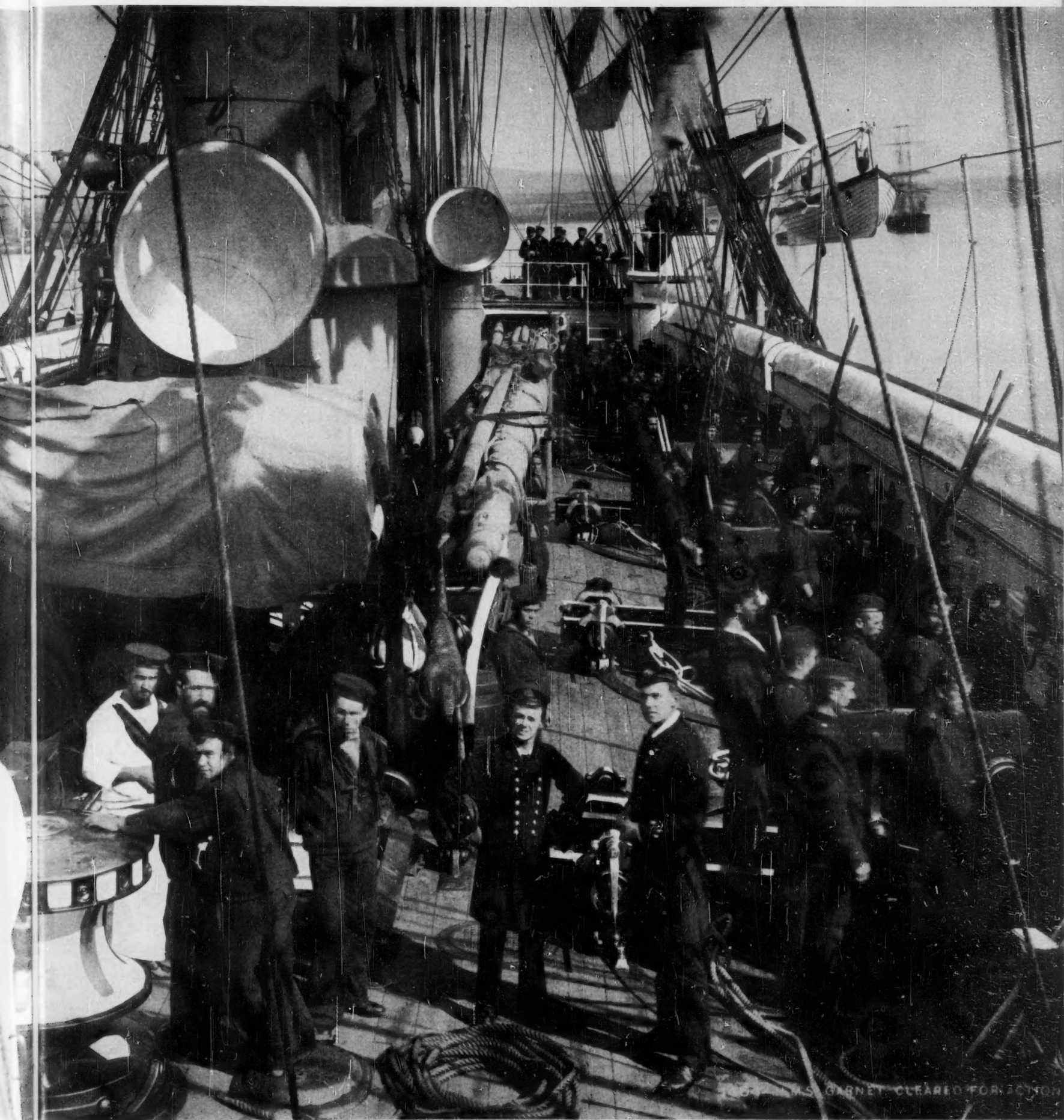
Three scenes that are no more

Here are three vanished spectacles: the harbor of Saint John, N.B., a forest of masts in the 1880s; the deck of a British man o' war on a visit to Canada in the days of sail and steam; and the famous timber slide at Ottawa at the turn of the century. Today, timber is moved by rail and diesel engine; three-masted wooden craft have rotted to dust and their modern counterparts are made of steel plate and run on oil. Indeed, the death knell of sail was sounding when HMS Garnet, shown at the right, was launched in 1877. Her sailpower was abetted by auxiliary steam engines and her bunker could carry two hundred and sixty tons of coal to drive her at a speed of thirteen knots. Within twenty years she was obsolete and out of use, and the once-

proud port of Saint John, which had thrived on the construction of sailing ships, had fallen on evil days. At its peak the New Brunswick city owned more tonnage than any port in the world except Liverpool, London and Glasgow. Twenty-five shipyards gave employment to thousands of workmen. As the New Brunswick Historical Society has recalled, "In those days our people built their ships, owned their ships, sailed their ships and insured their ships." Business began to fall off in the late 1880s and although Saint John fought hard to keep its international commerce through construction of deep-water wharves, sheds, and an elevator, the seeds of the perennial New Brunswick dilemma had already taken root on that bustling coastline.

OTTAWA'S TIMBER SLIDE was a favorite device for thrilling important visitors to the capital. Here, in 1901, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, later George V and Queen Mary, take a ride.





VANISHING SAILPOWER was symbolized by HMS Garnet which was partially propelled by steam. Cruiser carried fourteen breechloaders, seven machine guns.

Continued on next page



SETTLER'S HOME of square-cut logs at Lake St. John; note the bake oven, rear.

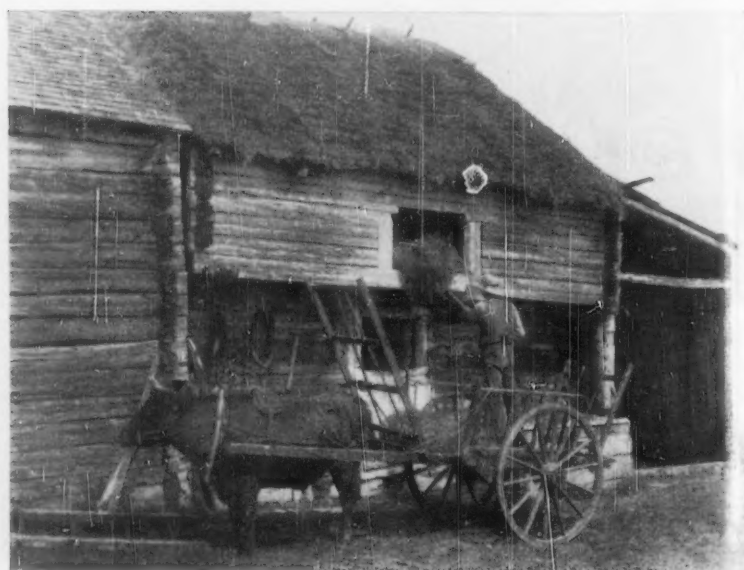


QUEBEC SPINNER (photographed here by Notman in 1885) helped start tourism.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE continued

Vanished skills and crafts still draw tourists

William Notman made all these pictures in the Saguenay country near Lake St. John in 1885 at the twin towns of Murray Bay and Cap à l'Aigle. Undoubtedly he photographed these vanishing crafts and skills with an eye to history, for he must have known that they represented the close of a pioneer era in the province of Quebec. Today the Saguenay country is a mecca for wealthy tourists and a source of hydro power for the manufacture of aluminum; it is the site of one of Canada's most modern company towns and one of her most luxurious summer resorts. But in Notman's day it was still the frontier. In 1891, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway Company, in its Guide For Settlers, advertised that two million acres of the finest wheatlands in the province could be had for twenty cents an acre in the Lake St. John territory. The settlers poured in, in response to the slogan "good climate! good wood! excellent water!" They spun their own yarn, wove their own clothes, baked bread in outdoor ovens, fished the teeming rivers and used oxen for transport. The old ways are mostly gone, but some survive in the form of Quebec handicrafts which have given this part of Canada a thriving secondary industry and helped preserve for tourists the days that are no more. ★

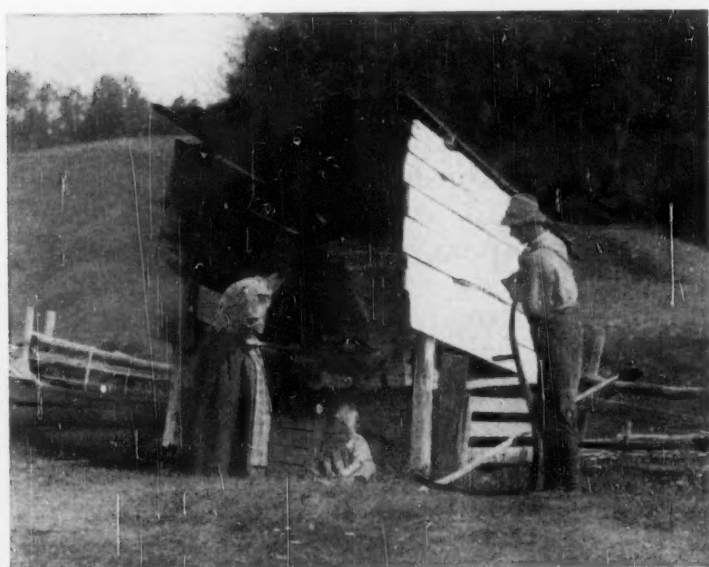


OX CARTS long ago disappeared from now-fashionable Murray Bay.



3237—WEAVING HOMESPUN CLOTH, CAPE A. SINGLE

EARLY WEAVERS' ancient handicrafts are still preserved by descendants. Visiting painters (such as A. Y. Jackson and Arthur Lismer) influenced their designs.

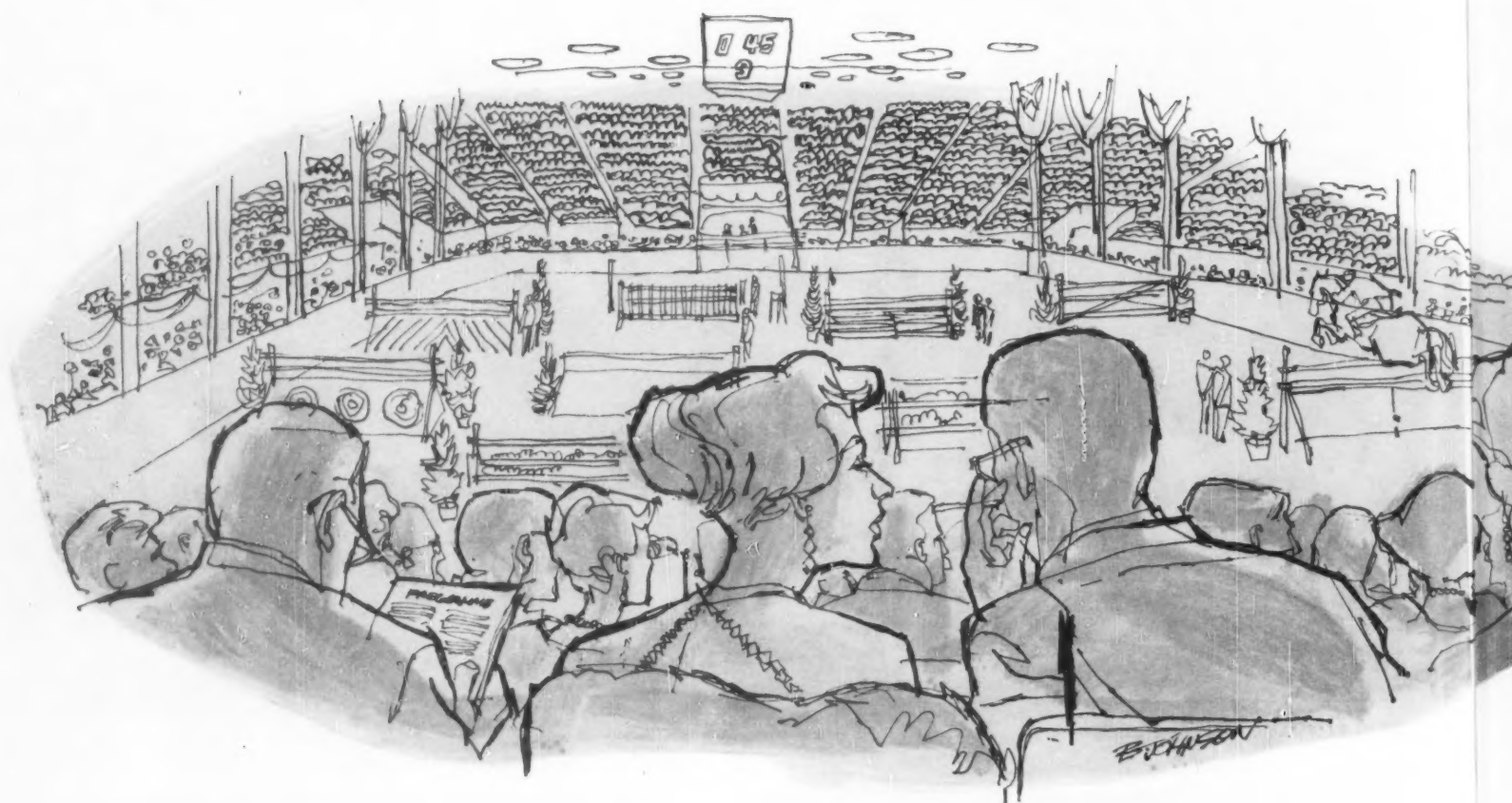


BAKE OVENS, though still in existence, are seldom used. This baked 20 loaves.

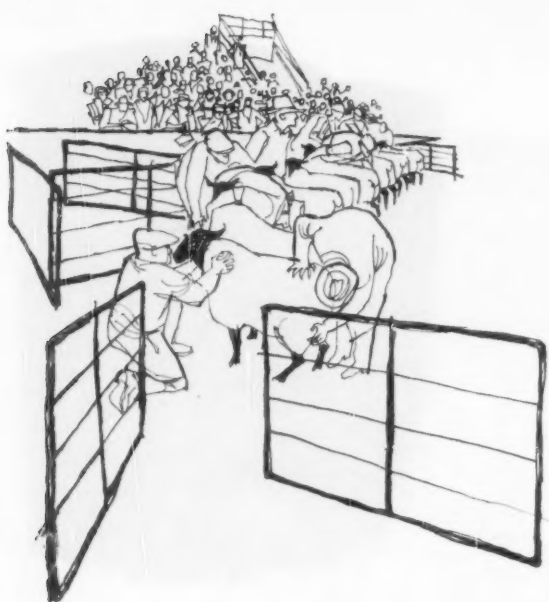


FISHERMEN found rich pickings in Notman's day; 100 trout was a normal catch.

The biggest fall fair of them all



For all its top-hatted finery,
its haughty jumpers, its big-name stars,
the Royal remains
as rural as a rail fence
and gives the world a down-to-earth look
at our farmers in action



BY RICHARD O'HAGAN

DRAWINGS BY BRUCE JOHNSON

In scores of towns and villages across Canada autumn brings with it, as surely as bronze leaves and the smell of preserves, a familiar institution known as the Fall Fair. Its character has not changed much over the years. In most cases, it is the same neighborly, simple meeting ground and show-place it's always been. There is, however, one particularly notable exception: a fall fair that started big, grew bigger, and is today the country's greatest annual exhibition of livestock and farm produce.

It is not held, as one might reasonably expect, close to the earth, on the edge of a recognized agricultural centre like Calgary or Brandon or Regina. Rather, it is spread over twenty-six and a half acres of concrete floor, under one rambling roof, on the humming north shore of Lake Ontario near the heart of Toronto.

Because of this the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair—it's always held in November despite its name—is able to lay undisputed claim to the title of the largest indoor agricultural show in the world. Officially, the Royal calls itself "Canada's Show Window of Agriculture." Less formally, the farm magazine *Family Herald* describes it as "a national strutting place."

This is probably closer to the mark since the Royal is a kind of ceremonial parade ground for a remarkable medley of birds and beasts. Last year it drew 2,637 cattle, 1,436 horses, 792 sheep, 656 swine, 53 goats, 3,813 chickens, cocks, turkeys, ducks and geese, and large numbers of pigeons, canaries, budgerigars, rabbits and guinea pigs.

The more than fifteen thousand entries, including poultry and dairy products, honey and maple syrup, flowers, fruits, vegetables and even tropical fish, were examined — sometimes knowingly, often blankly — by close to a quarter of a million people. A hundred and twenty-five judges needed four miles of ribbon and rosettes to



festoon all the winners and runners-up and \$134,562 to fill the cash-prize quotas.

This month the Royal opens its doors for the thirtieth time. It will open them on what the magazine *Farmer and Stockman* has called "a magnificent spectacle displaying the best in every phase of agricultural production in Canada."

But with all its dignity, the Royal has never lost its eye for publicity. A few years ago it arranged to have a one-ton Aberdeen Angus bull led, snorting, into a china store on Bloor Street, Toronto's most fashionable shopping strip.

Quite naturally, Harry Savage, the publicity man who engineered the stunt, summoned photographers to record the sight. He cheerfully explained, at the same time, that Stype Gudrun (the bull's name) was stopping there amid the Spode and Wedgwood only briefly; he was really on his way to the fair.

Once there, Gudrun doubtless did his owners proud by eliciting a handsome bid or two, for the Royal is not

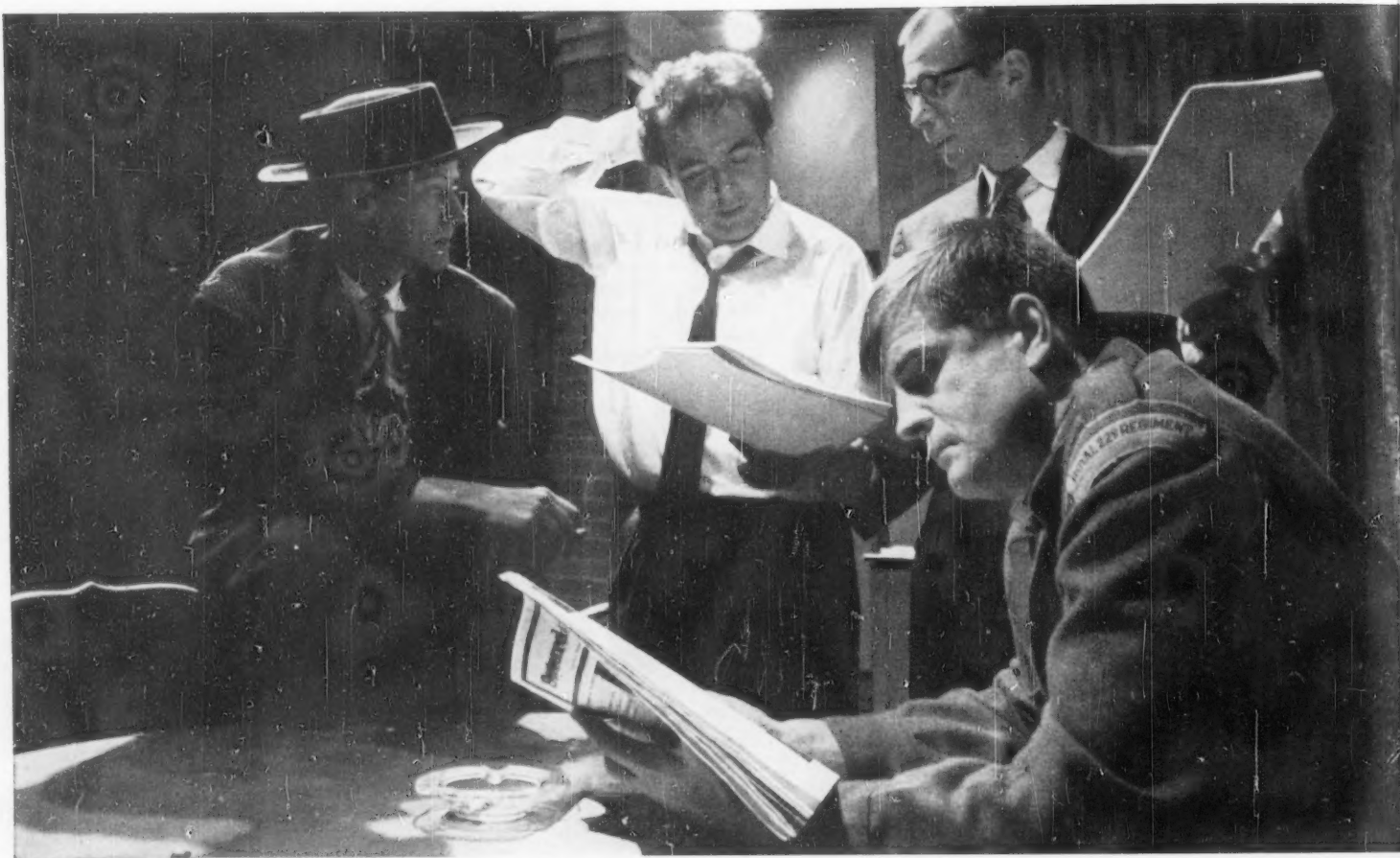


only the country's most prestigious show ring, it is also an important market place. While many sales are negotiated privately, the heavy turnover is sparked by the public auctions. Last year, livestock and produce auctioned at the Royal fetched \$332,627. A syndicate of Argentine ranchers made the most impressive single purchase. They paid \$18,500 for a Holstein bull, six months old.

The Royal has, of course, become an international affair. In 1957, for example, the wheat championship, of all things, went to a Briton.

Every year more and more people are turning up at the Royal from the United States, from Bermuda and the West Indies, from Central and South America, from Australia and New Zealand, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy. Last November the entire Moscow *Dinamo* hockey team, in Canada for an exhibition series, spent an evening touring the Royal. They especially asked for a chance to see it. **continued on page 74**





Onstage during rehearsal of his *Un Simple Soldat*, Dubé (shirtsleeves) polishes lines with director Jean Fugère, actors Robert Rivard and Gilles Pelletier.

The on- and offstage life of a boy wonder

At twenty-eight Marcel Dubé is the hottest playwright in French Canada. He's also the least predictable bon vivant in Montreal's table-hopping set—as dramatic in person as he is on paper

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL ZAROV

At 8.30 on Saturday evening, May 31 of this year, the curtain went up on a play at Verdun High School, near Montreal. The play was entitled *Zone*, and it was written by Marcel Dubé. A half hour later the lush gold-fringed red curtain at the Comédie Canadienne, Gratien Gelinas' superb new theatre in Montreal, rose to open another play. It was called *Un Simple Soldat*, and it was written by Marcel Dubé. And just five and a half hours earlier the curtains at the Théâtre Parc Royale in Brussels had parted

to begin a performance by the touring Théâtre du Nouveau Monde. They presented *Le Temps des Lilas*, a play by Marcel Dubé.

This triple event, unique in the history of the Canadian theatre, was precipitated by a short, burly, curly-haired young man of twenty-eight with the face of a mischievous angel which had earned him the childhood nickname of *P'tit Ange* (little angel), and a mercurial disposition which had earned him the later and more accurate tag of *P'tit Bœuf* (little bull).

The achievement came as no particular surprise to those who have been watching the rise of Marcel Dubé as a playwright. It began in 1952 when his play, *L'Autre Côté*

Offstage, at Montreal's Au 400 Club, a favored rendezvous of theatre people, Dubé demonstrates the gregariousness for which he's celebrated.

du Mur (Other Side of the Wall) won three major prizes at the Western Quebec Drama Festival. Within five years four more of his plays captured eight additional awards, including two for television drama.

This young man who has come so far so fast is as fascinating a character as any he has created. His gentle, almost timid manner, his shyness in a crowd, his painful modesty that sends him fleeing from a theatre when the audience shouts "author," and his cherub-like face with its surmounting mop of rarely barbered and unruly hair makes you think of the story-book poet, lost in his own dream world. But on those occasions (fortunately rare) when, usually after a couple of drinks, his eyes flash and his voice thunders raucously in argument and he takes off abruptly across restaurant table-tops, you know why nobody now dares call him *P'tit Ange*, and why a few friends dare call him *P'tit Bœuf*.

Marcel Dubé is full of complexes and contradictions. He hates crowds but he is afraid of being alone. He shrinks from travel, by train, plane, boat or automobile. But he drives a car at breakneck speed, and he recently left for France on what he learned to his horror was one of the oldest liners still in commission, the *Ile de France*. When he stays at a hotel he always asks for a room on the first floor, as he fears heights. But he travels by plane when he has to. He hates to participate in sports but he was a brilliant

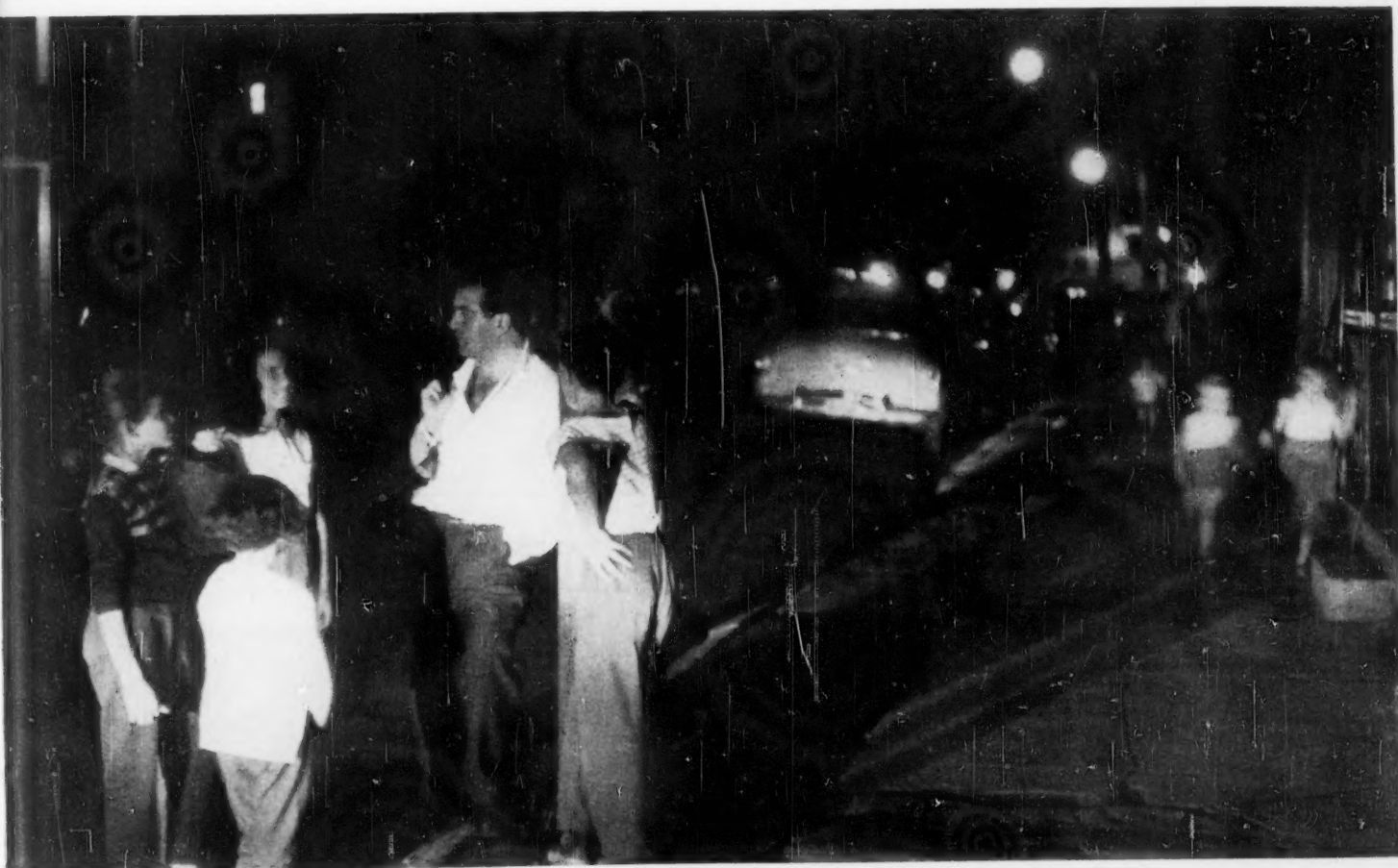
hockey goalie; recently he took up skiing and quickly became good at it. He prides himself on his regular working schedule but his wife claims that he doesn't adhere to it and in fact is likely to start working at any hour of the day or night and at any place; he spent his honeymoon writing scripts for a radio serial. He earns about twenty thousand dollars a year, but he manages to spend it as fast as he gets it; sometimes faster. Then he works harder to get out of debt. Unlike many French Canadians he is fascinated by the English and delighted by their accent. He prefers England to France as a place to visit, and he feels closer as a writer to the American and Scandinavian tradition than to the Latin. He wants to own an English-style cottage with leaded windows. He hates to see a woman work and for this reason he rarely

invites friends to his home. He likes to picture his wife sitting sewing by the fireside—but he has no fireplace. He sees poetry in all women, even those of ill repute. He adores his wife slavishly; when she was away for a one-week holiday recently he was morbidly lonesome and refused to sleep alone in the empty apartment. Each night he drove ten miles across town to sleep at his parents' home. But his wife cheerfully observes: "Marcel falls in love with every girl who takes a leading role in one of his plays."

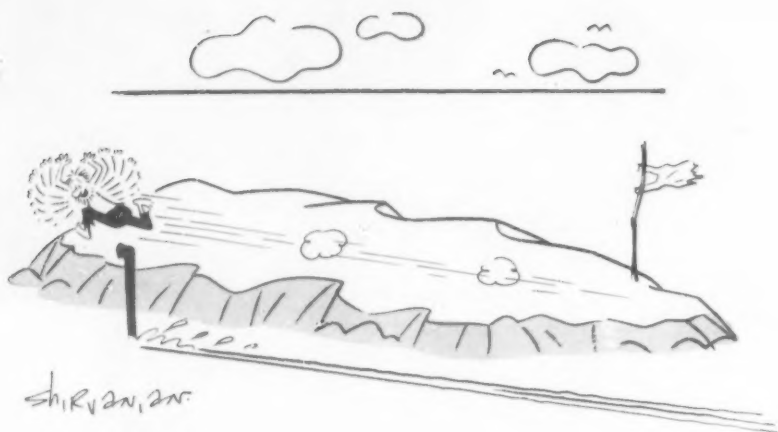
This man of many moods and many talents, who has been called the Marcel Pagnol of Quebec and the Canadian Chekhov, as well as a morbid muckraker, came out of the working-class East End of Montreal, and he brought with him a sharp ear for the dialogue and a rare **continued on page 56**



At home in their Montreal apartment Nicole Dubé gives her husband's latest play a critical reading. She shows an "enormous capacity for being amused."



On the street where he was born—Logan, in Montreal's east-end gashouse district—Dubé chats with young admirers. His plays spring from this melting pot.



Sweet & sour

Jobs I've quit for one reason or another

"This house-to-house selling is a cinch, Mr. Tuttle. As soon as the husband answers your knock, you place your foot in the door, and give him the pitch."
 "You'll like this job, Tut. All you do is hold this spike while Blinky Miller hits it with his sledge hammer."
 "Young man, I want three vanilla cones, one small and two large, two peach,

make that two small and one large, three coffee, put one of the peach in a dish, and change one of the whatya-call-its to a—"
 "You say that you're ambitious, Woody, and you've made the right move by coming to work for me. Oh, I want you to meet my other employees. My four brothers, my two uncles, my three—"

WOODWARD TUTTLE

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED By Peter Whalley



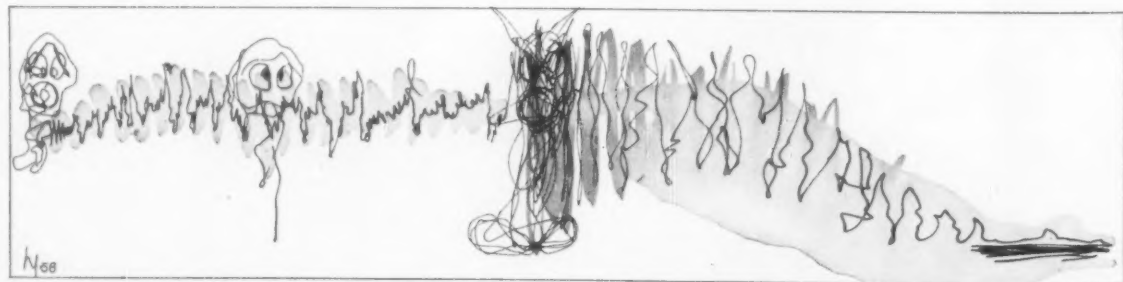
FRONTENAC ON THE WAY TO CATARAQUI 1673

Lowdown

Since foreign cars
 Are here to stay
 In greater numbers
 Every day,
 Across the street
 We now must go
 Looking right
 And left—and low!

THOMAS USE

PUNCH LINES BY HERBERT YATES



"WE'LL JUST DRILL THAT TOOTH A LITTLE MORE AND . . . OOPS!"

Statements I'll always be remembered by

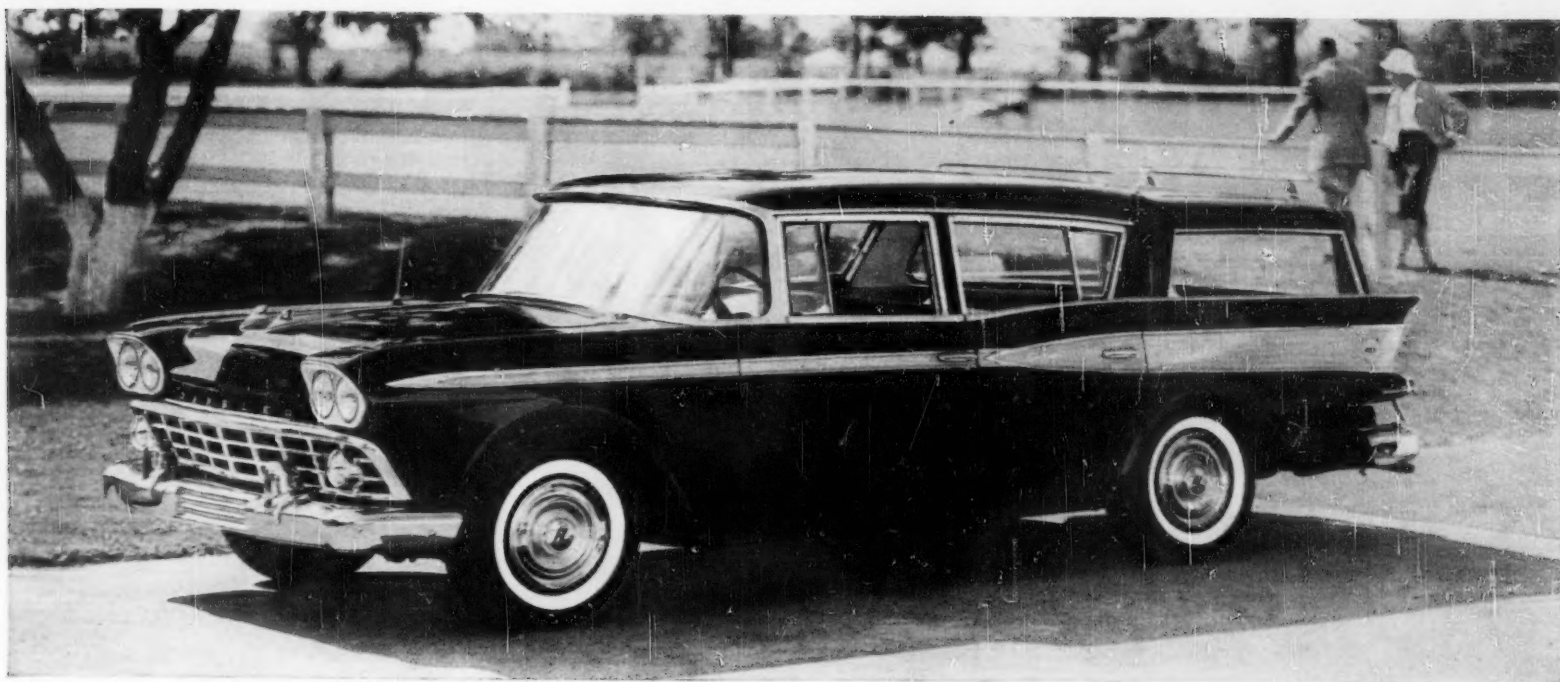
"Don't be nervous. If they start making any trouble I'm going to let you handle the whole thing."
 "It's not that I'm worried about its being dishonest. It's just that I'm afraid of being found out."
 "If there's any possible way of getting this trunk unlocked I won't find it."
 "Don't toss it to me—I'm sure to drop it."
 "Watch me now. Don't go diving into the water head-first. Walk in slowly, the way I do."
 "Afraid of a little dog like that? You're darn tootin' I am!"
 "If that man starts annoying you, dear, just tell me, and we'll get out of here pronto."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

Agonizing re-appraisal (JUNIOR GRADE)

"Carrol, I wouldn't do it. It's not worth the way you'd feel afterward."
 "I think you're right, Dianne."
 "I know you'd rather I told you the truth."
 "That's just why I'm glad I have such a true friend."
 "You'd do the same for me, wouldn't you? I mean, if I asked your advice?"
 "I'd try to, Dianne."
 "I mean, if you're not going to be true to your principles, life doesn't mean anything, does it?"
 "That's just the way I feel about it."
 "Why don't you phone right now and get it straightened out. You'll feel better about it."
 "I think I will."
 "Go right to the phone now. I'll stand beside you."
 "I will."
 "Hello. Hello, Margie? I've decided. I've thought it all over. I'm sorry you lost your algebra book, but I just can't lend you mine. No, it's just that I don't think it's right when I've made a resolution not to loan books. I mean, I just feel that way. Okay, Margie."
 "I'm glad you handled it that way, Carrol. I mean, after all, she's always borrowing books, and I think it's time someone stopped her."
 "That's exactly the way I feel about it."

—ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



1959 Rambler Custom Cross Country. Most striking station wagon on the Canadian road. Your choice of Rambler Economy Six or Rambler Rebel V8 power.

INTRODUCING *Rambler* for '59

Canada's Success Car Scores Again with 22 brilliant new models . . . each one a compact car with the best of both—big car room, small car economy!

This is the year to go Rambler! For in '59, Rambler alone is designed to give you *more* of the features that have made it Canada's top success car.

Other new cars have grown bigger, bulkier, hungrier than ever. But the compact Rambler Six offers roominess and luxury that matches cars costing twice as much—*plus* even greater gasoline economy through improved carburetion and new high-efficiency drive ratios.

Rambler's brilliant new styling shows craftsmanship in every sculptured line. The new sectional-sofa front seats glide forward and back independently so driver and passenger can each enjoy "tailored-to-measure" comfort. And only Rambler, of all the low-priced cars, gives famous all-welded Single Unit construction for rattle-free driving. This '59 Rambler line is the most complete in the industry. See all the stunning new models today—sedans, hardtops, station wagons—this year, Rambler has the car for you! *There's a Rambler for you . . . see all 22!*

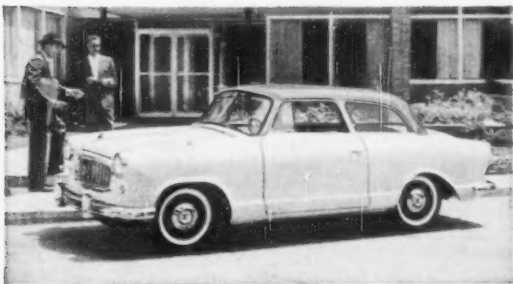
AMERICAN MOTORS (CANADA) LIMITED



1959 Rambler Rebel V8 Hardtop. Striking design . . . roomy luxury for six passengers . . . plus economy and handling ease unmatched in any other V8 car.



1959 Rambler American Station Wagon. Brand new this year . . . a roomy, rugged version of the famous Rambler American. Seats five with cargo space to spare.



1959 Rambler American. Rambler economy in a five-passenger car. Roomy comfort in this smaller version of the famous Rambler. 100" wheelbase.



1959 Metropolitan 1500. The smart, sprightly "car about town". Agile and effortless in the heaviest traffic—so inexpensive to buy and drive.



1959 Rambler Ambassador. A 270 horsepower aristocrat with styling, interior beauty, comfort and performance unsurpassed by any other car in the fine car field.

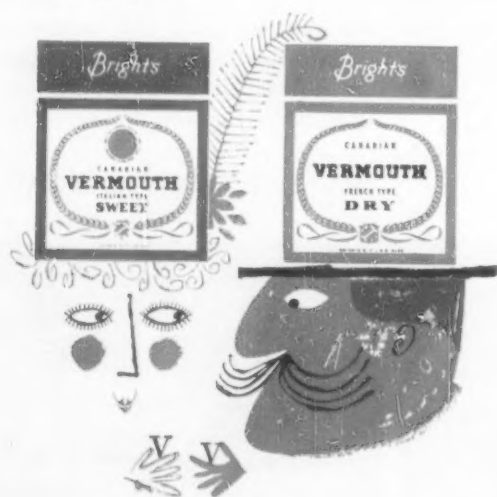


ADD VERMOUTH

Whenever your eyes light on those two delectable words in a recipe, think of Bright's Dry Vermouth or Bright's Sweet Vermouth, as the case may be. When you use either of those two great Canadian wines you are using as fine Vermouths as are bottled anywhere.

The only way to prove that statement is for yourself, deliberately. But here's a hint. Both of Bright's great Vermouths are carefully blended and carefully aged wines made with 12 rare and expensive herbs imported from four continents.

There can be little doubt in any reasonable mind that a bottle of Bright's Dry Vermouth and a bottle of Bright's Sweet Vermouth are assets in any bar or wine cellar, anywhere.



Bright's fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874

TGB-V-159

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

DUNKIRK: Seconds before the next raid by German dive-bombers, Britons on a French beach are shown praying for divine deliverance in a scene from this honest and stirring British film, produced by Sir Michael Balcon. The true story of "a great defeat and a great miracle" in the dark early days of the Hitler war, it features Bernard Lee (centre) as an angry London journalist and John Mills (right) as a rugged Cockney corporal, both trapped at Dunkirk after the collapse of France and the Lowlands.

THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA: Director John Huston seems to have sacrificed almost everything else in his desire to achieve pictorial loveliness in a fancied-up biography of Townsend Harris (woodenly played by John Wayne), the first American consul to open headquarters in Japan. Eiko Ando is a dainty local charmer who falls in love with the brawny Yank. Rating: fair.

FREEDOM: Sponsored by the Moral Re-Armament movement but written and acted by Africans in Africa, this colorful and inspirational drama tells what happens when the rulers and populace of one composite African state begin weeding out hate and fear from their hearts as a prelude to unity. Some of the performances are amateurish but the story "comes through" with force.

HARRY BLACK AND THE TIGER: Stewart Granger manfully scowls his way from one plot-cliché to the next in a melodrama which has in its favor a tiger hunt crammed with genuine excitement. In its disfavor is a dullish sex triangle involving hunter Granger, weakling Anthony Steel, and weakling's wife Barbara Rush.

THE NAKED EARTH: Touches of sardonic humor and an interesting performance by a relative newcomer, Juliette Greco, occasionally enliven this sluggish comedy-drama. The locale is Africa in 1895, with Richard Todd as a sturdy farmer from Ireland and Miss Greco as a French adventuress he marries. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Andy Hardy Comes Home: Domestic comedy. Fair.
Attack of the Puppet People: Science fiction. Poor.
Attila: Historical melodrama. Fair.
The Badlanders: Western. Good.
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.
The Bravados: Western. Good.
Buchanan Rides Alone: Western. Fair.
Carry on, Sergeant: British army-camp comedy. Fair.
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: Sexy drama. Good — but oppressive.
Cry Terror!: Suspense. Good.
Damn Yankees: Fantasy-musical. Excellent.
The Decks Ran Red: Drama. Fair.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
Devil's General: Nazi drama. Good.
Don Quixote: Russian film of famed Spanish novel. Good.
The Fearmakers: Drama. Good.
The Fly: Science-horror. Fair.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
God's Little Acre: Comedy-drama of Deep South. Good.
High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.
The Hunters: Aviation drama. Good.
Indiscreet: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.
The Key: War-and-love drama. Good.

Man of the West: Western. Fair.
The Matchmaker: Comedy. Fair.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Good.
The Old Man and the Sea: Action drama. Fair.
Once Upon a Horse: Comedy. Fair.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.
Proud Rebel: Frontier drama. Good.
Raw Wind in Eden: Drama. Poor.
Rock-a-Bye Baby: Comedy. Poor.
Rooney: Dublin comedy. Good.
Rx Murder: Crime and suspense. Fair.
The Silent Enemy: War drama. Good.
South Pacific: Musical. Good.
Stage Struck: Drama. Fair.
A Tale of Two Cities: Drama. Good.
Tarzan's Fight for Life: Jungle comedy-drama. Fair.
10 North Frederick: Drama. Good.
A Time to Love: War drama. Fair.
The Vikings: Historical adventure-drama. Good.
Voice in the Mirror: Drama. Fair.
White Wilderness: Nature documentary. Excellent.
The Whole Truth: Mystery. Good.
Wind Across the Everglades: Drama. Fair.



For today's new patterns in living . . . New designs for financial security from New York Life!

Whole Life Policy offers \$10,000 family protection now — retirement income later!

Homes, nowadays, are designed to combine charm with convenience—planned to meet the changes in every family's needs. And your family's financial set-up can be equally modern—just as efficiently planned to provide protection now, as well as security for the years to come.

That's the kind of security New York Life's Whole Life Insurance is designed to provide. Its \$10,000 minimum face amount assures your family immediate cash, if you should die. Throughout your life, while your policy is in force,

it keeps building cash values for emergency use. Or when you reach retirement age, these cash values can pay you a generous income for the rest of your life!

Best of all, your premium payment for all these benefits is right in line with today's prudent budgets. Payments can be made monthly, if it suits

your convenience. Dividends as declared annually may be used to reduce premium payments; or to increase the amount of protection of the policy; or if left with company will earn regular interest.

Ask your New York Life agent about Whole Life Insurance or write direct to Dept. M-4, to the address below.



NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
320 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Victoria • Vancouver • New Westminster • Calgary • Edmonton
Lethbridge • Regina • Saskatoon • Winnipeg • Ottawa • London
Hamilton • Cornwall • Montreal • Quebec • Sherbrooke • Halifax

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Accident & Sickness Insurance • Major Medical

"Art is not beauty," he says. "It can work on any emotion, including horror, disgust and pity"

industry, a film producer, a best-selling writer, the dean of a slum settlement house, and an international *bon vivant*. He has dined alone in candlelight with Greta Garbo ("the most beautiful woman I've seen"), played croquet with Noel

Coward, danced with Gene Tierney, sipped tea with Somerset Maugham, traded anecdotes with James Thurber and was one of the favorite escorts of Signe Hasso.

In his direction of Gallery affairs, Jar-

vis has adopted the tactics of a dignified but crowd-happy carnival operator. He compares himself to the boy from southern Ireland who got a job with a Canadian wrecking company, and wrote home: "Dear Mom: I'm tearing down an Orange

Hall, and I'm being paid for doing it."

"Jarvis has altered the character of the Gallery. He has a most decided flair for the best," says Lawren Harris, one of the Group of Seven, now a Gallery trustee. Others disagree. "Jarvis has been over-rated," Senator Jean-François Pouliot stated last winter during a debate on the Gallery. "He is ashamed of the prices he pays for those horrors that are so disgusting." A few days after this attack, Jarvis completed the arrangements for purchasing *La Gueridon*, a cubist painting by Picasso, from a Swiss art dealer for fifty thousand dollars.

When Kenneth Forbes, a traditionalist Toronto portrait painter, called the Gallery's choice of abstracts for the Brussels World Fair "a farce which the Canadian people would not tolerate if they knew the details," Jarvis replied with uncharacteristic calm. "The paintings going to Brussels," he said, "represent the most creative work now being done in Canada."

Canada cannot achieve artistic vitality, according to Jarvis, until more Canadians have strong opinions and are willing to express them. "There is no good criticism," he complains. "Let a picture deviate from the chocolate-box tradition, and you hear the angry cane tapping on the floor, see the eyes pouting, and the mustaches twitching in protest."

Once on stage was enough

He thunders against what he calls "the Bunny school of art" which contends that all paintings must be pretty. "Art is not beauty," he insists. "The purpose of art is to enlarge our emotional experience, and this includes the emotions of horror, disgust and pity."

Jarvis has the handsomeness of a James Stewart suddenly turned boisterous. In 1941 a Warner Brothers talent scout spotted him in the audience of a New York theatre and offered him a screen test. Six years later he was asked by the J. Arthur Rank organization to try for a role in a British adventure picture. Jarvis turned down both offers, partly because his most memorable previous stage appearance was an impersonation of a fading chorus girl reminiscing about the old days of musical comedy, at a summer camp show in the town hall of Port Sydney, in northern Ontario. The skit was climaxed abruptly when his bodice slipped, revealing the boxing gloves he had tied around his neck as bosoms.

Now forty-three, Jarvis has the bearing and manners of a prince very much aware of his royal heritage. None of his elegantly greying hair has receded; a luxuriant eyebrow that shields the stubbornness in his green eyes. His erect carriage makes him seem taller than his six feet, and more powerful than his one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His mouth is expressive, but his many gestures leave the impression that he speaks almost entirely with his hands. He wears the advertising man's button-down shirts set off with boldly striped ties.

Jarvis chain-smokes cork-tip Craven A so continuously that when he's sculpting he lights five cigarettes, places them in strategically located ash trays, then reaches out for a puff from, which-ever position is closest.

**Be a
carefree
Santa Claus
next
Christmas!**

*Start an interest-bearing B N S
Christmas Gift Account now*

Plan for your 1959 Christmas shopping now—by planning your saving. Open a Christmas Gift Account at any BNS branch.

Decide how much you want for Christmas gift giving . . . and each payday tuck away a fraction of this amount. In this special account, with

its own attractively covered passbook, your Christmas fund can't disappear in day-to-day spending. And at the BNS it will earn full savings-account interest!

To give yourself a carefree Christmas, open a 1959 Christmas Gift Account at your nearest BNS branch—now!

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

He can display mandarin impassivity if necessary, but resists compromise on any matter involving taste. When Pietro Annigoni's portrait of Queen Elizabeth arrived in Ottawa last winter, Jarvis labeled it an inartistic effigy and refused to grant it Gallery wall space. The painting had to be hung outside the House of Commons library.

Soon after he was named director the needlepoint carpet made by Queen Mary, which had been donated to the National Gallery by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, vanished from its display box. "I was astonished to find the beautiful carpet our late and beloved Queen Mary made replaced by one of the director's pet blobs called modern art. The impudence of the fellow!" complained Charlotte May Montgomery, an Ottawa housewife, in an angry letter to the Ottawa Citizen.

Jarvis calmly explained that the Queen's rug was in fact still on exhibition. Because he does not class it as art, he has mounted it behind golden drapes on the main floor of the Gallery. Whenever visitors ask to see "the carpet," guards are instructed to draw the drapes, then quickly to slam them shut again. Jarvis once irreverently suggested that this ceremony should be accompanied by a hidden phonograph playing God Save the Queen, and that all IODE ladies should be charged twenty-five cents a peep.

He becomes quickly furious with the many letters he gets from miffed matrons who criticize modern art by asserting that their three-year-old daughter could have done as well with a burnt stick and a rotten orange. "I'm often tempted," he says, "to send these people an easel, and to tell them to go ahead and try. Then we could form a new group of artists known as the 'We-Tried School.'"

A great respecter of professionalism in all things, Jarvis sympathizes with the amateur willing to study and learn techniques, but detests the untrained, pretentious dabbler. At the conclusion of his many speeches to women's art groups, at least one lady artist usually sidles up to him asking for his candid opinion of her latest canvas. Jarvis' reaction seldom varies: he'd be charmed to look at it. After he carefully inspects the canvas, stooping to view it properly from all angles, he stands back, arms folded, and in his most erudite National Gallery manner, declares: "That is a picture."

Privately, he's even less charitable. "There are too many women who paint piffing, fiddling, bloody little things which are really needlepoint," he says.



Who is it?

She's at least three up on Emily Post. Turn to page 60 to find out who this young lady grew up to be.

"I have absolutely no sympathy for the housewife who uses cake mixes, then goes and dabbles in paints."

Jarvis is himself a passionate amateur of architecture. He can read construction blueprints, and believes that what men build is even more important than what they paint, and as important as what they sing. He once spent a brief holiday in Bermuda. "It's my idea of hell," he told a friend afterward. "There are no interesting buildings to look at."

He thinks that the best example of contemporary Canadian architecture is

the new permanent home of the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont. "We need many more theatres with dressing rooms that don't smell of gym suits and old running shoes," he says.

At last year's annual meeting of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Jarvis so shocked the audience that his remarks were edited out of the official transcripts. "Architects who build ugly buildings," he had proclaimed, "should be fined heavily for committing a public nuisance. It's like allowing a bad smell to come from a factory." He suggested

that the Massey Medals for architecture be expanded to include a category for the year's silliest building.

His chief nomination for this award was the million-dollar Provincial Museum in Regina, opened in 1955. "It," said Jarvis, "is the most bastard creation I have ever laid my eyes on." Told about the remarks, Saskatchewan Premier T. C. Douglas defended his museum: "Most modern paintings look like scrambled eggs and if Mr. Jarvis wants the building to look like that, I'd prefer the museum the way it is."



Snappa cappa Red Cap

Red Cap's the true Canadian ale with full-bodied flavour, the ale that pours a smooth, tempting head. It's an ale you like to stick with—regular.

CARLING'S RED CAP ALE

The Best Brews in the World come from Carling's

Ask to see
a lighter,
softer,
richer
flannel
and you
discover
OSMALANE*

by

Forsyth



*OSMALANE IS A NEW
FABRIC DEVELOPMENT
... the perfect, cashmere-like
British flannel, unshrinkable,
in rich plain shades, tartans
and checks. Forsyth styled for
all-season wear. From \$10.95
at fine men's shops.

Jarvis had specifically condemned the row of sculptured ducks squatting in a stone band inset around the top of the museum's face. "I hope the natives go and shoot at them," he said. When he went to Saskatchewan a year ago to open the Norman Mackenzie Gallery at Regina College, gallery trustees had mounted a row of papier mâché ducks along the rooftops of their building, and jokingly suggested Jarvis might like to shoot them down. He was willing, but the officials decided not to trust his marksmanship.

Since he took over the National Gallery, Jarvis has more than doubled its staff to sixty-five. To make room for them, he has converted some display rooms into offices, and sent the paintings on tour. This manoeuvre plus a doubled budget has allowed him to extend substantially the number of traveling Canadian art exhibitions, begun by Eric Brown, the first director, in 1916. Forty-five mobile exhibits of Canadian art now journey as far away as Hobart, Tasmania.

In the summer of 1957, as part of his determination to take art out of the rarefied atmosphere of evening gowns and tuxedos, Jarvis starred in *The Things We See*, thirteen half-hour national television discussions of painting and sculpture. To open the series, he persuaded the Ottawa police department to drag into the studio and operate a full-size stop light. He used it to demonstrate the everyday importance of color. After the camera briefly focused on the changing lights, it moved on Jarvis, saying: "Color—our very lives depend on it."

The highlight of the television programs was a twenty-minute live sequence showing Jarvis sculpting a complete bust of Julie Devlin, his young niece. What his viewers didn't realize was that he had previously prepared a semi-finished sculpture, which was substituted while the camera was trained on Julie.

His bad-boy outbursts frighten some federal politicians, but he's one of the most sought-after guests at Ottawa cocktail parties. His home is the least pretentious of the large houses lining Rockcliffe's fashionable Manor Avenue. Grey slacks and a faded blue turtleneck sweater with protruding elbows are his uniform for free evenings, but he cannot simply flop down and relax. Currently he spends most of his spare time writing a definitive study of war as a subject

in Western art. He reads sixty periodicals a month and romps through a book every two days. His large library ranges from *Good and Evil* by the British philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, to *The Case of the Substitute Face* by Erle Stanley Gardner. He can't take a bath without a book.

Reading constituted most of Jarvis' early education. He is the son of a Brantford, Ont., optometrist who died when Alan was three. The family moved to Toronto where Jarvis attended Parkdale Collegiate. Although he read beyond his years—at fourteen he had completed all the works of Thomas Hardy—his grades were so poor that the University of Toronto would not admit him to its course in architecture. He studied philosophy and psychology instead, and never wrote an exam without getting first-class honors. Despite his refusal to participate in sports, he won a Rhodes Scholarship in 1937. "Jarvis was a witty, slightly cynical, god-like figure that floated fourteen inches above everyone else on the campus," recalls G. H. Southam, a fellow student now with the external-affairs department in Ottawa.

Jarvis had started sculpting at twelve and painting at thirteen. During his first year at university he became a protégé of Douglas Duncan, a Toronto art patron and founder of the Picture Loan Society. Duncan gave him a sculpting studio and introduced him to gallery owners and painters. In the evenings Jarvis studied sculpture techniques at Central Technical School under Elizabeth Wyn Wood Hahn, who calls him her most intelligent pupil. In the summer, Duncan and Jarvis often went to Six-Mile Lake, near Gravenhurst, to visit the one-room hut of David Milne, a then little-known still-life painter whose tormented water-color canvases have influenced Jarvis more than the work of any other artist. Five Milnes now hang above his bed, there's a Milne in his private study, and two in his living room.

The year before he took up his Oxford scholarship, Jarvis motored through Europe with Duncan, photographing Romanesque church sculpture. He left Oxford without a degree at the outbreak of the war because the Rhodes Committee advised the repatriation of its students, took another postgraduate year at Toronto, then won a fine-arts fellowship at New York University. On the recom-

(Advertisement)



THE CANADIAN ROCKIES provide some of the world's finest skiing . . . from fast alpine runs far above the timber line to unbroken miles of virgin trail in the foothills.

Seagram tells the World about Canada

OVER THE YEARS, through its advertising abroad, The House of Seagram has continually told the people of other lands about our country and her many distinctively Canadian customs, achievements and products.

The advertisement on the facing page is one of a series now being published by The House of Seagram in magazines circulating throughout the world. From these Seagram advertisements the people of many lands—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa—come to know Canada better . . . her wealth of resources . . . her outstanding recreational facilities, such as skiing . . . her renowned cultural achievements and her great traditions.

The House of Seagram has always believed that, in addition to promoting its own products in foreign markets, promoting the reputation abroad of all Canadian products and accomplishments is in the best interests of every Canadian.

Through these full-colour world-wide advertising campaigns, Seagram helps unfold the story of the Canadian people and their use of the rich and varied natural resources of this favoured land . . . an inspiring narrative of our great and growing nation.

LORNE BOUCHARD, A.R.C.A.

Born and educated in Montreal, where he still resides, this artist is noted for his extensive sketching excursions all over the Province of Quebec. He is represented in collections in Canada, the United States, Mexico, England, South America and India.

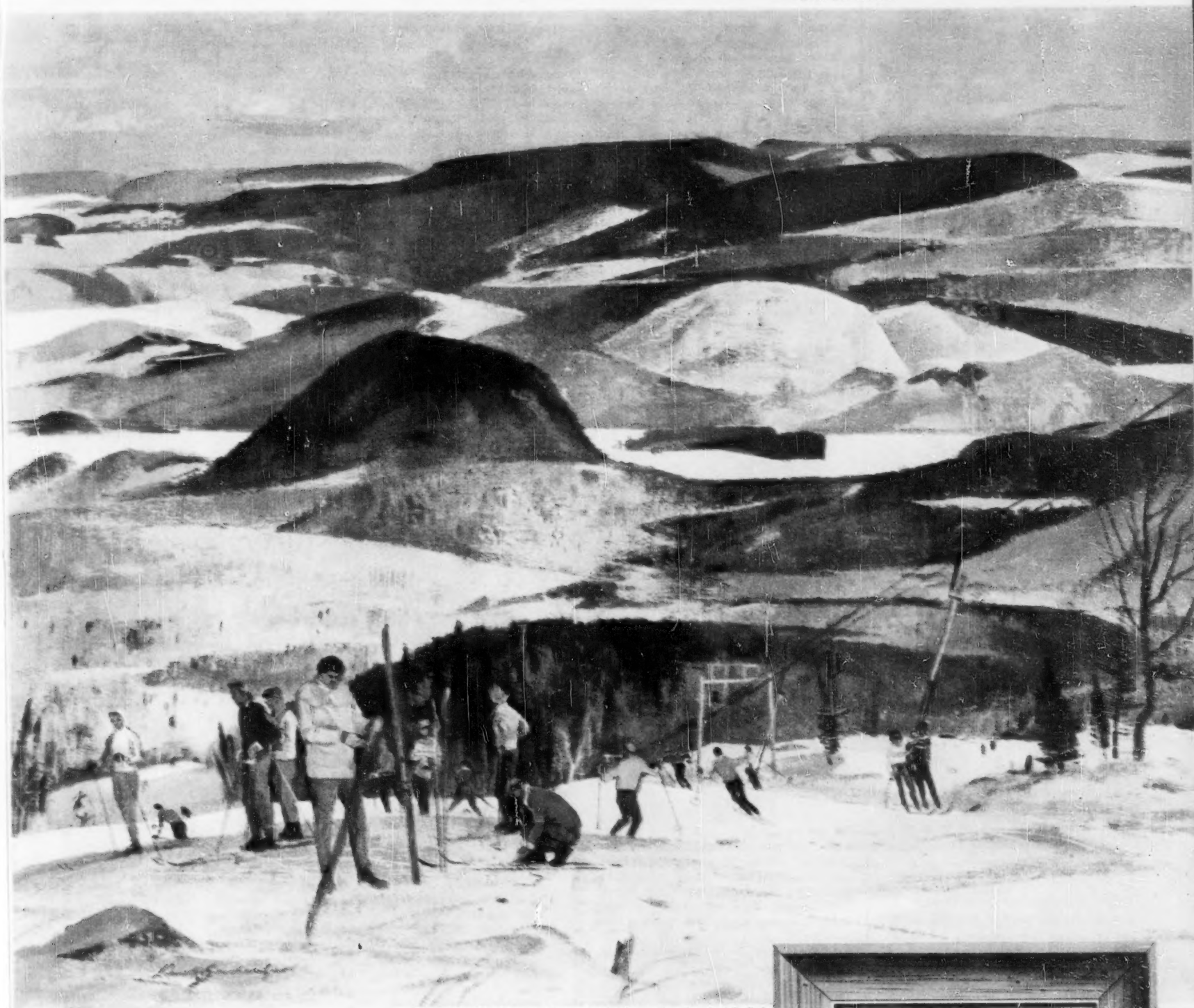


For reprints of this painting, suitable for framing, write: The House of Seagram, 1430 Peel St., Montreal, P.Q.



Canada is Famous for its Skiing

THE CANADIAN LAURENTIANS, one of the most colourful and famous ski-resort areas in North America, attract winter-sport enthusiasts from all over the world.

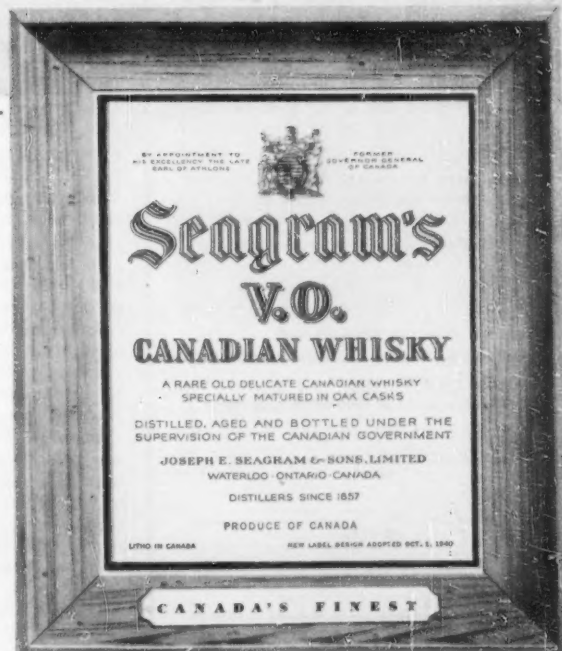


Painted for The Seagram Collection by Lorne Bouchard, A.R.C.A.

Canada is Famous for Seagram's V.O.

Honoured the world over for its smoothness,
light-body and delicate bouquet, Seagram's V.O.
is the lightest, cleanest-tasting whisky you ever enjoyed.
That's why: *More people throughout the world buy Seagram's V.O.*
than any other whisky exported from any country.

Say Seagram's and be Sure



FREE

ANACONDA'S 28 page book

on home building
and improvement



A guide for the prospective homeowner. Covers such subjects as:

- proper procedure in buying a home
- mortgage tables
- house styles
- architectural services
- pointers on construction
- budget tips
- planning aids
- remodelling

This attractive four-color booklet is yours for the asking. Simply fill out and mail the coupon.

C-5802

ANACONDA

*Trade Mark Reg'd.

Anaconda American Brass Limited
New Toronto, Ontario

Sales Offices:
Montreal and Vancouver

Write today for FREE booklet

Anaconda American Brass Limited
New Toronto, Toronto 14, Ontario, Dept. G-8
Please rush my FREE copy of your new booklet
"How to Buy, Build or Modernize Your Home".

NAME

ADDRESS

PLACE

PROV.

mentation of an Oxford friend, he joined the personnel department of Parnall Aircraft Limited, the primary manufacturer of Lancaster bombers.

His work was noticed by Sir Stafford Cripps, then Minister of Aircraft Production, who brought him into his office first as a special assistant and later as his private secretary. Cripps chose him to edit *Democracy Alive*, the collection of his political speeches. Jarvis next became public-relations director for the Council of Industrial Design, a group set up to improve the appearance of Britain's export goods. His new interest prompted him to write *The Things We See*, published by Penguin as the first in a seven-volume series on design. The book has sold seventy-five thousand copies.

A film Jarvis produced about design, starring the English comedienne Joyce Grenfell, attracted the attention of Filippo Del Giudice, the Italian-born producer of such epics as *In Which We Serve*, *Odd Man Out*, *Henry V* and *Hamlet* for the J. Arthur Rank Organization. When Del Giudice established his own Pilgrim Pictures Limited, he hired Jarvis as his personal assistant, later promoting him to executive director. Pilgrim Pictures made three films with such stars as Peter Ustinov, Richard Attenborough and Kenneth More—all critical successes and commercial disasters.

Because of his film contacts Jarvis became a popular young bachelor in London society, and a member of the exclusive Athenæum, Sir Winston Churchill's club. He was quizmaster on a BBC program called *Under Twenty Questions*, and chairman of London's Group Theatre, an experimental stage venture whose governors, serving under Jarvis, included Graham Greene, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden.

Few of his London cocktail-party confidants realized that Jarvis was at this time undergoing a religious conversion. Discussions with the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, a friend of Cripps, changed his lukewarm atheism into a doctrinaire faith in high Anglicanism. In June 1951 he suddenly severed his film connections, gave his valet notice, and moved out of his plush west-end apartment into a whitewashed flat in a Chelsea barracks, used a hundred years previously by Crimean War troops.

Jarvis spent the next five years as head of Oxford House, a drab, three-story settlement house in Bethnal Green, an East London slum, at a salary of five hundred pounds a year. This position was customarily given to an Anglican priest as the last step before his elevation to bishop.

In his spare time he resumed his sculpting. His posthumous head of Sir Stafford Cripps was shown at a Royal Society of British Artists exhibition. Those who sat for him included Peter Ustinov, singer Kirsten Flagstad, U. K. auto maker Sir William Rootes, paper magnate Sir Eric Bowater and Dr. Cyril James, principal of McGill University. The bronze bust of James, now in McGill's Redpath Library, is the only one of Jarvis' works currently on public view in Canada.

In the decade after World War II Jarvis crossed the Atlantic thirty-six times, returning to Canada at least once a year. In 1954, when he heard that Dr. H. O. McCurry, the National Gallery director, was retiring, he applied for the job and was picked over two other candidates. He took up his appointment on May 1, 1955, a date he refers to as "the day of my coronation." Two months later he married Elizabeth Devlin, a widow with three children. He had known her since he was ten.

During his first year at the gallery Jar-

vis criss-crossed Canada, giving one hundred and fifty-eight speeches. "This almost incredible speaking campaign altered the character and activities of the gallery," says Board of Trustees Chairman C. P. Fell.

After his speaking tour he called Saint John, N.B., "one of the ugliest cities in the world." Tom Bell, the local MP, angrily demanded that parliament investigate Jarvis' right to make such remarks. "That's free speech," replied Pickersgill. Jarvis enjoyed the row, but about Saint John, he admits ruefully: "I shan't be able to go back there."

Jarvis claims that his present job gives him a life with the scope and stimulation he needs, but he admits that he may get restless by 1960, when the Gallery has completed its move into a new eight-million-dollar home in downtown Ottawa. The seven-story structure now under construction will provide hanging room for two thousand paintings—five times the wall space available at the Gallery's current home in the east wing of the Victoria

Memorial Museum. The Gallery was "temporarily" moved into the museum in 1910.

When the new National Gallery building was being planned, Department of Public Works architects firmly decided against including the restaurant requested by Jarvis. He was told government regulations specifically state that the only federal buildings which can have public eating facilities are transportation terminals.

Jarvis insisted. "A restaurant," he said, "is an absolutely essential antidote to museum fever."

Government officials again ruled no restaurant.

Eyebrows quirked, Jarvis calmly replied: "No restaurant, no Jarvis."

When Canada's new National Gallery is officially opened two years from now, Alan Jarvis, the elegant host at the ceremonies, will welcome his guests in a penthouse restaurant seating a hundred and twenty-five on a sculpture-lined terrace. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 42

Duncan Hines

remembers



The ham 'n' eggs that beat the world's best

The most memorable meal I ever ate was in a frontier café in 1899. Since that day, my search for good eating has taken me two million miles through Canada and the United States. It wouldn't surprise me to find I've eaten in more different places than any other man. I've found the best of all candied sweet potatoes in Ontario, the most toothsome of graham bread and buttermilk rolls in New Brunswick, and certainly the finest of steak-and-kidney puddings in British Columbia. But not even these have outshone a meal I had when I was a nineteen-year-old Wells Fargo Express Co. clerk. Three days before sitting down to that unforgettable meal, I had left Denver in a new express wagon that I was to deliver to our Cheyenne office. Colorado and Wyoming were unfenced wilderness in those days—only a few trails wound over the sagebrush hills—and I was a tenderfoot. I missed the deserted sheep camp where I was supposed to spend the first night, then lost the horse and wagon. Although it was July, it had started to snow. I walked all the night with coyotes yapping in the nearby darkness. At dawn, miraculously, I saw my horse and wagon. I had walked in a big circle all night. All that second day I

saw no sign of a house or a human being.

On the third day my horse stopped, spraddle-legged, in his tracks. I had to go on afoot. Luck was with me, and at last I came upon a homesteader. From him I learned I was fairly close to Cheyenne, so I continued walking the fourteen miles into town through five inches of snow. After stopping just long enough to hire a cowboy to go after the horse and wagon, I hurried to where a sign proclaimed Harry Hynds's Restaurant.

"I want five dollars' worth of ham and eggs," I told the counter-man.

"Well, you won't get it," he answered. "Nobody can eat that much ham and eggs. I'll give you an order and if you want more when you've finished that, we'll give 'em to you."

He was right. I don't think anyone could have eaten five dollars' worth of Harry Hynds's ham and eggs. Hungry as I was after more than two days without food, I was amply filled by one of Harry's orders. I have eaten many exotic foods in many expensive restaurants since that day in 1899, but nothing has tasted as good as that platter of ham and eggs. I don't think anything ever will.

DUNCAN HINES IS AN INTERNATIONAL AUTHORITY ON COOKING AND FOOD.

.....

NEW, EASY TO PLAY, INEXHAUSTIBLE, EXCITING... AND BEST OF ALL... WORTHWHILE!



A full-voiced organ so refreshingly easy to play you don't need lessons.

A richly-toned organ that replaces difficult left-hand chords with simple buttons you press with one finger.

An unusual instrument that makes complex rhythm patterns as easy as tapping your toe.

So versatile that a whole music library was developed to go with it . . . and music publishers have issued nearly 3000 song titles scored especially for it.

So sociable that thousands of owners have formed clubs so they can enjoy it together.

So filled with music that it can sound like more than thirty different orchestral instruments.

So worthwhile you can find pleasure and accomplishment in it for a lifetime.

Your Hammond dealer wants to show you this remarkable Hammond Chord Organ . . . and let you play it. See him soon.

Here's what happens when you see your dealer

You'll play a complete tune with two fingers . . . and it'll sound



wonderful. One finger plays the melody . . . one finger presses buttons to play full chords. Your

foot resting on a pedal automatically produces just the right bass (a Hammond exclusive). Special Hammond "Picture Music" shows you exactly what to do, if you don't read music. You play a complete tune, melody, chords and all, the first time you try. Try it soon.

Low as \$120 down at most dealers. Blond, Walnut, Ebony, Provincial finishes.

HAMMOND CHORD ORGAN

Hammond Organs, P. O. Box 3100, Station B
Montreal, Quebec.

Please send new "Happy Home" booklet and tell me how to get free LP Record of Hammond Chord Organ Music.

Name

Address

City Prov.

HAMMOND ORGAN WESTERN EXPORT CORP. M11



Confessions of a fellow traveler continued from page 24

"I was brought up to believe that a Communist was somebody who wrung chickens' necks"

platform: provincial speed cops are anti-Semites. Conservatives, like bird watchers, were definitely a minority. Even the Trotskyites outnumbered them.

Mr. Tansky, anyway, was the first of the many Communists I have known, and

he was always extremely kind to me. When I came in on a message he'd give me a sucker, a biscuit maybe, or a piece of bubble gum. Only once did he demand that I commit myself politically.

"Awright," he said, as I entered the

store. "Ask the kid. He can tell us."

"Gwan. He's still wet behind the ears. What does he know?"

"Listen," Tansky said, "do you study Canadian history at your lousy school?" "Sure."

"Awright," he said, "what does it say in your lousy book? That the Indians were lied to, cheated, and exploited left, right and centre by lousy imperialist adventurers like Jacques Cartier, or that the so-called noble explorers saved Canada from the savages?"

"It says that Jacques Cartier was a hero. La Salle too. It says they were very brave against the Indians."

"You see?" Tansky said. "At the age of eleven they're already stuffing their heads with lousy capitalist propaganda. I'll bet there's nothing in their lousy book about the fortunes those bringers-of-Christianity made on the fur market."

Although I liked Tansky very much indeed, my grandfather never spoke to him. We were an orthodox Jewish family unto the third generation and resolutely anti-Communist. My grandfather would not go into Tansky's store because he remained open on Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish year, and sat outside smoking his pipe defiantly. Smoking was absolutely forbidden.

We didn't like Communists in our family but there was some confusion about who and what actually was a Communist. To begin with I was brought up to believe that a Communist was somebody who wrung chickens' necks. That, you see, is precisely what I once saw Bernie Huberman's mother doing to a chicken in her back yard. It was a fascinating sight, really, but puzzling too, because I knew that chickens had to be slaughtered according to the orthodox ritual or else we weren't allowed to eat them. The explanation I was given was simple and damning. "She's a Communist. A *rolite*."

The people downstairs turned out to be Communists too and I was warned not to speak to them. They moved in around one o'clock one summer night while we sat on the balcony above, cracking peanuts and eating watermelon. I was allowed to stay up late because of the heat wave.

"You see all those little boxes they're moving in?" Uncle Jake whispered.

"Yeah," my father said eagerly.

"You notice how they're all the same size?"

"Yeah?"

"You see how they're all very heavy?"

"Yeah. So?"

"You wait," Uncle Jake said, leaning back in his chair. "You wait, Sam."

The next night there was a distinct rumble downstairs and every Wednesday a panel truck came to pick up small boxes.

"They've got a printing press," my father would tell visitors proudly. "An underground newspaper. Right downstairs from us."

I never got to know the name of the lady downstairs, but I watched her closely whenever she appeared in the back yard and not once did I catch her wringing a chicken's neck. This got me into trouble with my friends at Bancroft School, whom I had foolishly invited to watch with me.

There were no self-confessed Communists with me at Bancroft—some fellow travelers maybe—but once I got into Baron Byng High School there were plenty of them. I got to learn more about the red menace.

Take Danny Feldman, for instance. Danny, who sat only two seats away



You can own this TOOKE 'Viyella' Tartan shirt for only \$13.95

(or the plain shade for \$10.95)

Not so expensive as you thought? Now you know, you can afford to own a shirt of imported 'Viyella', so superbly tailored by Tooke.

'Viyella' is without equal. There is no other fabric like 'Viyella'—an incomparable blending of the finest lamb's wool and the highest quality cotton.

'Viyella' preserves its colour and

softness through years of wear. 'Viyella' washes with safety—"wash as wool, if it shrinks we replace" ("lavez-le comme de la laine—s'il rétrécit nous le remplaçons").

Tooke Bros. choose English 'Viyella' for their distinguished sport shirts and Tooke's years of craftsmanship mean perfect fit, comfort, styling and unequalled good looks.

Available in authentic tartans, checks and plain shades at most good stores.

'Viyella' is entirely British made, spun, woven and finished by William Hollins & Company, Ltd. who were established in 1784.

TOOKE
SINCE 1869



from me in room thirty-nine, was no parlor-pinko but a paid-up member of the Young Communist League. Danny came in for lots of heckling from the other guys and he retaliated by ridiculing our interest in the feats of Rocket Richard, Johnny Greco, Jackie Robinson, and other sports heroes. These were idiotic distractions, he said, a trick to take our minds off the exploitation of our working-class parents. He got into trouble with our teachers too. He wanted to know why our history textbooks made no mention of Spartacus, who led a slaves' revolt in ancient times, only glossed over the Spanish Inquisition; and neglected to say a word about the Allied attempt to overthrow the Russian revolution in 1919.

"You read the wrong books, Feldman," our history teacher said.

"Yeah. Siddown, you dirty red."

"Let's chip in and send him to Russia. Waddiya say, guys?"

Danny bore his martyrdom with pride. Meanwhile, he quietly led a red infiltration of the B.B.H.S. Cadet Corps and Students' Council. One day Danny was a civilian and the next he was a cadet major, with easy access to our sub-basement arsenal; and the Students' Council had got up petitions to demand free milk at lunch hours and a ban on the strap. All this came about while our interests — as we began to encourage beards and passed from grade nine to ten — shifted from Rocket Richard to Lili St. Cyr's strip-tease act at the now defunct Gaiety Theatre. Our latest obsession did not please Danny, either. "I've never seen such a bunch of decadent jerks in my life," he said.

"Have you seen her, but?"

"Jeez."

"It's art, you know. She does it to classical music."

Free love on Fridays?

Danny lectured us on the wholesome nature of women. He said the strip tease was just another form of capitalist degradation and, turning to Shubiner, he asked, "How would you like to see your mother strip on the stage?"

"You're looking for a punch on the nose," Shubiner said. "I'm warning you."

Danny and I, it developed, shared one characteristic. Neither of us joined in when they sang God Save The King at school assemblies. Danny was against all kings and didn't believe in God anyway. I wouldn't sing God Save The King because I was against British policy in Palestine. We had something else in common too, or so I hoped. Only the other night my Uncle Jake had said, "You know those Communist youth clubs?"

"Yeah," my father said eagerly.

"You know they have parties every Friday night?"

"Yeah. So?"

"Boy. Oh, Boy!"

"What?"

Uncle Jake jerked his cigar in my direction.

"Go and do your homework," my father said.

Listening from behind the door I couldn't make out exactly what was said but I heard Jake use the phrase "free love" twice and time and again my father exclaimed, "No kidding!"

So my long, troubled career as a fellow traveler began. From then on when the other guys in class yelled "Why don't you go to Russia?" at Danny, I leaped to his defense. "What are we here anyway? A pack of fascists? Let Danny speak his piece. This is a free country."

"Sez who?"

"Danny never did you any harm."

"I don't like his dumb kisser; O.K.?"

"Let them rave," Danny said. "I'm used to irrational abuse."

"You and me both, brother."

We walked home from school together that afternoon and I hinted that I would be interested in meeting some guys — "and dames too," I said — who took life more seriously. There are other things besides sports, I said, without exactly mentioning free love. I did, however, tell Danny an off-color Jewish story, hoping to work round to the subject of dames again, but it made a poor impression.

"You're a chauvinist," Danny said.

"Oh, yeah. Is that bad like?"

"Well, it's not good, but it's understandable. Listen, would you be interested in going to a party on Friday night?"

"Don't mind if I do," I said.

That was Tuesday. Friday, I thought, would never come. Wednesday I went to Irving's Barbershop and got a Hollywood haircut. I also let myself be talked into a kind of mudpack facial to remove disfiguring blackheads. Thursday I got my one-button-roll sports jacket out of the cleaners and bought a tie. Friday I put on

my new trousers. They weren't exactly zoot, but they were pegged some round the cuffs. I was ready an hour early. But when Danny finally picked me up I was shocked to see that he was wearing the same dirty old sweater and baggy trousers he came to school in every day.

Well, that was some party. There was no booze. They *did* have a gramophone, but nobody could boogie. (It wouldn't have mattered anyway — the only records around were by Paul Robeson.) A fuzzy-haired girl with a guitar sat on the floor and led a folk-singing session. Everyone



The friendliest time of the year

SNOW DRIFTS DEEP. The air is snapping crisp. Everywhere is that special feeling the holiday season brings. It's the time friends drop in. It's the time for special hospitality. You are the thoughtful host when you welcome guests with 'Black & White,' a superb and smooth Scotch with a refreshing taste. 'Black & White'

is a blend of Scotland's finest individual whiskies. It has a distinctive character and unvarying flavor. *The secret is in the blending.* When you give 'Black & White' Scotch Whisky, it shows you truly know the good things of life. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several bottle sizes.

By Appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

**BEAUTIFUL
STUDY
IN
STYLE**



...with a solid engineering background

The 59 Ford tells its own styling story far better than any words. And the most exciting way to get that story is to park a new model in front of your home and take a good, long look at it.

Even getting down to nuts and bolts is fun with a new Ford. Feature by feature the evidence piles up to prove you get full value for every dollar you invest in this handsome car.

Take Ford's modern, short-stroke Six. It's engineered so that the pistons travel a shorter distance up and down. This cuts power-wasting friction. You get up to 24 miles per gallon of regular gas *plus* plenty of real Ford "GO".

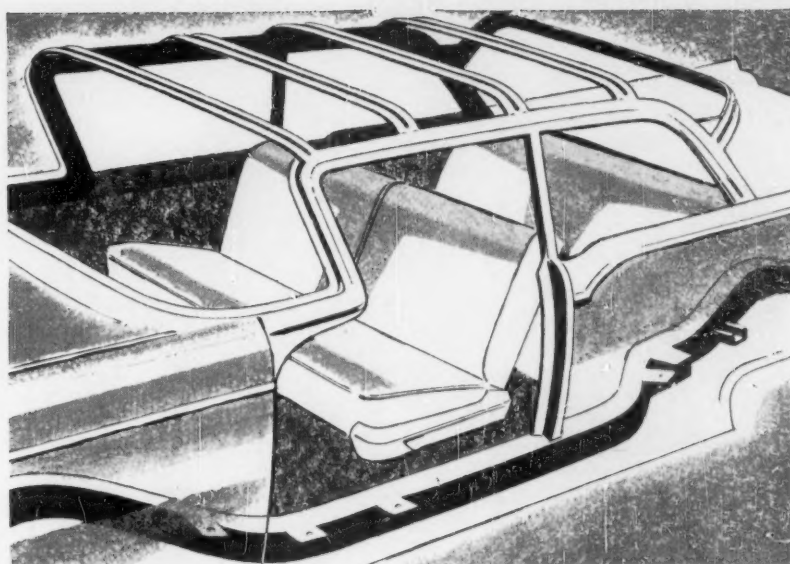
Take the design of the front suspension. The coil springs are angled forward and the lower control arms are swept back so that the wheels can move up and back when they strike a bump. They "roll with the punch" . . . absorb shock far better than a suspension that only moves in one direction.

And Ford's concern with your comfort doesn't stop there. Since the Thunderbird V-8 engines weigh more than the Mileage Maker Six, Ford makes different sets of front springs tailored to the weight of each engine. They're installed at no extra cost to give you finest possible ride control.

Even forgotten parts like the muffler and tail pipe get special engineering attention from Ford. They're now made of aluminized steel for greater resistance to corrosion from the water and acid that tend to collect inside the muffler assembly. Result? They now last up to twice as long.

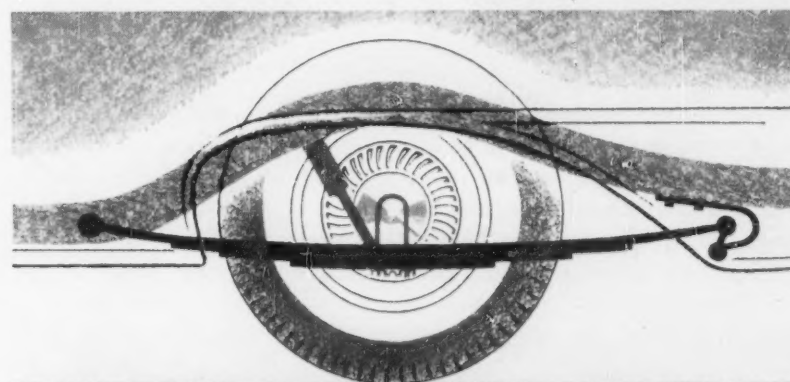
See your Ford Dealer and take a *discovery drive* in one of his new cars. And don't hesitate to ask the price. It's beautifully right, too.

Both models shown are the new Fairlane 500 Club Victoria.



Here's an inside view of some of Ford's solid engineering features. Notice the five steel cross-pieces that span the roof for extra strength, extra safety. See how the

passengers sit within the protection of the heavy frame rails. The whole body is interlocked into a single unit for maximum strength, silence and resistance to flexing.



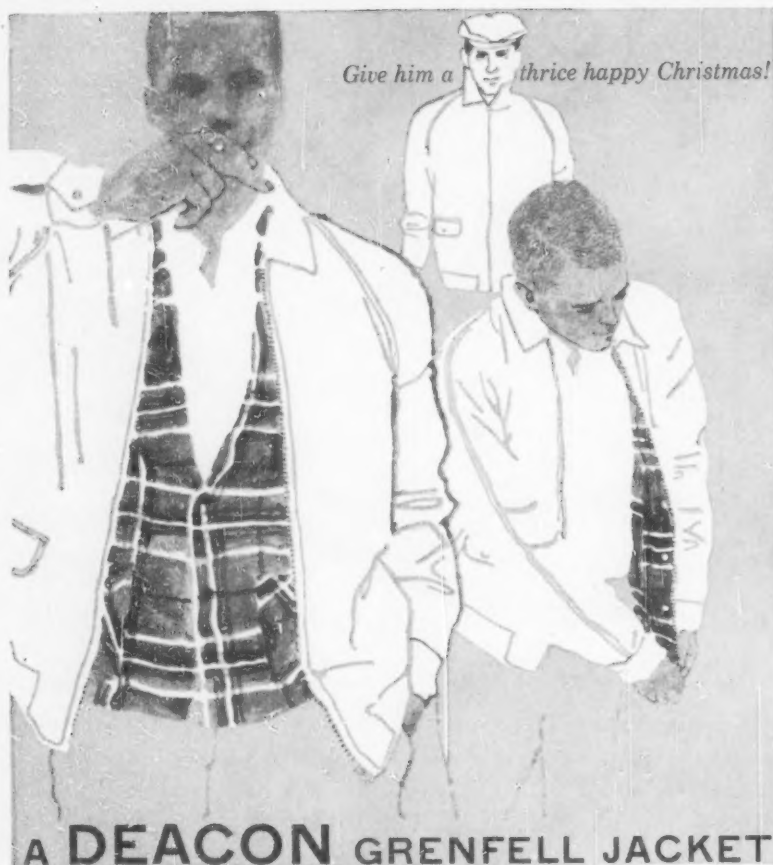
Rear springs are joined to the frame by tension shackles which increase spring stiffness automatically when the load in the car gets heavier. Only Ford of all manufacturers offers this automatic ride control

to give you the same comfortable ride whether you're driving alone or with the whole family and all their luggage along. Friction inserts between spring leaves help keep out rust, improve the ride even more.

59 FORD

In every way so beautifully right

(Certain features illustrated are "Standard" in some models, optional at extra cost in others.)



A DEACON GRENFELL JACKET

with removable cardigan liner. A superbly tailored, action-styled jacket of famous long wearing, sanforized, washable Grenfell Cloth. Smart button-in wool liner, in tartan or camel colour, doubles as a handsome lounge cardigan. The ideal three-in-one Christmas gift.

DEACON BROTHERS LTD., BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, TAILORS OF CLOTHES TO PLAY IN

There's only one

Jockey

brand underwear

Feels better . . . because it fits better

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Outside!!"

pleaded with her for songs like Joe Hill or Los Quatro Generales. When my turn came I slipped my arm round the dame who sat next to me and asked for an old favorite of mine that began,

If all the girls were like Hedy Lamarr,

I'd work half as hard and get twice as far.

That, I'd hoped, would get things moving, so to speak, but all I got for my trouble was dirty looks.

"Who brought that here?"

"All-You-Eta," I suggested quickly. "How's about that? It's a kind of gag version of Alouette. It goes All-you-eta, think of all-you-eta. All . . ."

Danny gave me a poke. "Shettup," he said.

"Whatsa matter?" I said. "That's a clean one."

"It happens to be a tasteless corruption of one of our few authentic Canadian folk songs," the girl with the fuzzy hair said.

"Oh."

At the university that hydra-headed monster called communism revealed yet another of its hideous faces to me. I became, as they say, a red dupe. The Dean of Canterbury, on a visit to Canada at the time, had been invited to speak at our college by the Students' Christian Movement, but at the last minute the nervous board of governors had refused permission to use the hall. A fight developed. Petitions were circulated, threats and counter-threats were made, and I wrote an editorial in the student newspaper about freedom of speech, but the so-called "Red" Dean left without speaking to us. As an aftermath of the fight, however, I made some new friends, and I began to read the "wrong" books.

"We ought to have free medical treatment in Canada," I told my father. "It's our right."

"Smart guy," my Uncle Jake said.

"What would happen to your Cousin Seymour?"

My Cousin Seymour was studying to be a doctor.

"After all those years of study," my father said, "he becomes a civil servant.

Boy, that's what I call family loyalty."

I pointed out that the coming American presidential election was just one big fraud. A battle between Wall Street and Chicago capital.

"So what?" Uncle Jake said. "You want I should go out and hang myself?"

"Republicans, Democrats; it's all the same."

"He's a Commie," Uncle Jake said.

My grandfather was already convinced I was a Communist because I went without a hat, an offense against the orthodox religion. My Aunt Bessie was sure I was a red because she'd seen me drunk downtown once. "Before dark," she had told my father.

"I'm not a Communist," I shouted.

"After all the money I spent on your education," my father said.

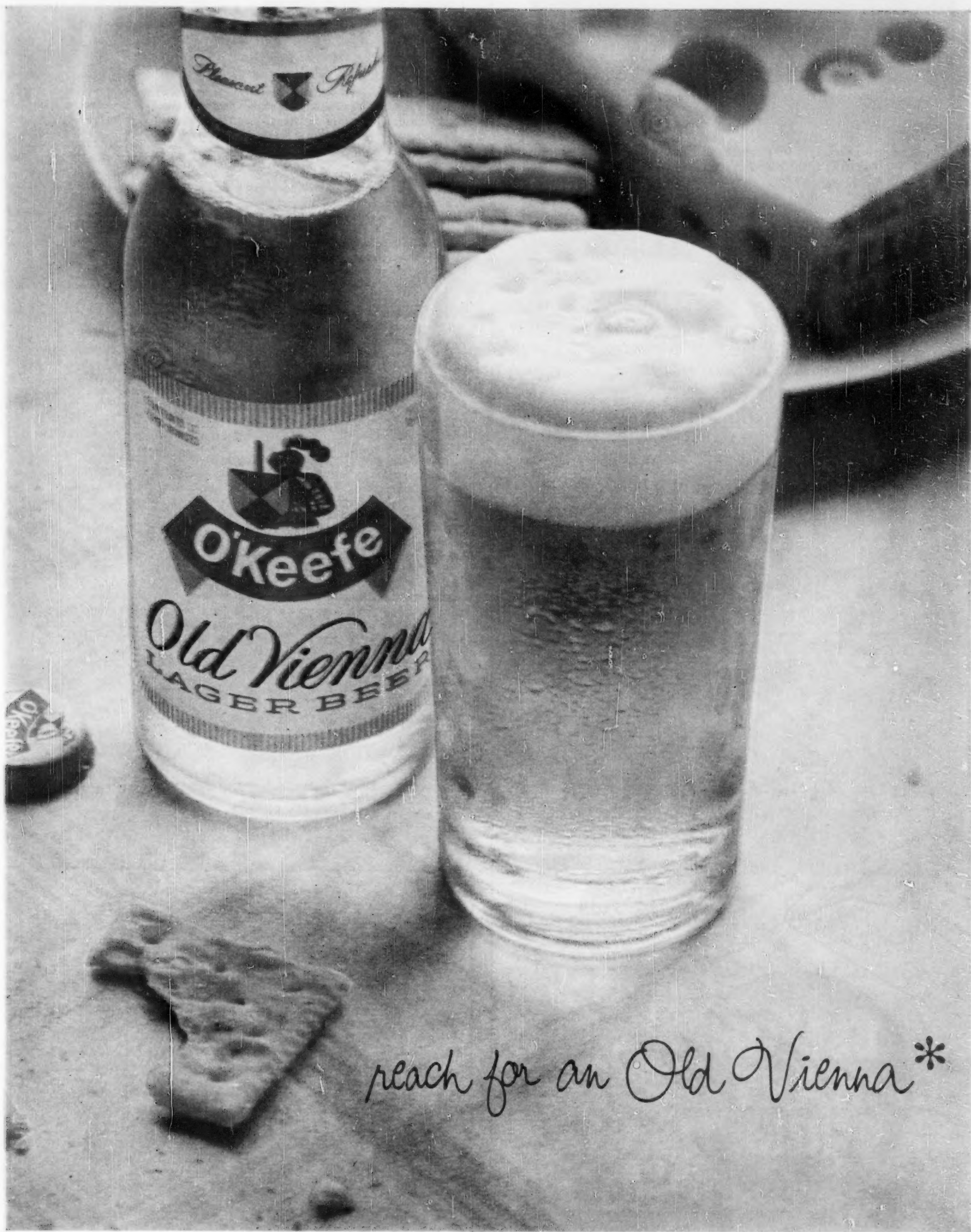
"Look here," I said, "just because the Communists happen to agree with some of my ideas doesn't mean —"

"A real Communist," Uncle Jake said. "I've got eyes and I can see."

Eventually I realized that the family was rather pleased with the situation. We already had a middling dentist and a potential doctor in the family, we could get drygoods wholesale through Bessie's husband Harry, we had a car dealer on my mother's side and a cousin who could get us a third off on fridges and stuff. Maybe it was a good idea to have a Communist in the family too. Somebody on the other side—just in case, you know. Anyway, if there were any lingering doubts about the color of my political persuasion they vanished when I quit college to go to Europe the following summer.

"Go, it's a good idea. Over there," Uncle Jake said, "it's crawling with your kind of crooks. You oughta see for yourself how the reds run things."

While the left bank of Paris was not exactly crawling with Commies—I met more hashish smokers than Marxists—I soon did number several subversives among my acquaintances. There was Jean-Paul Maurice, the bearded and unpublished author of WAR: A Capitalist Sex Need; the heiress from Toronto who went on and on about Coca-Cola impe-



*reach for an Old Vienna**

**More people nibble cheese and crackers with Old Vienna than with any other lager*



"I was not once asked . . . to denounce a friend or a relative, or divulge any military secrets . . ."

rialism; and others too tiresome to catalogue here. I was in Paris at the time of the Ridgway riots and saw more than one demonstration broken up by club-swinging gendarmes. I once heard Jacques Duclos speak. I went to see Pablo Picasso sit silent and magnificent on a Communist platform. And for the first time in my checkered career as a fellow traveler, I ran into that anathema of revolutionaries the world over, the police spy.

I'm speaking of Mr. Noon, the self-appointed prophet.

Bearded, penniless, and inscrutable, Mr. Noon was dependent on us would-be writers and painters for food, clothes, and a place to flop. His age, like his nationality, was indeterminate. Some said he was Russian, others German, and Mr. Noon himself claimed—in his most recent reincarnation, that is—to be Chinese. The first time he sat at my café table he asked me, "How many times is it?"

"Four-thirty," I said.

"Such much?"

Mr. Noon told me he spoke twelve more languages. Not all of them as well as English, though. And later in the afternoon he turned to me again and asked, "What do you think of the poetry of Mao Tse-tung?"

"Oh, I think it's the most," I said.

"Aha," he said, and taking out his notebook he added, "How will one spell your name?"

I got a warning kick under the table. "Don't tell him," Dave said quickly.

Later, I was told about Mr. Noon. He had no papers and from time to time the police pulled him in for questioning. This terrified Mr. Noon and, hoping to pacify his tormenters, he would offer them information on left-bank types. "Holbrook," he'd say hopefully, "is a Communist. He's an admirer of Mao Tse-tung. Miss Dilworth is a drug addict . . . Terry Freed is a fur thief . . ."

Whether or not the gendarmes took his information seriously I can't say, but they never held Mr. Noon longer than overnight, and Terry was once actually questioned about a fur robbery.

With Communist connections in two countries I now went to live in London where, once more, I instinctively ferreted out the subversives among the expatriate colony. In fairness to my politically

tainted friends, I ought to point out that I was not once offered a torn Kellogg's box-top, asked to denounce a friend or relative, or divulge any military secrets I might have picked up here and there. I was, however, asked to speak to the Communist Party Writers' Group. The invitation was issued at one of those crowded cocktail parties, and it was delivered more like a challenge. "I'll bet," my friend said, "that you'd be afraid to speak to the Communist Writers' Group."

"Certainly not," I said.

"Jolly good. We'll expect you a week Wednesday. You can speak on Modern American writing."

"Hey, one minute."

"I knew you'd be too scared."

"What do you mean, scared? I'll be there. Don't you worry."

I hate speaking anywhere. Not, mind you, that I'm invited out to speak once a week or even once every six months, but I'm a terrible speaker and I get short-tempered days ahead of time. I would have turned down the invitation if the quality of my courage had not entered into it. I was scared too. This was the heyday of McCarthyism and I had every intention of spending a year in the United States. I didn't want to be turned back at the border, either. A few days before I was to speak I asked my wife to phone the group's secretary for me. "Tell them I've got a headache," I said. "I'm in bed with the flu."

"You got yourself into this, now you get yourself out."

"Hey, how would you like to go to Paris for a week? I could send them a wire from there."

The phone rang. "It's for you, comrade," my wife said.

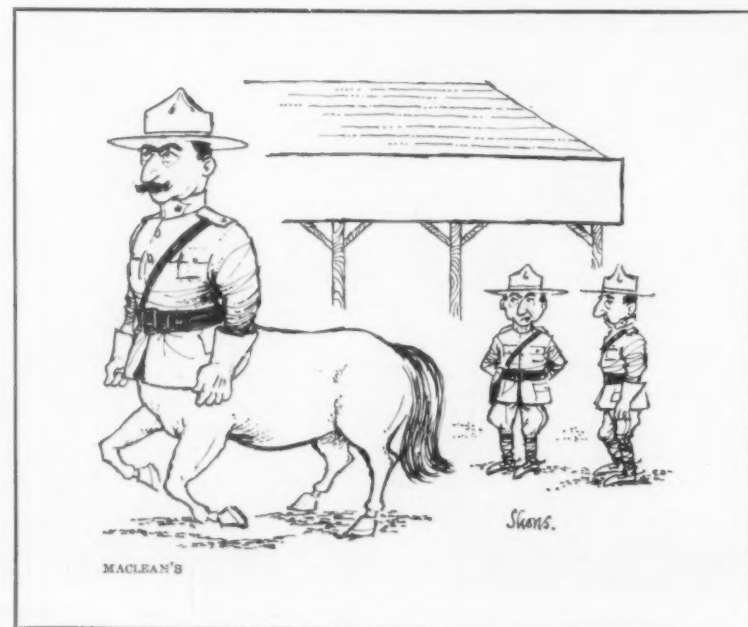
It was my friend. "I'm just calling to tell you," he said, "that there's still time for you to back out."

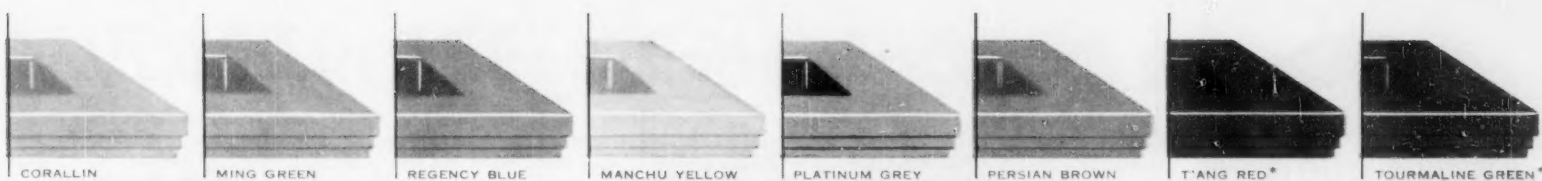
"I'll be there. Don't worry."

Wednesday night I talked a friend of mine, another Canadian writer, into coming along with me. We arrived fashionably late. At least thirty people had been prepared for, but there were only twelve in evidence.

"It's raining," my host said.

But I learned that only last week, when a certain Mr. Wu had come round to speak on modern Chinese writing, the





Bathroom: The Chateau—by American-Standard Negligee Set: A Claire Haddad Original from Bard's-Sartette

a bathroom to match your love for luxury...

... by American-Standard, of course!

So beautiful to look at . . . luxurious to be in . . . yet, so economical . . . and only American-Standard bathrooms offer you *all this—and more!*

The "Chateau" is only one of four stunning bathrooms and two powder room groups from which you can choose. Colours are the colours *you* want—eight of them—the largest selection in Canada. Quality is the highest—built into every single piece. And the result—your American-Standard bathroom or powder room becomes the *exact* bathroom

you've always wanted—but hardly dared believe you could own. For the bathroom that's individually yours in colour—in style—be sure the new home you buy has American-Standard plumbing fixtures—if remodelling, insist on American-Standard.

For your personal copy of American-Standard coloured bathroom folder showing floor plans and colour schemes, write to our head office—1201 Dupont St., Toronto 4, Ontario.

*Available in Basins and Toilets Only



first and finest—the world over

AMERICAN-Standard

AMERICAN-STANDARD PRODUCTS (CANADA) LIMITED

plumbing fixtures, Gurney furnaces, boilers, radiators, ventilating and air-conditioning products, and heat exchangers

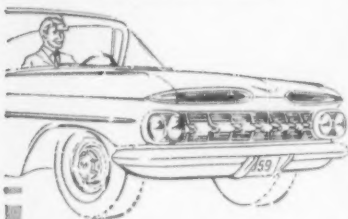
71565—REV.



ON MY BUSINESS TRIPS

it's practical, time-saving, more convenient to

RENT A NEW CAR!



GO TILDEN!

RESERVE A CAR IN ADVANCE. IT'S EASIER AND COSTS NO MORE TO BE ASSURED OF TRANSPORTATION AT YOUR DESTINATION. YOUR LOCAL TILDEN MAN WILL ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU MET AT PLANE OR TRAIN WITH A SPARKLING NEW CHEV OR OTHER FINE CAR AS PRIVATE AS YOUR OWN.

- gas, oil and proper insurance included in the low rental rates.
- all you need is your driver's license and identification.

TILDEN

rent-a-car

The All-Canadian system—agents throughout the world
Head Office: 1194 Stanley Street, Montreal



same room had been packed. S.R.O. "The Bulgarian folk dancers opened in the West End tonight," my friend said. "A lot of people went there."

"Listen," I said, "why don't we all go to a movie and forget about the talk?" "Oh, no. I wouldn't hear of it."

We waited another half hour and three more people drifted in. Everyone in the group was supposed to be a writer, but it didn't look like that to me. Most of the audience was made up of women who had brought their knitting and they suggested nothing more subversive than a meeting of the local church group. I was given an elaborate introduction and started right in to talk knowledgeably, I thought, about younger American writers. Nobody was interested. Nobody, that is, except an intense young man who took notes throughout my little lecture. That's him, I thought. The fink. The guy from the FBI. Good-by year in the States.

"Why," one woman asked me, "won't they let Howard Fast out of jail?"

The young man with the notebook smiled encouragingly at me.

"He's a lousy writer anyway," I said, looking directly at him.

"Is it true," another woman asked, "that a progressive writer can't find a publisher in the United States today?"

"Would you say," a third woman asked, "that all American writers are politically corrupted by success?"

"Well, I —"

"Look at Dos Passos!"

I managed to excuse myself early, but I was stopped at the door by the young man with the notebook. He had a girl with him. "I enjoyed your talk very much, comrade," he said.

"Aw, don't mention it."

He invited us to join him elsewhere for a spaghetti dinner. I said we were in a hurry and suggested a quick cup of coffee across the street instead. The young man pressed my arm compassionately. "It must have been hell," he said.

"What?"

"He doesn't want to talk about it," the girl said. I shrugged.

"I think it's a dirty shame what they did to people like you," the young man said.

"So do I, comrade," his girl added feelingly.

I must have looked very pained.

"They had no right to deport you."

"But I've never been deported from anywhere," I said.

The young man smiled.

"I understand," his girl said. "It's all right, comrade."

"Will you stop calling me 'comrade,' please?"

"He's still jumpy," the girl said to the young man.

"Not to worry, comrade."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!"

The coffee bar, one of those espresso places, was thick with lovely young girls with pony-tails. My friend and I smiled, but my comrade didn't approve. "The bourgeois," he snarled, "is really out in force tonight."

He was a schoolteacher, it turned out, who was writing at night, and he was having a rough time of it, just like us bourgeois scribblers. "It's very hard for a young writer to get anywhere in the Communist Writers' Group," he said.

"No kidding?"

"All the old writers in the group stand in your way. They're jealous."

"They take a very reactionary attitude," his girl said.

"Well," I said, "time to go, I'm afraid."

"It must be terrible," the young man said, "to be an exile from the land of your birth."

"Look here, I'm a Canadian citizen.

I can come and go as I like. I've never been deported from anywhere."

"He doesn't trust us," the girl said.

"Can you blame him?"

"Good night," I said.

Last year I returned to Canada after an absence of four years, and I had only been back for a few days when I ran into Uncle Jake.

"Well, well, well," he said, "the Com-mie returns. Things weren't so hot over there, were they?"

"Look. I've never been a Communist."

"Sure. You bet."

"I didn't go to Europe for political reasons."

"Naturally."

"So why are you looking at me like that?"

"You think I care that you're a dirty, no-good red?"

"Look, for the last time, I'm not —"

"But a guy should stand up for what he is. If you're a Commie you're a Com-mie. Don't apologize for yourself."

"I'm not apologizing for myself."

"I can't stand liars, that's all."

"Would you be happier if I told you I was a spy?"

"No kidding?" he said.

"I made a little self-deprecating gesture."

"Can you at least earn a decent living at it?" he asked.

"Can't complain." ★

We asked ...

"Is installment buying bad for Canada?"

They answered ...



A. G. Smellie, president, Retail Merchants' Association—"Installment buying, as it is carried on in many parts, is bad for Canada. Were it possible to keep a proper check on the amount that an individual could become indebted for, it might serve a good purpose. In too many instances young couples, without realizing it, get into financial difficulties through installment buying. They lose everything and it takes years to recover."



H. V. Lush, president, Canadian Manufacturers' Association—"No, provided that, in this as in all other things, both buyer and seller exercise wisdom and moderation. It can be a great boon where these considerations are met; a great evil when they are disregarded to the extent that 'expected' future earnings are mortgaged to the hilt. Obviously, credit is now so easily come by that the average man and woman, if not careful, can get in too deep without realizing it. Clearly, the seller has a heavy responsibility in such cases to show good judgment and avoid overpromotion."



Miss Isabel Atkinson, president, Canadian Association of Consumers—"No! But when it's used to excess—as a means of sales promotion by some retailers, who exploit unwary consumers with deceptive pricing, phony 'service' charges, unfair repossession terms, and excessive rates of interest; or by inexperienced or irresponsible consumers—then it's bad. Economists say installment buying is needed to maintain production and stable employment. In return for these massive benefits consumers are entitled to a system of installment credit which would protect them from major abuses, including interest at exorbitant annual rates."



J. R. Petrie, economist—"No. Installment buying is a key stimulus to retail sales of consumer durables, thus adding to the nation's prosperity. Of course excessive mortgaging of future consumer income can be dangerous. But outstanding installment credit today appears to me to be within easily manageable bounds."

A five-dollar bill goes to Mr. Olaf Storaasli, Saskatoon, Sask., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.

you won't
believe
your ears!

Startling new RCA VICTOR stereo-orthophonic
high fidelity actually surrounds you with music!



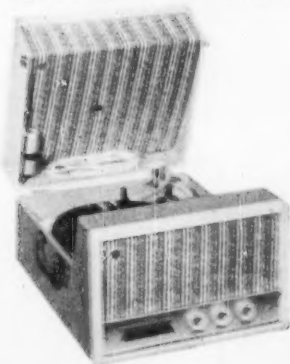
Shown left: Matching speaker, model S-3. \$79.95

Right: The New Debonaire, model SHC461. \$319.95

The record spins . . . the needle drops and suddenly...you're in the middle of the music! The secret is two of everything. Two sound tracks on each Living Stereo record. A two-in-one amplifier and two sets of speakers, so music surrounds you from two directions.

And all you have to do is attach any new RCA Victor Stereo-Orthophonic High Fidelity to any good quality radio or TV speaker — or add a matching RCA Victor speaker. Stop in today for a free demonstration of Stereo-Orthophonic High Fidelity.

New High Fidelity "Victrolas" play new Living Stereo records and all your present monaural records - cost as little as \$149⁹⁵



The Prelude. Portable with extra speakers in detachable lid. Two-in-One pick-up. Two-in-One amplifier. 4 speakers. 4 speeds. Model SF384. \$149.95



The Sheridan. Radio-"Victrola" combination. Diamond Stereo stylus. Dual amplifier. Mahogany, limed oak or walnut finishes. Model SHC463. \$595.00

**Now your favourite music is on
RCA VICTOR Living Stereo records!**



Belafonte Sings the Blues. The famous voice of Belafonte interprets great blues like One For My Baby and The Way That I Feel. LSC-1006. \$5.98



Strauss Waltzes. The Melachrino Orchestra in lush arrangements of Vienna's loveliest music, George Melachrino conducting. LSP-1757. \$5.98



Harold in Italy-Bertoz. Played by The Boston Symphony Orchestra with Charles Munch conducting and Primrose, Violist, LSC-2228. \$5.98



Giselle. Popular young Canadian sings Hey There, Stranger in Paradise, Too Young and other recent popular favourites. LSP-1790. \$5.98

**Over 62 new RCA VICTOR
Living Stereo albums available right now!**

"Victrola" is a registered trade mark of RCA Victor Company, Ltd.
Suggested list prices for walnut finish shown. Other finishes slightly higher. Prices slightly higher west of Fort William.

Ask about the exclusive RCA Victor Factory Service.

RCA VICTOR



The on- and offstage life of a boy wonder continued from page 35

"When Dubé saw his first play he got a job as an usher. Hockey lost a promising goalie"

sensitivity for the feelings, hopes, aspirations and despairs of his people. And his people are many, for Montreal's East End is a melting pot containing the bulk of the city's working force, leavened by sons of farmers fleeing the soil of agrarian Quebec, daughters escaping the stifling boredom of small towns and villages, refugees from the ailing mining industry of northern Quebec, ex-loggers deserting a fickle forest, and all the other elements of that inevitable migration from country to town. It is of these people that Dubé writes so eloquently. He grew up among them, he listened to them and he observed them, and in his plays he tells their stories with an authenticity that startles and fascinates his audiences.

He was born on January 3, 1930, on Logan Street, in the parish of St. Vincent de Paul, third in a family of eight children and the only one thus far to turn to literature. His father, Eugène Dubé, a paymaster-accountant with Dominion Linoleum, was able to send Marcel to the College Ste. Marie, a school run by the Society of Jesus and offering a curriculum heavy in the humanities but light on the atom bomb and guided missiles. It turns out countless incipient doctors, lawyers, notaries, priests and politicians. Furthermore the Jesuit college boasts a basement theatre, the *Salle de Gesù*, where some of the finest offerings of a lively French-language stage have been performed, including Fridolin's celebrated

Ti-Coq, numerous plays by the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, the Théâtre-Club, L'Equipe, and the pioneer company of them all, Compagnons de Saint-Laurent, founded by that versatile priest, Father Emile Legault.

Dubé had started at the college when he was twelve, and had survived a long succession of fist-fights brought about by his angelic appearance. He had taken to the nets in hockey because it involved the least skating, but he became so good that he was scouted as a professional prospect. At sixteen he wrote a poem that was published in the class paper, and the next year he published a whole book of poems, a single copy of which he laboriously typed himself although then as now he preferred to write in longhand. That year he won a poetry prize at college.

Forgotten flop

The following year, when he saw his first play, Jean Anouilh's *Antigone* performed by the Compagnons de Saint-Laurent, he was so entranced that he overcame his natural aversion to physical work and got a job as an usher. Hockey lost a promising goalie.

For the next couple of years Dubé fooled around with the idea of writing a play, and even wrote a few tentative dialogues which he found on rereading to be hopelessly bad. But he read all the plays he could get his hands on, and studied them for plot structure, technique

and dialogue. He finished school in 1951, wrote his first play, *Le Bal Triste* (The Sad Ball), and even helped produce it. Today he claims he can't even remember the plot; only that it was a flop. The following year he wrote a second one-act play, *L'Autre Côté du Mur*, and entered it in the Western Quebec Drama Festival where it was judged the best one-act play, the best Canadian play and the best French-language presentation. As a one-acter it could not qualify for the Dominion Drama Festival in Saint John, N.B., but it was performed there by special invitation.

Now Dubé had tasted his first success and there was no holding him. The next year he wrote his first three-act play, *Zone*, a tale of cigarette-smuggling, which was a popular sport in Quebec province until the RCMP plugged up most of the holes in the Quebec-American border. Then as now, Dubé's characters were drawn from the environment that he knew so well, and the language was vivid and real. The play won the Calvert award as the best production, as well as another award for the best French-language production, and in Victoria that year it won the Calvert award for the best production in the Dominion Drama Festival and the Sir Barry Jackson Trophy for the best Canadian play.

This spectacular success brought him to the notice of the Quebec government authorities, and he was awarded one of the annual provincial grants made to

promising artists, to give him a year's study abroad. It came at a very crucial time, for Dubé had been deeply shocked by the tragic death of a talented young poet and friend, Sylvain Garneau.

The tragedy left Dubé with a profound feeling of depression; he lost confidence in himself after the success of *Zone*, and felt he would never be able to write anything again. He sailed for France, and since he feared boat travel almost hysterically, spent most of his time and money in the ship's bar. He said later: "When I began to see butterflies fluttering around my cabin and trying to crawl into bed with me, I decided to go on the wagon, and when I counted up what was left of my scholarship money, I knew it was a practical necessity." Even at that, his projected year's stay was cut to six months, in which he managed to visit Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Austria and, of course, Paris. He claims that his happiest moments were in Vienna, sitting alone in cafés sipping wine and unable to understand a single word of the language spoken around him; too, he saw a lot of theatre.

In May of 1954 Dubé returned to Montreal and an outburst of creative writing, for radio, television and the stage, that has shown no sign of slackening since. In four years he turned out a total of seven stage plays, seven television plays, one television translation and several hundred radio scripts. His stage play, *Chambre à Louer*, cost him

the new versatile Hi-Lo **LA-Z-BOY**®



No. 770

Combines all the comfort of the patented La-Z-Boy reclining action with modern low back styling. The Hi-Lo back raises easily from normal low* position to full comfort height and then reclines automatically to any level. Only a genuine La-Z-Boy has the low swept lines and separate stool to blend with modern living room furniture.

Patent No. 395678



No. 733

*Back is scarcely 32" high in all Hi-Lo styles. Available in a wide selection of colours and fabrics with matching stool.

For La-Z-Boy Style Folder write:

DELUXE UPHOLSTERING COMPANY LIMITED, WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Everybody's happy at the
MOLSON CROWN CLUB!

HAVE FUN...
DOWN A
CROWN

Good fun!—that's what the Molson Crown Club is famous for! It doesn't take any fussing to hold a Crown Club meeting . . . just a case or two of the world's friendliest lager—Molson's Crown and Anchor Lager Beer. Then add a few friends who've dropped in to help trim the tree, and the next thing you know you're in the middle of one of those magic evenings when everything goes just right! Molson's Crown Lager Beer adds to the fun, anytime . . . so why not order some today from Molson's—

Independent Brewers since 1786.

P.S.—Molson's has other fine brews for other moods—Export Ale, and sparkling Golden Ale.



Molson's Crown & Anchor
Lager Brewery Limited

Fresh as Spring... Gay as Paris!

*The range
of French liqueurs*

**Marie
Brizard**

Gay as the laughter of youth...
giddy as the vibrance of Spring...
Marie Brizard liqueurs are
kindred spirits to the young in heart.
They glorify the common cocktail.
They dignify the demi-tasse.
How young is your heart?

OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES, LIMITED • MONTREAL



**As France is
to Champagne...**

JAMAICA is to RUM*

If you want to pick the right drink, first of all pick the right country. In Jamaica, they've known all there is to know about the making of fine rums for hundreds of years. Connoisseurs of rum, all have their favourite brands, but

most of them come from Jamaica.

Look for the word Jamaica on the bottle to be sure of a superior rum for your cocktails, collins' and swizzles. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".



many types from



♦ VERY DARK to VERY LIGHT ♦

*ALL IMPORTED

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N (OF JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

three thousand dollars to stage, but he swept the boards with it at the Dominion Drama Festival, carrying off the award for the best French-language production as well as the Sir Barry Jackson Trophy. And in 1957 he collaborated with the imaginative Louis-Georges Carrier in writing *Pour Cinq Sous d'Amour*, which Carrier produced on television to win the Frigon Award.

But the most important event of that year for Marcel Dubé was his marriage. He had wandered into *Au 400* restaurant, a favored rendezvous of the Montreal artistic crowd, one day looking for a companionable drink. Monique Miller, a popular and talented actress, was seated at a table with a tiny girl with large eyes, who looked like an escapee from a convent. Dubé hailed Monique happily and ordered drinks. "A ginger ale for Mademoiselle?" he enquired politely. Mademoiselle Nicole Fontaine accepted. Then she just as politely enquired: "You are the author of *Zone*?" Marcel beamed. "I am."

"There are many weaknesses in *Zone*, don't you think?" she asked blandly.

Marcel stopped beaming. "What do you mean?"

Then she proceeded to give him a careful scene-by-scene criticism of his most important play to date, the play which had been translated into English by Mac Shoub and presented over television on the General Motors Theatre program. Dubé listened to her, at first restively and then completely absorbed.

Finally he beamed again. She thought he showed great promise.

The shy and painfully sensitive Dubé had found a girl who talked to him easily, laughed at his foibles, and made him forget his thousand fears. They spent hours on end together talking over a glass of wine at the La Salle Hotel, and when Marcel was not with her or talking to her on the telephone he worked. By actual count, he managed to see Nicole Fontaine every single day for six months until, on April 2, 1956, realizing it would make life a lot simpler, she married him. It was time. He had lost forty-five pounds during the courtship and she had slipped from a hundred and ten pounds to ninety-five.

Nicole Dubé is a remarkable girl, the youngest of five beautiful sisters, all married, all charming, all witty. Three of them, Terry, Giselle and Nicole, live in Montreal. Lucille is married to Didier de Fossey, French consul in San Francisco, and Colette is married to Bernard Gauy, who is in the pharmaceutical business in Toronto. The three sisters living in Montreal have similar problems, which they handle gaily. Terry married Joffre Dechene, a former newspaperman now in public relations for a paper company. Giselle married Denys Gagnon, a television producer at CBC. And then Nicole married Marcel Dubé. The three husbands became fast friends and boon companions. They had a number of things in common; a love of good food and wine, an enormous capacity for both and

Names you'll see in the next Maclean's



Hugh MacLennan presents a section of his new novel that won't appear in book form until next year. Powerful and unusual, it combines tragedy and tenderness in a New Brunswick setting.



Peter C. Newman interviews James Hoffa, the Teamster czar, and discusses the influential role that Hoffa hopes to play in Canadian affairs.



Blair Fraser will conclude his intensive report, *Where Do We Stand In Defense?* He will particularly examine the problem of maintaining Canadian sovereignty in continental defense.



Sybil Shack, a Winnipeg schoolteacher, lets fly some well-aimed barbs in an article entitled, *A Teacher Speaks Up To Parents*.



Stan Leonard, Canada's current leading golf ace at the ripe old age of 43, asks, "Who says 40 is too old?"



Thomas R. Waring, a newspaperman from the Deep South, argues that Canadians are not in a position to judge the racial color problem.

All these, and more, in the next Maclean's

ON SALE EVERYWHERE ON NOVEMBER 25



She's wearing the 17-jewel Canadian Girl. Yellow or white. \$49.50

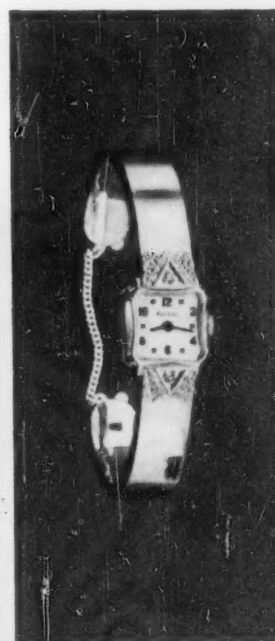
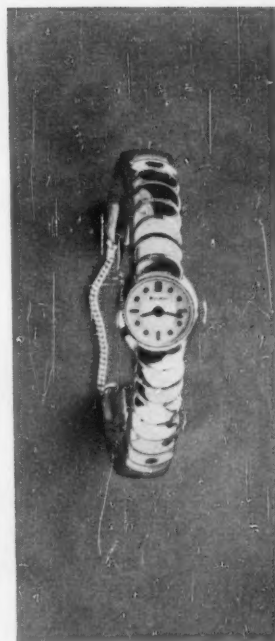
give her a watch plus bracelet
for the price of the watch alone!

BULOVA CANADIAN GIRL

from \$49⁵⁰

She'll check the time a hundred times a day—especially when others are watching. For how else can a girl make sure everyone realizes she's the luckiest, best-loved person in the world. The Bulova Canadian Girl is a fabulous gift—watch and bracelet in one—clasping the wrist as if custom made—offering a choice of many different designs at varying prices. And like all Bulova watches (priced from \$29.75 to \$2500.) its accuracy is guarded for a lifetime by precision working jewels. Find out about that Bulova difference at your Authorized Bulova Jewellers. Use the easy Bulova Credit Plan.

When she lights
up your world
with those endearing
young charms...



Above: 23 jewels. 2-diamond
bracelet. Yellow or white. \$100.

Left: 23 jewels. Coin-glitter
bracelet. Yellow or white \$75.

LOOK FOR THAT

BULOVA DIFFERENCE

for the joy of living, a wicked and uninhibited sense of humor, a rebellious attitude toward middle-class conventions, and in the case of the two older men, a complete lack of respect for the pet prejudices and weaknesses of others. Joffre Dechene and Denys Gagnon shook Dubé loose from many of his more crippling inhibitions, and they developed his ability to laugh at himself. They were brutally frank critics of his work as well as his appearance, and they gave him no opportunity to sulk. He had to face their comments, and in doing so he matured.

The Dubés spent their two-week honeymoon in Quebec City, where he kept insisting on moving from room to room in the hotel in search of just the right atmosphere for his work. He was writing a radio soap opera, *Journal de François Lafortune*, and this kept him occupied for most of the honeymoon. Nicole was philosophical about it. She showed an enormous capacity for being amused at behavior that would send most girls crying back to mama. And Dubé's devotion to her in turn became complete and almost child-like. But Nicole can still match

him in a delightful disregard for the accepted responsibilities of married life. Then he says sadly: "I married a child-bride, and I bear my cross in silence."

As the honeymoon indicated, marriage failed to slow down Dubé's prolific outpourings for stage and television. On the contrary, it seemed to stimulate him, and the quality and depth of his writing showed steady improvement. For television he wrote *Florence*, a tender and sensitive story of a girl's awakening, and it was produced by the gifted Jean-Paul Fugère who then and in subsequent collabora-

tion, in Dubé's own words, "made me think and work harder than I ever did before."

Fugère, who had been the original producer of *The Plouffe Family* on television, went to work with Dubé—questioning motivations and obscure characterizations, sending Dubé back to his desk to rewrite and improve. Dubé took Fugère's criticisms thankfully. They collaborated again in the autumn of 1957 for the writer's most impressive effort to date, *Un Simple Soldat*, which was the seething and deeply moving story of a soldier who joined up too late to realize himself in war and who could not fit in when he returned to civilian life. Later Gratien Gélinas persuaded Dubé to write a stage version of the television play. It opened at the beginning of June, 1958, at the Comédie Canadienne in Montreal with almost the same cast as the television version. Directed by Fugère, it provided the theatre with the season's biggest hit. Last month it re-opened for its second run at the same theatre—this time in an English translation.

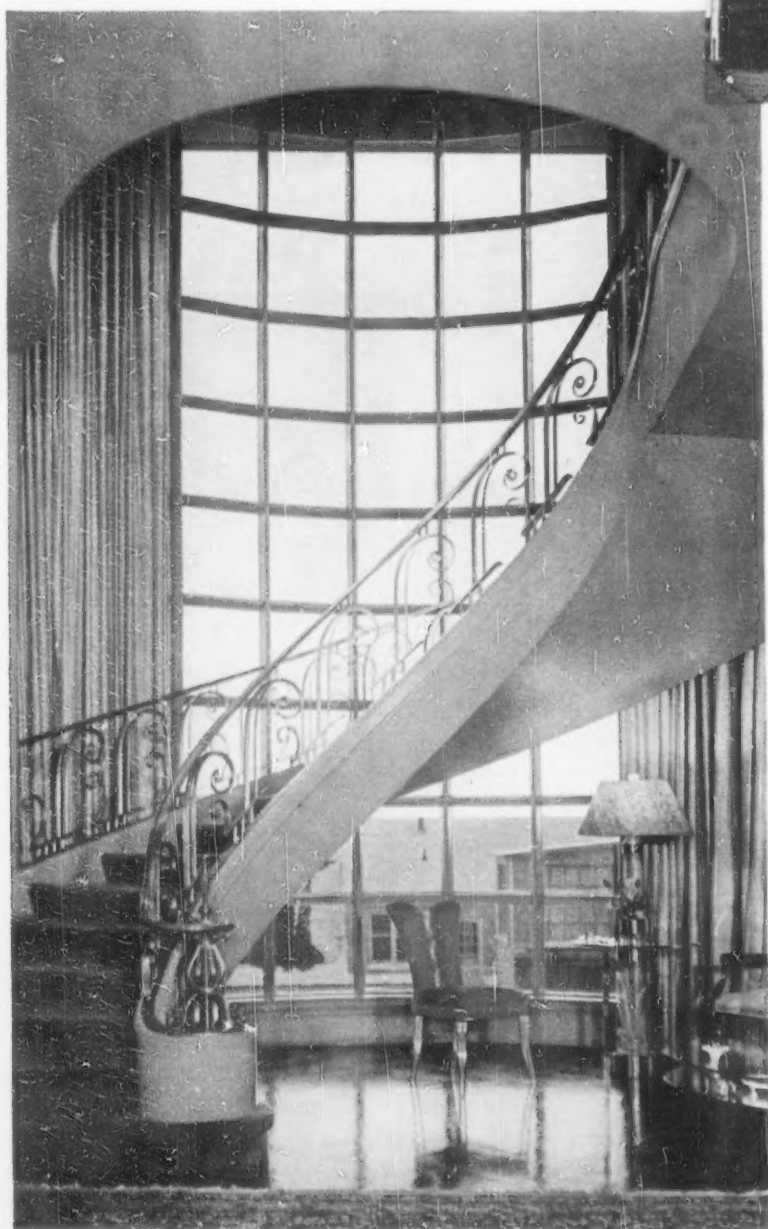
When the French-language television awards for 1957 were handed out in May, 1958, at the Gala des Artistes in Quebec City, Dubé won the award for the best script of the year with *Florence*, and the Lieutenant-Governor's Gold Medal for the best writing on television with *Florence* and *Un Simple Soldat*.

Meanwhile Dubé had written a stage play, *Le Temps des Lilas*, which was produced by the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde at the Orpheum Theatre in Montreal in the spring of 1958 and, superbly acted, had an immediate and overwhelming success. In June it was presented in Paris and again it was warmly received. The company presented *Time of the Lilacs* in both French and English during its Canadian tour this autumn.

With all this activity Dubé still managed to write another ninety-minute television play this spring, *Médé*, the story of a worm that turned. Opinion about *Médé* among Dubé's admirers is violently divided. But everyone agrees that it has one of the most horribly funny scenes ever viewed on television: when a mourner gets into the wrong funeral parlor, begins to make the usual condoling remarks about the deceased, and then finds he is talking about the wrong corpse. An English-language version of *Médé* will be shown on CBC's First Performance series.

Last summer Marcel and Nicole Dubé went to Europe; Dubé had obtained a four-thousand-dollar grant from the Can-

luxury made practical



Residence of Mr. & Mrs. Nathan Gelber,
Westmount, Quebec

Architects: Mayerovitch and Bernstein, Montreal

The bold concept of this soaring curve of glass demanded attention to a highly practical consideration. Ordinary glazing was out of the question. Downdrafts, misting and frosting would have created serious problems in the Quebec climate. Storm windows would have been far too unwieldy. But all these difficulties are erased by one word from the architect's pencil, "Thermopane". *Thermopane Insulating Window Units are double glazed and have a blanket of dry insulating air between the two panes of glass. They mean extra comfort summer and winter . . . and clear vision all year long.

*Registered trade mark of
Pilkington Brothers (Canada) Limited

Pilkington
GLASS

165 BLOOR ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



Answer to

Who is it? on page 41

Claire Wallace, Toronto travel agent who's also been a radio personality and newspaper correspondent. She's now competing with Miss Post as author of the current etiquette book, *Mind Your Manners*.

ada Foundation, and his activities of the last eighteen months had surely earned him a rest.

Dubé's rapidly growing popularity with the French-speaking public has not escaped the advertising-agency scouts, ever anxious to find new talent to enlist in the task of selling their products over TV. Dubé recently had an ironic offer to write a television series aimed at replacing The Plouffe Family written by his good friend, Roger Lemelin. He was told that he could name his own figure. He turned the offer down unhesitatingly.

The stage successes of *Le Temps des Lilas* and *Un Simple Soldat*, together with the continuing popularity of *Zone*, which was performed this year in as widely separated places as St. Paul, Alberta, and Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, as well as in English in Verdun, has persuaded Dubé that he can make a comfortable living writing for the stage rather than for television, even though a television series might earn him fifty thousand dollars in a season. This spring when the advertising agencies were on their annual talent-fishing expeditions they found Dubé a very wary trout indeed. He received several tempting offers, but he turned them all down.

Gratien Gelinas has already talked to Dubé about a new play, and the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde wants something from him too. When he has time, he wants to write a novel. And, of course, he is always ready to write a television drama for his good friends, Louis-Georges Carrier and Jean-Paul Fugère.

Looking back over the past seven years at Dubé's prolific output, it is easy to understand that only intense concentration and a tremendous capacity for work could have made this possible. But he can relax, and sometimes with rather comic results. He won his title of *P'tit Bœuf* on the occasion of a reception at the Cercle Universitaire in Montreal to honor the celebrated French actors, Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud. People who were there still vividly recall Marcel's dramatic entrance. He appeared rather late in the evening but properly attired in dinner clothes and accompanied by Nicole, whom he was then courting. The couple paused briefly at the top of a short flight of stairs. Barrault and Renaud were at the foot of the stairs, surrounded by admirers. There was a hush, and people paused to look up at the new arrivals. Then Marcel took one step off into space, and tumbled down the stairs, dragging Nicole with him. They came to rest at the feet of Madeleine Renaud. Dubé got to his feet with dignity, picked up his partner solicitously, and then wheeled and offered to fight the invisible man who had pushed him. "It was then that I decided to marry him," Nicole confessed later.

Dubé is haunted by the people he creates in his plays, and in particular by the scoundrels. They are very real people to him when he is alone, and they frighten him. Sometimes, when he is trying to relax, they come to life and assume the identity of whomever he happens to be with. At least this is the explanation of the black eye he was displaying this spring. Roger Lemelin, who has a very real (and reciprocated) admiration for Dubé, endeavored to pilot his young friend home after one of Dubé's famed table-top excursions at *Au 400* restaurant, which had included tipping over the big central pyramid of hors d'œuvres. Lemelin got his man safely into a cab, but on the way home Dubé became convinced that Lemelin was actually one of the tough gangsters from *Zone*, intent on taking him to a lonely spot in the country for murder and burial. His efforts to

escape this dismal fate resulted in sundry contusions and a broken cab window that cost Lemelin twenty-five dollars. "I saved his life," said Lemelin modestly afterwards.

Yet, in spite of these occasional outbursts, Marcel Dubé spends most of his time either haggard at work or quietly observing the world around him. Periodically he goes on a diet. At five feet seven inches, he tends to put on weight easily, and currently he weighs about a hundred and seventy-five pounds; he would like to lose fifteen or twenty of them. He will

wear the same suit for months without changing it, and he wore one raincoat winter and summer for nearly two years before Nicole pried it off him and had it cleaned. He never wore the raincoat again. His unusually long eyelashes give him a deceptively gentle appearance, although they do betray an essentially kind and warm-hearted disposition.

Everyone likes Dubé; even those whom he detests. Louis-Georges Carrier expressed a common opinion when he said recently: "I admire Marcel as a human being even more than I admire him as a

writer, and I think a great deal of him as a writer."

Dubé has a very clear understanding of his own abilities; he can orient them in the direction he wants. He knows that he is incapable of writing comedy as such; tragedy is his field, and that arises from his urge to pursue the careers of his characters to the end. In his plays comedy and tragedy alternate as they do in life, and if the endings are invariably tragic it is because Dubé's honesty and sense of compassion are greater than his desire to find a trite answer. ★



From Zenith alone!

ZENITH "LIVING SOUND" HEARING AIDS



Born of the same 40 years of sound research that brought you world-famous Zenith Quality TV, Hi-Fi and Radio

There is probably nothing you will use or wear that must be so completely a part of you as your hearing aid. It must dispel your fears and doubts. Above all, it must give you what you seek most from a hearing aid—hearing at its best... *living sound* as practical as modern electronic science can provide.

To accomplish this in a hearing aid—there is no possible substitute for experience in the complex science of sound reproduction.

Look about you. Make every possible inquiry of friend or stranger. You

will find that for 40 years, no name has won and held higher esteem in the field of sound research than Zenith. Millions throughout the world have expressed their respect for this name through ownership of world-famous Zenith Television, Hi-Fi and Radio. And today—following one miraculous achievement in sound reproduction after another—Zenith stands pre-eminent in all the world of sound.

This reputation, this integrity, this vast experience is your heritage only in Zenith "Living Sound" Hearing Aids.

To wear one, to let it bring you back to the wonderful world of living sound, is to realize the great strides electronic science has made.

We urge you, therefore, simply to judge by the Zenith record of achievement. To go to your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer with the assurance that he represents leadership in the whole world of sound reproduction.

You will find him skilled, understanding, more anxious to help you than merely to make a sale. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Zenith Hearing Aids are among the rare electrical or mechanical products which sell in Canada for the same price as in the U.S.A.

There are 12 Zenith Quality Hearing Aids—each sold on a 10-day money-back guarantee and a 5-year After-Purchase Protection Plan.



CLIP AND SEND TODAY!
FREE... one year's subscription to *Better Hearing*, the interesting national magazine published exclusively for the hard-of-hearing. For subscription, descriptive literature, and local dealer list, send to:
Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada, Dept. C9YD
1470 "The Queensway," Toronto, Ont., Canada

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROVINCE _____

No, she didn't have to sell the car

When a man dies, his widow is confronted with the responsibility of looking after the family. There are so many necessary expenses . . . so many good things she's used to, like the family car.

This widow didn't have to sell the car. Her husband took a realistic approach to life insurance protection. He carried enough to cover any eventuality.

Carrying such protection is not a burden when you select the company that offers family protection at low net cost. That's The Mutual Life of Canada — the company with the outstanding dividend record.

The MUTUAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1869 HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.



MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

70 BRANCH OFFICES—ALL IN CANADA

ML-83M

THE GAS BAG

Continued from page 23

Talented stenographer

Gladys "Glad" Eastman proved she is more than a "stenographer" last week when she breezed in with a pair of curtains she had run up on her sewing machine to give a "homey" touch to the "humble abode" she shares with "Stan" Ames while construction is taking place on the third floor. "Glad," whose hobbies are cooking, sewing and oil painting, also brought one of her "originals" to cover the temporary partition. "I don't see why a woman's touch hasn't just as much place in the business office as in the home," said the peppery Glad. Ye Gas Bag is with her a hundred percent!

How much can you stretch a fish?

Thought you folks would get as big a chuckle as we did over this breezy note from the pen of versatile "Ty" Dyland. "Now, wait a minute! We're not saying 'the boss,'" President D. W. Burbage, was "gassing" anybody, but a little bird we know overheard "D.W." telling a customer over the phone about a fish "that got away." It was three feet long, D.W. said, and it took his rod and reel and he lost a Kapok cushion in the struggle. Wow! There's a fish story with a long "tail."

Better safe than sorry

by Don Mitchell, Safety Booster
Never run through the bottling department. Those cylinders play no favorites.

Anybody going to Chicago?

Anybody blowing in the direction of "The Windy City," who is willing to take a passenger, call Mary-Anne Munroe, Die Casting.

THE GAS BAG

VOL. 7 NO. 38

"El" Elwood Apexer of the year D. W. Burbage has faith in gas

"A country is no stronger than its gas," President D. W. Burbage said last night during his presentation of a beautiful woolen blanket to "El" Elwood, chosen Apex's Man of the Year. President Burbage touched on Apex's pension plan, hospitalization plan, rest home, free shuffleboard courts and dart rooms, then "brought down the house" with his "Three T's" formula for a happy organization—"tolerance, trust and teamwork."

President warns messenger boys

President D. W. Burbage warns that any Apex messenger boy caught sliding down the parcel chute at the northwest corner

of the building will be subject to instant dismissal. This is not only highly dangerous, but is confusing to J. E. "Earnie" Byles who sorts mail in the basement. Let's do our sliding somewhere else, boys!

"Stan" and "Glad" win award

"Stan" Ames and "Glad" Eastman were winners of The Most Unusual Costume award at the dance which followed last night's presentation of Apex Drama Society's hilarious presentation of "Kitty in the Closet." "Glad" was dressed as one of her own oil paintings, and "Stan" as an artist's "palette."

In memory of

R. W. "Bill" Beckett

The following poem was kindly contributed to The Gas Bag by Tyrone Dyland on the passing away of the company's oldest delivery man, Bill Beckett

*When customers ran low on gas
Bill Beckett filled their tanks
No call for service he'd let pass
Nor ever ask for "thanks."
But Bill's accounts have now been
closed
He's serviced his last heater
For Someone, greater, far, than us,
Has read Bill Beckett's meter.*

Better safe than sorry

by Don Mitchell, Safety Booster

Don't trust the other man to check your tanks. Always see that (a) main jet is shut (b) booster is "off" (c) pressure adapter is in "neutral."

Anybody going to New Orleans

If any Apexer is heading for the "Sunny South" please get in touch with Mary-Anne Munroe, Die Casting.

THE GAS BAG

VOL. 7 NO. 39

Anybody seen "El"?

If any of you guys and gals here and abouts has seen or heard from R. M. "El" Elwood of Returned Invoices, please "walk, do not run" to the editors of The Gas Bag. We've been asked to make this announcement by Mrs. Elwood (formerly Marge Pringle of Mail-In) who says "El" left home for the office a week ago and has not been home since. He seemed quite well and cheerful, Marge told us. His last words were "Good-by Marge."

A tough "break" for "Glad" Eastman

Gladys "Glad" Eastman broke her leg while skiing at Cape Glacé over the weekend and spent a harrowing five hours awaiting medical care. Luckily "Stan" Ames of High Pressure Valves was "Johnny on the Spot" and got her to a hospital. Everybody misses you, Glad. "Shake a leg" and get well!

Bits and pieces

The following "impression" is from the colorful pen of Tyrone "Ty" Dyland, who

spent the weekend at the Apex annual golf tournament at Deer Inn, Muskoka. "Muskoka is a land of wide open spaces where the mysterious wilderness extends to the distant horizon beneath the azure dome of the sky. Time "passes by" this carefree haven, and every minute is packed with sixty seconds of fun."

Ty adds humorously, "President D. W. Burbage claimed he shot an 89 on Saturday. Of course we know the boss always tells the truth! It's just that in cost control we're in the habit of adding 10 percent to everything just to be safe. Any-

way, we hear D.W. is going to hire a skin diver to caddie for him next year after that session at the 13th water hole!"

Don Mitchell in good condition

Don Mitchell, Safety Booster, is doing "just fine" following his mishap in Outgoing Tanks, when he inadvertently backed into an unstopped U-tube. Don says, "It could have happened to you." Don was just recovering from a sprained ankle he received on the stairway of the Am-

bassador Hotel during the year-end convention.

Scoops and deadlines Find old shirt in garage foundation

Yesterday, while workmen were excavating for a new air-conditioning unit in Apex's new six-story garage, they found an old shirt. A note was attached to it, which, when dried out in Engineering,

it's "Cinci"-lating!

LIKE YOUR PLEASURE LIGHT?...CHANGE TO
"Cinci" the lighter lager beer

BRADING'S
"Cinci"
LAGER BEER

Does "Revelation" Really FORETELL OUR FUTURE?

Since the beginning of time, men have searched incessantly for the secrets of God's vast unknown.

Through instinct and logic...through signs and omens and even crystal balls...they have sought to unveil the mysteries of the infinite, hoping for a positive "revelation" concerning their own ultimate destiny.

Even deeply religious people are often troubled by this instinctive urge to know "the unknowable," and in their quest they sometimes draw unwarranted conclusions even from sacred writings. This is notably true of the Book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.

The purpose of Revelation is not, as some seem to think, to reveal a detailed panorama of the future. It is not a magic key to unlock a door that God has seen fit to leave closed. It is, indeed, a book of prophecy...and God's Own promise...but it relates to the past and the present as well as the future. Like the other Scriptures, it is a book which must be understood in its fullness, and with a knowledge of its precise purpose and the circumstances under which it was written.

The precise purpose of Revelation is to manifest the triumph of Christ. With reference to the past, it points to Our Lord's triumph over sin and death by His life, crucifixion and resurrection. As to the present, Revelation makes clear that this triumph is complete only to the extent that men accept Christ's salvation and live by it. For the future, Revelation, and other Scriptures too, leave no doubt that there will be a final



triumph, well described in the words of St. Paul: "Then comes the end, when he delivers the Kingdom to God the Father after destroying every rule and every authority and power."

St. John addressed his Apocalypse to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, which were, of course, the Catholic Church. Making frequent use of symbolisms, he warned the Church against enemies whom he likened to a beast, a dragon and an anti-Christ. The meaning of these symbols is often misunderstood.

Revelation is, indeed, a powerful message to all who look wonderingly and hopefully into the great unknown. But to gain the true spiritual comfort which this God-given book offers, its precise meaning should be clearly understood. If you would like to read a highly interesting and helpful pamphlet on the subject, write today and we will send it free and without obligation. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper and nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-51.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 Sherbourne St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada
Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled:
"Revelation...A Divine Message of Hope" MM-51

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 SHERBOURNE ST. TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA

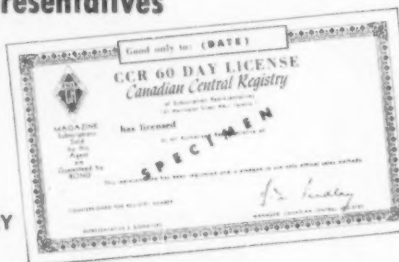


Bonded Magazine Representatives
Carry this License

ask to see it!

It is your guarantee of
subscription fulfillment.

CANADIAN CENTRAL REGISTRY
OF SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES



was found to say, "No starch, please." Anybody missing a shirt?

Anybody driving to Los Angeles?

If anybody is driving to "The City of the Stars," will they please contact Mary-Anne Munroe, Die Casting.

THE GAS BAG

VOL. 7 NO. 40

Hi, El!

Mrs. Elwood, formerly Marge Pringle of Mail-In, wishes to express her thanks for the helpful letters and calls received from staffers of Apex and to pass on the word that she has heard from "El." He has accepted the challenge of a new appointment with Gulf and Guatemala Banana Boats, and writes that he will probably be away for some time. Saludos, El! How about sending us an avocado?

Tyrone "Ty" Dyland gets new appointment

President D. W. Burbage, in a brief luncheon speech yesterday, touched on the history of gas, then closed his speech by announcing that Tyrone "Ty" Dyland is being promoted to the post of Field Relations Man and Pipe Checker in the Apex plant at Flat Hills, northern Alberta. Ride 'em, Ty!

Wedding bells for "Glad" Eastman

"Glad" Eastman, who broke her leg ski-

ing recently, seems to be on the mend! We've just heard that she and "Stan" Ames of High Pressure Valves got "hitched" over the weekend in a quiet ceremony at St. Agatha Hospital. Asked over the phone by Ye Editor of The Gas Bag "How did it happen?" Stan Ames said he wasn't quite sure.

Better safe than sorry

by Don Mitchell, Safety Booster

Always walk forward. Gas tanks have no way of knowing which way you're going.

For Sale

Two pairs of skis, complete photography equipment and record collection. Or will trade as part-payment on bedroom suite. Phone "Stan" Ames, High Pressure Valves.

Wanted to buy

A knapsack. Mrs. Elwood, formerly Marge Pringle of Mail-In.

Old Apexer still Gas Bag fan

G. F. "George" Fowler, former editor of The Gas Bag who three years ago joined the Northwest Petroleum Company, writes of a "chilling" experience when he was caught in a blizzard without tinder to build a fire, but was saved by suddenly remembering that he carried in his pack an old copy of The Gas Bag. "Quicker 'n a wink," writes George, "A fire was cracklin' and toasin' my tootsies. Love that publication!"

Anybody going to Acapulco?

Anybody headed for "South of the Border" please get in touch with Mary-Anne Munroe, Die Casting. ★



"That Benchley... always clowning."

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker

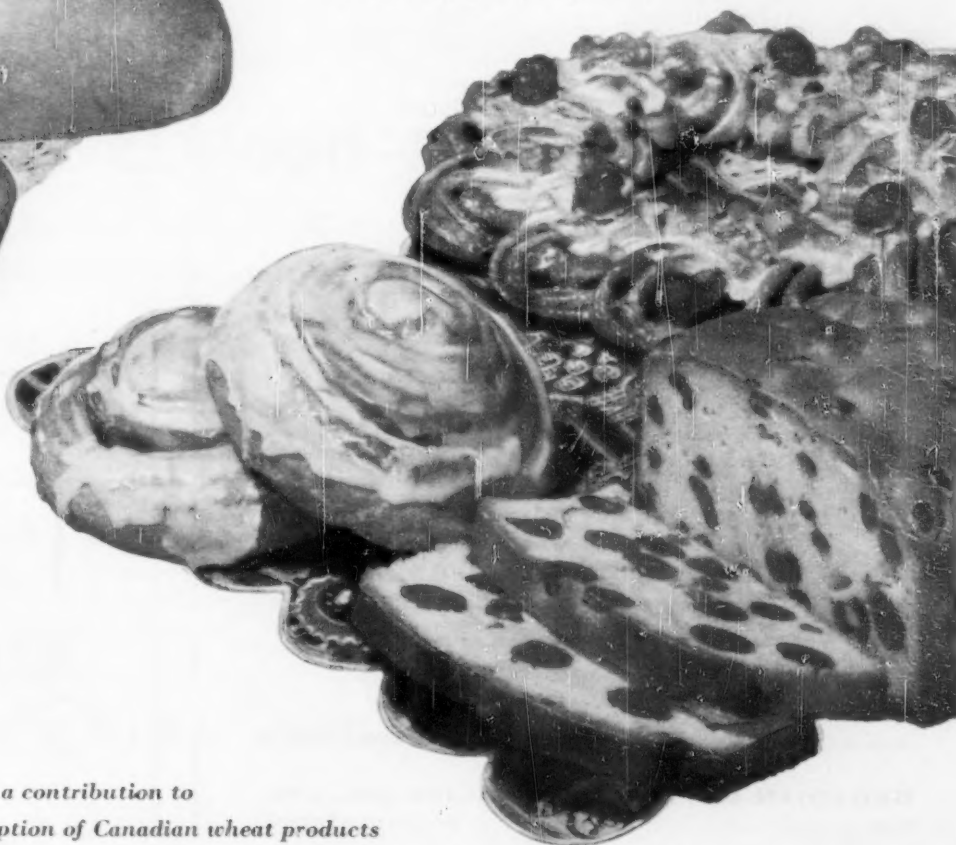


● Assorted baker's breads make an appetizing platter by themselves and breed menu inspiration besides! Here's a successful accompaniment for simple things like soups and salads and cold cuts and cheese. And the faster that bread platter goes, the happier you can be! For delicious baker's bread, made with enriched flour, has the 3 important "B" vitamins, plus iron.



● Don't limit dinner rolls to candlelight and damask occasions! They're menu-makers for *daily* meals—such an inexpensive way to gladden the routine "three-a-day". Serve a hot roll with breakfast jam or jelly—a soft roll for contrast with crispy salads—a crusty roll with soup. Choose from your baker's exciting variety of sorts and shapes . . . for *any* meal!

● Goodbye to hurry-scurry in the kitchen . . . to ho-hum at the table! Let your baker make the menu—you choose from his fine things for dessert. Tonight it could be a sumptuous coffee ring, iced and garnished with candied fruits. Or date turnovers or butter horns. No end of surprises for the family—but an end of turmoil for you!



Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products



OLSONITE'S NEWEST



CANADA'S FINEST



OLSONITE
SERIES 40
SEATS



THAT "JUST RIGHT" LOOK FOR YOUR BATHROOM

Make sure the charm and appeal of your home extends to every room! And now—Olsonite's new No. 40 Seats let you add new beauty to the bathroom, give it that "exactly right" look.

You'll like Olsonite's easy-to-clean design, too. Made of one material, one color, all the way through, there is no exposed metal to rust and become unsightly. The Olsonite No. 40 is not concave, not hollow, has no paint or sheet covering to chip and peel.

Do your bathroom a favor! Stop at your Master Plumber's the next time you shop. He'll show you the Olsonite No. 40 color range of more than 35 decorator selected, plain or pearlescent colors. But, be sure you get the quality of the Olsonite No. 40. Ask for it by number.

SOLID Olsonite SEATS

Made in Canada

Sold Only by Master Plumbers

CANADIAN BATTERY & BONALITE CO., LTD
C-5 Windsor, Ontario



Letter from Formosa continued from page 10

"I do not fear that America will change her policy," smiling, patient Chiang told Baxter

It was with this background in mind that we drove a few days later to keep our appointment with the man who has been variously described as the Great Christian General, the War Lord, the opportunist, the protégé of America, the Leader of Lost Causes, and the Savior of his people.

As we drove up the private roadway to his house in the woods we saw men in plain clothes strolling about but watching everything with a keen eye. The president is much loved and much guarded.

What is he like—this enigmatic figure of controversy, this aging peddler of dreams? It was with some surprise that we found him a slim, pensive, smiling figure in a greenish khaki uniform, but no ribbons, looking rather like a slimmed Lord Beaverbrook in one of his lordship's moods of reverie. Like all Chinese the generalissimo begins every sentence with a smile, which is the point where the Beaverbrook parallel ends.

However I had not traveled halfway across the world merely to enjoy a cup of tea with the president. Therefore I asked if he would allow me to put questions to him and he agreed. Perhaps it should be explained at this point that the generalissimo speaks no English and that our conversation was carried on through an interpreter.

"Mr. President," I said. "You always refer to Formosa and the off-shore islands as China. Surely a country consists physically of the land where the people live. Therefore it must be accepted that Communist China, because of its vast area and population, is also China no matter how much the regime may be hated."

Again there was the automatic smile which is at once so disarming and so misleading. "The only China," he answered, "is Free China. The people cannot speak their minds in a Communist land, and where the people cannot speak it is not a nation. Free China is a democratic nation in a community of free nations and we recognize no China which is not free."

There was no quickening of the words, no repetition for emphasis or effect. Each sentence began with a smile as though to assure me that here was one dictator whose patience would never be exhausted.

"Have you any fear," I asked, "that America will some day end its support of Nationalist China?"

"I do not fear that America will change her policy," he answered.

"But," I said, "supposing that the pressure by American public opinion became too strong, and President Eisenhower was forced to change his front. What then?"

This time the smile was not quite so bright. Then without any raising of his soft, modulated voice he answered: "If America will no longer support Free China then we shall fight on alone."

Quietly the interpreter spoke the words to us in our own language and inevitably my memory went back to the day when Churchill spoke in much the same way to us in the House of Commons as France was reeling to collapse. The parallel is perhaps absurd or at least strained. Perhaps the woodland paintings by Madame Chiang hanging on the walls helped to induce the parallel for they are just as pleasant and as unadventurous as the paintings which Sir Winston exhibits annually at the Royal Academy.

So the visit, which had been punctuated with repeated cups of tea, eventually came to an end and we left the generalissimo's modest country house and drove back to the city which was again *en fête*—or so it seemed.

Now let us try to come to some decision on this island enigma which may yet precipitate a terrible war, not by its will or its strength but because of its mere existence. Is Chiang Kai-shek's China a democracy as we understand the word, and if so, should the democratic powers support her if war breaks out on a full scale?

Despite its elected parliament and its chambers of commerce it must not be thought that Formosa is a bastion of





THEIR LIVES—HIS LIVELIHOOD—DEPEND ON OIL

Imperial contributes to a better life for Canadians through constant leadership in oil...finding new supplies...pioneering more useful products

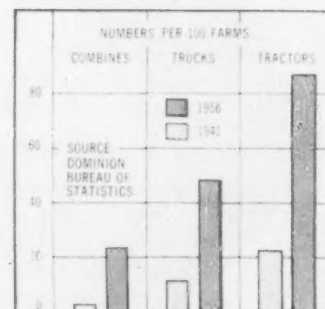
There are more than five tractors for every six occupied farms in Canada...one motor vehicle for every four Canadians. More than half the homes in Canada are heated by oil.

Canadians consume half again as much gasoline today as they did in 1946, nearly five times as much heating and diesel fuels.

Imperial has been a major contributor to this better life, more productive economy. In 1946, Canada produced less than one-tenth of its oil

needs. In 1947, Imperial discovered oil at Leduc, in Alberta. Today, Canada's own fields produce nearly 60 percent of our requirements.

Through its nine refineries from coast to coast...and in its research operations, larger than the rest of the Canadian Oil industry put together...Imperial has constantly been able to lead in the development of newer and more useful products...to make a fuller life for Canadians.



Since 1941, gasoline-fueled equipment on farms has risen sharply.



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

IMPERIAL OIL...FOR 78 YEARS A LEADER IN CANADA'S GROWTH

democracy as we understand the word. The president is not a democratic political leader such as Harold Macmillan or Hugh Gaitskell. In actual fact he is, in relation to his people, more like Dr. Frank Buchman and his moral re-armamenters. The president is not a member of parliament and is therefore not a figure of controversy. He can do no wrong — an accepted fact which raises him above controversy, and saves a lot of trouble.

But what really matters to the Western world is whether the existence of this

man prevents the inclusion of Red China in the United Nations and therefore makes it impossible for the West to bring her before the jury of world opinion. How in the name of sanity can China the Giant be barred from the U.N. while these little scented islands of Formosa are included?

I raised this point a few days after my talk with the generalissimo when I lunched with a man who can be regarded as the most important American on the island. There was a robustness about his spirit which found vent in an attractive

mixture of irony, romanticism and downright common sense. I was surprised to find that he had no criticisms whatsoever of the attitude of President Chiang Kai-shek or President Eisenhower.

"But how," I asked, "can you admit Communist Russia to the United Nations and deny membership to Communist China?"

He poured a stiff whisky and soda and his eyes twinkled. "Supposing you belonged to a good club," he said, "where the members were a decent lot. Then one day you decide to admit a fellow who is

a bit of a swine in the hope that he might become a decent guy. Well, supposing he turns out to be a real stinker although he keeps to the rules and we can't get rid of him. There he is and there he stays. But supposing he has a buddy, who is just as bad as himself, and he puts him up for membership. Not bloody likely! That would be our verdict."

"So you would not admit Communist China to the club?"

"Over my dead body," he replied.

A couple of days after my talk with the generalissimo I was invited to call on the minister of defense and have a glass of tea with him. In England the tea hour is sacred but in China the tea hour covers the waking hours of the day and night.

The military guards at the minister's office were as smart as their English counterparts in far-off Whitehall. The stamping of feet and the brisk salute would have delighted a sergeant-major anywhere.

Hardly had I been greeted by the minister, a tall imposing figure, when he burst into a monologue in which epigrams flew about in all directions. "We people here in Taiwan are a sphinx without a riddle. What is the size of our army? How many divisions have we? I cannot tell you how many divisions because it is a military secret, but ask any boy on the streets and he will tell you."

Then he moved from military to civilian problems. "In China collectivism does not work. That is what the Communists should have known. Communism is against the Chinese character. Common sense is not necessarily the highest wisdom."

Feeling that it was time for me to say something I asked him to give me an appraisal of the existing situation. He raised his hand as if to command silence from an unseen audience. "This situation," he said solemnly, "is a mixture of Greek tragedy and Thomas Hardy."

Soon we shall be going on to visit Japan, our ally in the first war and our enemy in the second. But the memories of Formosa will linger and refuse to depart.

Sometime, somehow, I shall return to Sun-Moon Lake where we spent a weekend, if only to see again the silver light of the moon upon the water and the majesty of the sun as it rises over the mountain tops.

There is trouble in paradise, deep trouble. A happy people, harming no one and threatening no one, have claimed the right to live. But does it really matter to us if they are put to the sword or driven out as refugees?

That is the question which the free world must answer or forever hold its peace. ★



MACLEAN'S

"Okay, okay, which one of your old boy friends did you run into today?"



Bridge Players say

"CONGRESS Cards, please"

You add to your pleasure and your prestige with guests, when you use elegant CONGRESS cards. These slim cards with the famous Cel-U-Tone Finish shuffle smoothly, deal easily and feel right in your hand. CONGRESS cards have gilded edges and beautiful back designs.

There's a design to suit you in attractive velour-covered cases.

When you need cards,
look for the name
CONGRESS on
the seal.

BRIDGE, RUMMY,
POKER, HEARTS?

Great fun! And...

*Use cards
everyone admires!*

The
Poker Player
says

"I'll have **BICYCLE**"

Wherever men gather for a friendly game, you'll see the famous BICYCLE Cards. These sturdy cards have a crispness... a snap... a slide... a slip that makes the game really move. A man's card—BICYCLE!

What if they ask you the rules?

It's tough to remember the rules when there are so many ways of enjoying cards. Send 25¢ for the 256-page "Official Rules Book" which covers 156 card games to INTERNATIONAL PLAYING CARD CO., Windsor, Ontario.





For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"No great power will tolerate hostile harassment on its coast. China is becoming a great power"

world is here to stay and our future depends on the peaceful if uneasy co-existence of the Americans and the Russians or—if worst comes to worst—on the capacity of the Strategic Air Command to inflict "massive retaliation" at a moment's notice. In all of this we are deluding ourselves if in fact the shape of things to come must now be decided by Peking as well as Washington and Moscow.

The basic fallacy was nakedly exposed when Chinese shore batteries opened fire on Quemoy and a new crisis flared into headlines. Great was the surprise of Western statesmen whose anxious attention had been focused on the Middle East and North Africa. It was naïve of them to expect the People's Republic would long endure sporadic raids or Chiang Kai-shek's blockade of Amoy and Foochow. No great power will tolerate harassment by hostile forces in its own coastal waters. What we had not yet grasped is that China is fast becoming a great power.

Many Chinese have watched the U.S. Seventh Fleet cruising their coast, from the straits to Shanghai and back, only twenty miles from shore. Others have seen Chiang's guns shelling local fishermen and neutral freighters. Strange though it may seem, the Chinese feel much the same about these goings-on as the Americans would feel if foreign warships patrolled from Frisco to Puget Sound, or if Staten Island were fortified by hostile troops and parachutists came dropping in by night to act as spies and saboteurs. Now that the Chinese feel their own strength, Peking has acted in the same way as any other strong government in similar circumstances.

What Mao taught Khrushchev

Even before the Quemoy crisis, Chinese diplomacy adroitly demonstrated that non-recognition does not necessarily prove non-existence.

Nikita Khrushchev, of all people, had to learn his lesson the hard way. In July he was busy corresponding with Messrs. Eisenhower, Macmillan and De Gaulle about a "summit conference"—forgetting to mention the People's Republic. What passed between Peking and Moscow is anybody's guess, but Khrushchev suddenly found it necessary to take flight eastward and spend four precious days as the guest of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. It seems clear that hereafter summit meetings will not be discussed without reference to China.

What makes a great power? Obviously a huge population is not enough, even if united in support of a vigorous government. The essential ingredients are material and human—above all, a vast industrial potential and the ability to use and expand it effectively, as the USA did between 1940 and 1956. We tend, however, to discount the human factor, forgetting that the German system, far more advanced and efficient than the Russian, lost out against the fierce tenacity of Soviet soldiers, partisans and workers.

The Japanese underrated China's human resources when in 1937 they began an eight-year war of aggression. Highly industrialized, with a big air force and a first-class army, Japan—by all the rules—ought to have crushed resistance and quickly occupied the mainland. The

Chinese were weakened by civil strife, by famine, pestilence and chronic poverty, their leadership corrupt and inept, their industry primitive and vulnerable. And yet the invaders never gained more than a part of China, they held only a

few strongly garrisoned cities and they were slowly fought to a standstill by a host of peasant boys, badly armed, badly fed and badly led. The Japanese learned that industrial might, heavy bombing and a great army of occupation were not

enough to subdue the Chinese—not even when China was weak, as it was twenty years ago.

China is no longer weak. The West correctly believes that China still lacks great industrial power, but the West fails

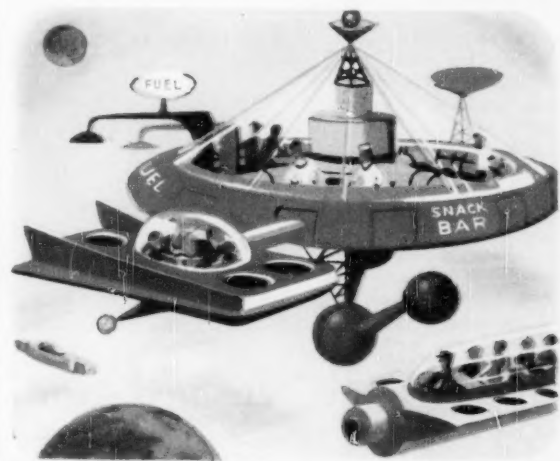
A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW...



NUCLEAR TRAVEL PILLS: One swallow and awa-a-y you go! Paris or Tokyo in sixty seconds. Fantastic? Not if you believe in the fantastic nuclear age of the future. Who knows? Corby's may even come in a pill.



DOWN ON THE FARM: Turn off the sun! Switch on the rain! Old Macdonald will be in his hay-day if dreams of weather-control come true. But, rain or shine, summer or winter, they'll still say Corby's!



SUMMER SPACE DRIVERS: Summer picnics of the future may be out-of-this-world. Posters on passing clouds will probably direct you to Joe's bar... and a Corby super-Special!



THREE OF CANADA'S
FINEST WHISKIES



THEY'LL STILL SAY
Corby's

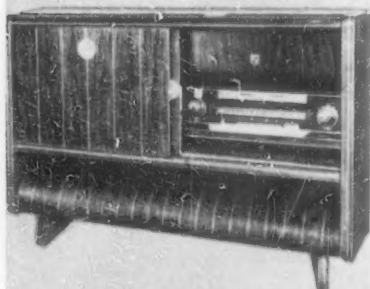
DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1859

You'll know.
your friends
will know.
the Difference



LOTUS-STEREO (Model 3960 T/W)

Two separate amplifier and speaker systems for true Stereo HiFi reproduction; 12-watt push-pull output; AM-FM short wave; 4-speed Stereo record changer; beautifully crafted walnut cabinet.



BOTSCHIFTER (Model 2930 T)

HiFi Radio-Phono-Bar Combination—AM-FM short wave; 18-watt 2-channel amplifier; 4-speed automatic record changer; perfectly finished dark walnut cabinet.

Loewe Opta offers a complete range of AM-FM short wave radio receivers, HiFi and Stereo HiFi Combinations, the finest products of skilled West German craftsmen. For the name of your nearest Loewe Opta dealer write:

LOEWE OPTA

(CANADA) LIMITED
193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

to notice that China is overtaking the leaders, at a speed and on a scale the world has never before seen. We have been misled by the easy assumption that none of the announcements made by a Communist government can be believed, as we were during all the years when we complacently assumed that Russian technology was retarded and inefficient.

There was befuddled amazement on this continent when the Soviet sent aloft the first sputnik. One of these days some equally dramatic performance by the Chinese will produce equal amazement.

Of course, as the pundits say, it takes a long time for any country to become highly industrialized. They forget the Japanese record. A backward, isolated oriental despotism, Japan opened its first little railroad in 1872. Thirty-three years later, with a modern army and Count Togo's navy, it smashed the old Russian Empire. In another decade it drove the German fleet out of the Pacific and by 1918 had become the third great power, ranking next to the U.S. and Britain. Its industrial transformation was led by conservative aristocrats with a shrewd eye for private profit and national advantage, but lacking the revolutionary dynamic or the hard-driving haste of the twelve million party members who now lead China's all-out effort to make what they call "the great leap forward." And Japan was always handicapped by its poverty in natural resources; China is now beginning to exploit vast reserves of coal, iron ore and oil, some of it with very advanced equipment.

The new China has a legacy such as Japan never knew.

On recovering Manchuria in 1945, the Chinese inherited an industrial complex created by the Japanese to feed their war machine. It has been expanded enormously and its skilled workers provide key men for industry in every province. "The northeast" (as the Chinese call it now) made possible a rapid rise in steel production. Never more than a million tons a year before 1950, it climbed to over five million last year—more than Canada's. This year, with many new furnaces in the south and west, the Chinese are aiming at almost eleven million tons—about half the UK production. The figures are not impressive, if measured by American or Russian yardsticks. More important: what other country ever attempted so much in so little time? If the Chinese can double their output of steel in two or three years, what is to prevent them from doing it again—and again? To do so they are prepared to make sacrifices and work harder than anybody in the West is willing to work.

These herculean efforts only mean, in the skeptics' view, that the Chinese will eventually turn against the regime. In Russia the consumer may be the forgotten man; not so in China. In fact the regime has made sure that a rising standard of living coincides with industrial expansion, that prices remain stable and shops well-stocked. At Wuhan I saw a new fully integrated steel mill under construction, much larger than any in Canada. There are fifty thousand workers on this job. They and their families do not live in hovels like the ones most of them came from. They live in eleven hundred apartment houses built in only two years, a city in itself. The apartments are not up to the Canadian standard, but they are well built and bear not the slightest resemblance to the squalor of old China. Most of these workers perform crude coolie-labor—both men and women—but they live in modern homes, eat well and can see with their own eyes a power

plant and giant blast furnace rising fast among the rice fields of the Yangtze Valley. And their own schools, theatres and shopping centres are close at hand. They have no reason to regard their lot as one of hardship and slavery; it is incomparably better than anything they ever knew before and their mood appears to be one of elation and pride.

There are many such new communities and the rate of construction must be seen to be believed. From the air, one can view apartment houses and factories sprouting in countless villages and hamlets, and in open country.

And the peasants? Their lot too has radically changed. All but a few are in co-operatives, farming by teamwork and sharing the proceeds. The Chinese are naturally gregarious and work well together. Division of labor has its advantages: specialized teams are assigned to crops or livestock, others to transport, road repair, brick-making and building houses, schools, canteens and a health clinic. Some have improvised their own little power plant, blast furnace, foundry and machine-shop so that they can make simple implements. They are resourceful and ingenious people.

Having visited such communities this year—and having entered many a peasant home forty years ago—I am amused by the story, zealously spread by certain writers from their posts in Hong Kong and Formosa, that the peasants (five hundred million of them) are kept in the co-ops by coercion and terror. My im-

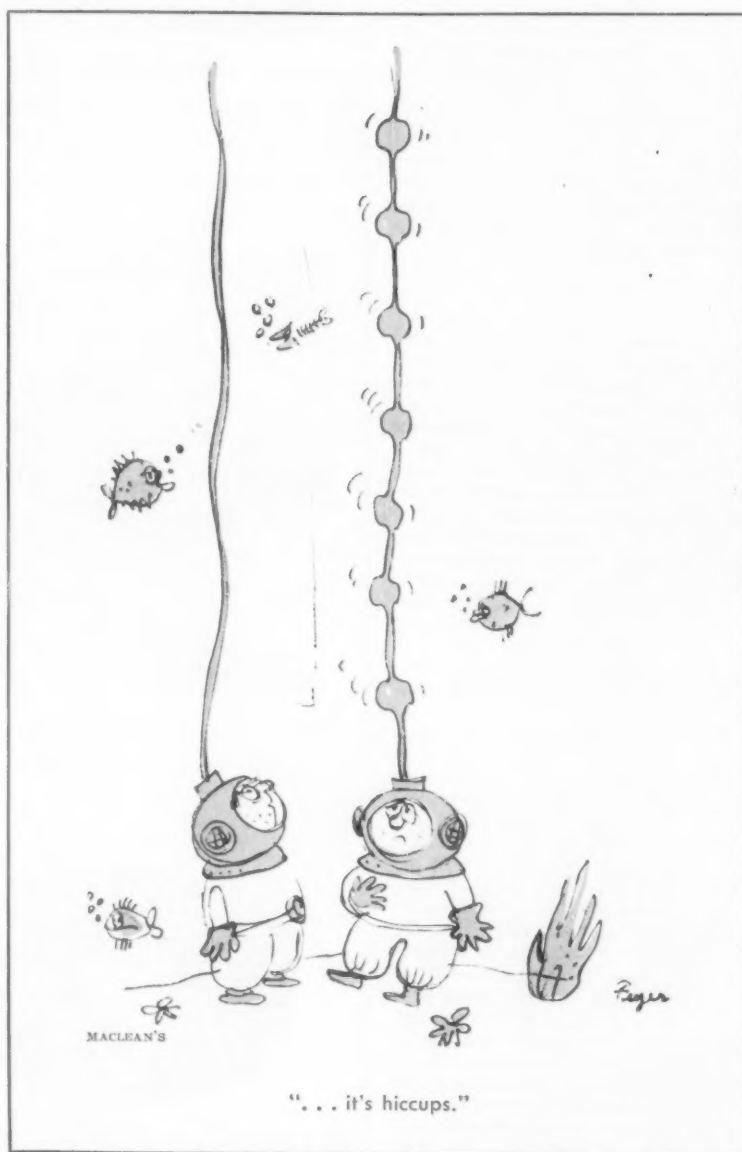
pression is that Chinese farmers—unlike their stubborn Russian counterparts—take to the co-ops as ducks take to water. They have boosted production to a fantastic degree, which they celebrate with old-fashioned parades to town, complete with gongs and firecrackers.

In 1958, says *The Times* of London, China actually has surpluses of wheat and rice, adding gloomily that Western commodity markets are disturbed—wondering what the Chinese will do with them.

For over-populated China to produce an exportable surplus of food is a remarkable achievement, proving the extraordinary vitality of the peasants and the land on which they toil. Both help to explain why China is becoming a great power. It has been famous for famines and starvation, mostly due to lack of transport, to periodic flooding and the greed of landlords and warlords who collected extortionate rents and taxes, often forcing peasants to grow opium rather than food. All these evils have been dealt with vigorously—and ruthlessly.

Soviet leaders are still complaining about "the agricultural problem." In nine years the Chinese can claim more success than the Russians had in forty.

Chinese achievements are due in part to an unrivaled capacity for hard work and an almost superhuman energy which I cannot explain. There is definitely the only country in which I have ever seen hard-fought soccer games at seven o'clock



"... it's hiccups."

NEW! Samsonite *Profile*



*styled for the travel wise
at a be-kind-to-your-budget price*

Ladies' Train Case \$17.95; Ladies' 24" Pullman \$24.95; Ladies' 21" Wardrobe \$29.95

Here's Samsonite quality and value in an entirely new line
of low-priced, lightweight, ladies' luggage

For Canadian girls going places—Samsonite Profile, designed for the modern age of travel. *So light*—you'll never have to worry about excess baggage charges. *So sturdy*—the quality construction features a protective bumper edge that guards against rough handling. *So practical*—the famous 'Travel-Tested' finish wipes clean with a whisk of a damp cloth. And Profile interiors, in quilted deluxe

rayon-acetate fabrics, are just as beautiful and practical as the colourful exteriors.

Easy to pack! Easy to carry! Samsonite Profile is the slim, trim, distinctive Canadian luggage with looks that say, "Let's go!" Get today's best luggage buy—and get Samsonite quality too! Choose Profile in these lustrous fashion colours: Polar White, Arctic Blue, Seal Grey. See your Samsonite luggage dealer.

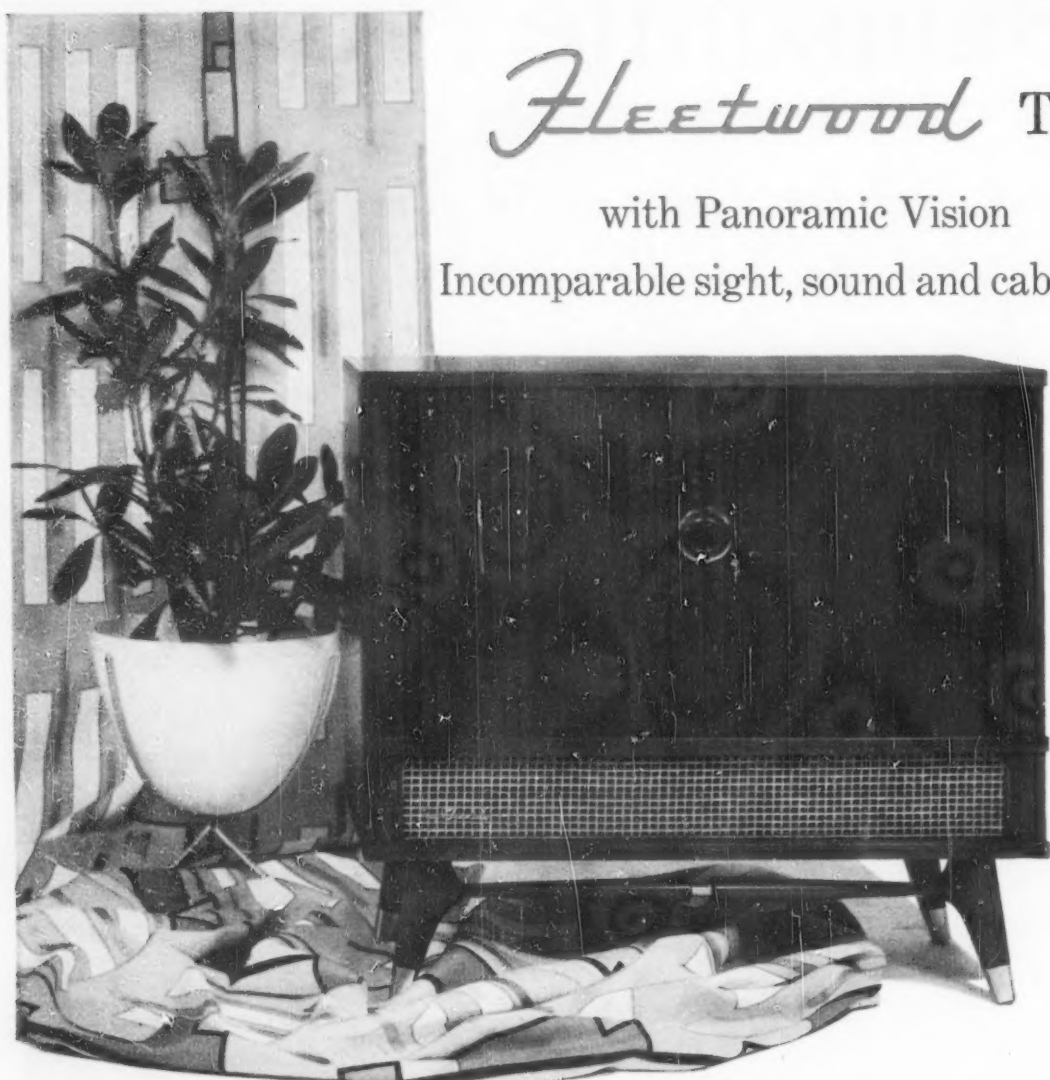


Ladies' 26" Pullman.....\$29.95
Ladies' 21" O'Nite.....\$19.95

YOU'RE GOING FIRST-CLASS WITH **Samsonite** WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING LUGGAGE

SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., MANUFACTURING PLANT, QUEENS HIGHWAY, EAST, STRATFORD, ONTARIO

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 22, 1958



Fleetwood TV

with Panoramic Vision

Incomparable sight, sound and cabinetry!



The Contempro MODEL 21-103

This lovely contemporary cabinet, with graceful tambour sliding doors, will be the centre of attraction in your living room. Full size 21" screen with convenient up-front controls. Powerful 25-tube Imperial chassis with Hi-Fidelity audio. Tone control and dual matched speakers. Cabinet of genuine wood veneers in Walnut, Mahogany, Toasted Mahogany, Limed Oak and Ebony with Grey doors.

This is the television instrument that gives you all three — superlative picture quality, true Hi-Fidelity audio, exquisite furniture-crafted cabinetry — *at a sensible price.* Choose your FLEETWOOD TV from 16 magnificent new models in 3 outstanding chassis series: the superb Imperial, the dependable Custom or the value-packed Fringemaster. Whatever your choice, the FLEETWOOD name proclaims the instrument as the finest in its class, *Canada's top value in home entertainment.*



Style Leader of the Nation

ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS MFG. CO. LTD., MONTREAL

in the morning. This is the human power plant now being developed and controlled with skill and intelligence by Communist leaders.

The U. S. State Department says only two percent of the Chinese people are Communists—meaning the twelve million party members. This is like saying that the dues-paying members of Eisenhower's party are the only Republicans in the U. S. A. By such childish reasoning an unrealistic policy is built up on self-deception. Whether we like it or not, most Chinese will support Mao Tse-tung or his successor. There is not a shred of evidence to the contrary.

Most of my Chinese friends are not party members, and never will be. I found them solidly loyal to the Peking regime. Among the more eloquent were several capitalists—one of them still a millionaire — who talked to me in the privacy of their own homes at Shanghai and Chungking. And among others: an Anglican bishop, three Catholic priests, a YMCA secretary, the president of a great university and a scientist who attended Cyrus Eaton's Pugwash conference. Their loyalty is not often ideological. In essence they say just what a sound American businessman says: "Our system works! Look what we've done already—and it's going to be bigger and better next year."

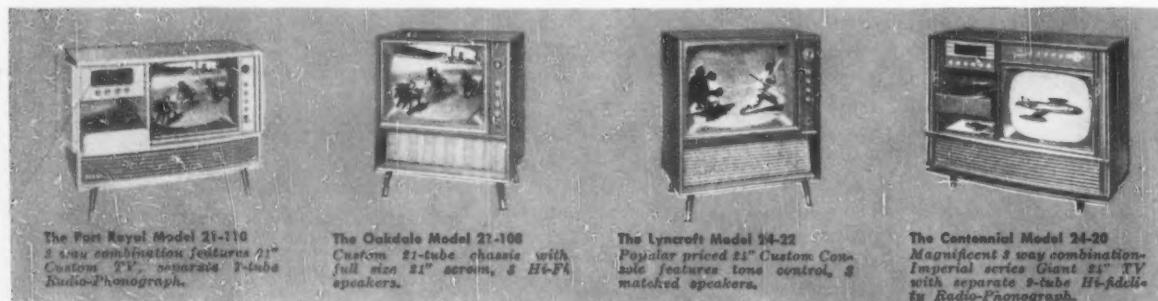
I could catch no whisper of fear or resentment or pessimism such as I found very easily in Prague and even in Moscow. And the Chinese workers, peasants and shopkeepers echo the same words: "Bigger and better!" Only the most ardently wishful thinker could imagine that these people are going to rebel or return their country to the tender mercies of Chiang Kai-shek and the Soong family.

The friendly neighbors

The West, having watched the USSR set up at least six puppet governments in eastern Europe, and having received millions of refugees from that area, is inclined to assume that Peking is just another puppet, created by the Russians and surviving by tyranny and terror. Actually the Chinese Communists achieved power after twenty-eight years of desperate struggle on their own. Trotsky and his followers were purged in 1927 for advocating world revolution and intervention in China. The Stalinists remained lukewarm or coldly indifferent through most of the Chinese civil war: there was even a period when Stalin himself urged Mao Tse-tung to compromise with Chiang and abandon what he thought to be a hopeless cause. Unlike Mao, Stalin had no faith in the Chinese peasant and underestimated the potency of militant nationalism in the East.

In China today, national pride and anti-imperialist feeling seem to overshadow Marxist theory. Mao Tse-tung is regarded as the nation's leader as well as the world's senior Communist. The men who made and won their own revolution are not likely to be puppets of any foreign power.

The State Department claims that if the U. S. were to recognize Peking, the free countries of Asia might feel abandoned. The implication is that the Chinese now live in disgraceful isolation, feared and hated by their neighbors. Actually most Asian countries established normal diplomatic relations with Peking long ago, and both trade and travel between them are rapidly increasing. Among these friendly neighbors are India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia and Cambodia—none of which have Communist rulers. Chinese trade is



The Port Royal Model 21-110
A new combination features 21" Custom TV, separate 8-tube Radio-Phonograph.

The Oakdale Model 21-106
Custom 21-tube chassis with full size 21" screen, 2 Hi-Fi speakers.

The Lyncroft Model 24-22
Popular priced 21" Custom Console features tone control, 2 matched speakers.

The Centennial Model 24-20
Magnificent 2 way combination Imperial series Giant 21" TV with separate 8-tube Hi-fidelity Radio-Phonograph.

growing, not only with the Soviet Union and its satellites, but also with the Middle East, Switzerland, West Germany, the Netherlands, Britain and all of Scandinavia. In this historic re-routing of trade, it is the U. S. A. and Canada which are becoming isolated, not China. The American "embargo" has had two important results: it forced the Chinese to open new channels of commerce and it stimulated their drive for self-sufficiency in machine tools, instruments and other essentials.

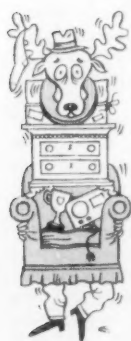
Our refusal to face the reality of the new China has strong emotional roots. We hold a deep and well-founded distrust of all dictatorships and an awareness of the dark Communist record in Eastern Europe. There is resentment that our missionaries as well as our imperialists were driven out of China. The U. S. in particular has bitter memories of Korea, where—for the first time since 1812—American forces failed to attain their objectives. There is an unspoken reluctance to concede that a non-white people can become pre-eminent in a world supposedly led by white men. We have been acting like escapist, slow to turn our attention from the known to the unknown—from the Soviet Union to its Eastern neighbor.

Emotion must now yield to reason. Government policy and public opinion ought to rest on fact rather than fiction, knowledge and understanding rather than ignorance and self-deception. It is possible that one day East and West will clash in an apocalyptic world war. The only practical alternative is to find some way of living together on the same planet, in mutual tolerance if not mutual admiration. In either case a new look at Communist China is long overdue.

Take off the blinkers and we shall see a nation of six hundred million, growing daily in numbers, power and confidence, certain of its own success and boldly led by men whose judgment was tested in the fires of war. They look forward eagerly to enjoying the fruits of their own science, industry and hard work, but they would fiercely resist, Communists and non-Communists alike, any attempt to trespass on their land again. They know that the Soviet Union, France and even the United States of America were born in revolution, and after nine years they demand for China a respected place in the family of nations. The reality of power makes it inevitable, and this the Chinese know.

When I was among them, whether in a Szechwan farmhouse or a Peking palace, I could find no trace of fear or doubt as to their future.

The West should undertake at once the most agonizing of all reappraisals. ★



Changing your address?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:
Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine,
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ontario.

P.S. Your postmaster also needs your new address. Fill out a Post Office change-of-address card.

SAVE TAX DOLLARS

Building a Retirement Income with Investors Retirement Plans

A 1957 amendment to the Income Tax Act allows you to purchase a retirement annuity on a tax-deductible basis.

You can deduct from your taxable income payments made on any of these Registered Retirement Savings Plans distributed by Investors Syndicate:

Investors RETIREMENT SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Fixed-interest, guaranteed plans tailored to your individual needs. Plan-completion insurance available if desired.

Investors EQUITY RETIREMENT PLAN

Contributions may be invested in either

- (1) Investors Mutual of Canada Ltd.—Canada's largest mutual fund—a balanced investment for stability and income, or
- (2) Investors Growth Fund of Canada Ltd.—an investment in equity securities for capital growth.

Through an investment in either fund you can share in Canada's growth while building your retirement income.

Investors COMBINED PAYMENT PLANS

A selection of plans which combine shares of either mutual fund with Investors Retirement Certificates. Fixed and equity portions of these plans can be balanced to suit individual circumstances. Either the fixed or the equity portions, or both, may be qualified as a Registered Retirement Plan for tax deduction purposes.

These plans provide a convenient form of integrated, financial programming flexible enough to suit your individual requirements.

There is no charge made for registration and administration of any of the Registered Retirement Plans offered by Investors.

Talk it over with your nearest Investors representative or mail this coupon →



Investors
syndicate
OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office: Winnipeg Offices in Principal Cities

Head Office,
Investors Syndicate of Canada, Limited,
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba.

I would like additional information about Registered Retirement Savings Plans.

Name.....

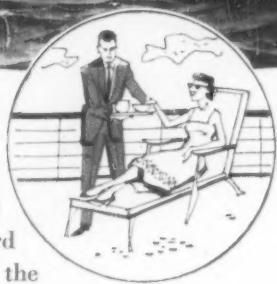
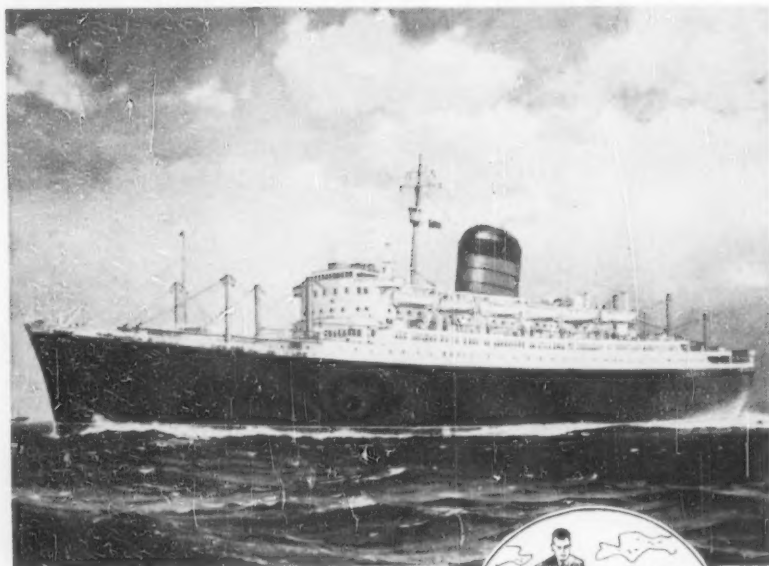
Address.....

City.....Prov.....

☐ I am already a holder of an Investors Syndicate Certificate.

SM1

TRAVEL in a Big way...



Headed by the famous "QUEENS", the world's largest liners which sail weekly from New York, the Cunard fleet offers incomparable service on the North Atlantic.

The service from Canadian Ports is maintained by the four sister ships, "SAXONIA", "IVERNIA", "CARINTHIA" and "SYLVANIA", which make no less than 43 voyages from Montreal during the 1958 season of navigation.

Superbly appointed accommodation, delicious food, faultless service, and entertainment for all tastes . . . these will be yours when you travel to Europe in any of Cunard's eleven passenger vessels . . . Enjoy the luxury which only sea travel can provide . . . Arrive at your destination relaxed, rested and refreshed.

Since 1840—The Hallmark of Ocean Travel.

See Your Local Agent—No One Can Serve You Better

GO Cunard

Head Office: 230 Hospital Street, Montreal

Uptown Office: Queen Elizabeth Hotel, 940 Dorchester Street West, Montreal

Branches: Halifax • Saint John • Quebec • Toronto • Winnipeg • Edmonton • Vancouver

How To Keep Free of Sore Toes,
Corns

Never wait! At the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes, apply Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll stop corns before they can start! But — if you already have corns — Zino-pads will give you super-fast relief. Used with the separate Medicated Disks (included), Zino-pads remove corns one of the fastest ways known to medical science. No other method does all these things. Insist on Dr. Scholl's. Sold everywhere.

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

CAT'S PAW

NON-SLIP

Soft, resilient HEELS

TWIN-GRIPPER SOLES

At all shoe repairers



The biggest fall fair of them all

Continued from page 33

But the Royal is first and foremost a show for the home folks. Certainly to thousands of future farmers from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island it is a magic name, a kind of agricultural Mecca. National 4-H Club Week is always arranged to coincide with the Royal and last year, as usual, a picked crop of one hundred and thirty-four teen-agers were the Royal's guests for a day.

Other young Canadians get to the Royal by spending a week on draught freight trains nursemaiding livestock. Far from finding this a hardship, most of them are delighted at the opportunity. Not only do they all but live with their animals coming and going; many also do this at the fair. There is the relative luxury of the herdsmen's dormitory—four hundred and fifty beds, sixteen to a room—but a lot of the young stockmen, older ones too, plunk down a bed-roll in the yellow straw at the head of a stall and never sleep anywhere else until it's time to load up and go home.

The Royal reached its status as Canadian agriculture's high court almost from its beginning. Originally planned for 1921, the grand opening was postponed when a heating system couldn't be installed in time. The doors opened on Nov. 22, 1922, and, except for the seven war years when it was suspended, the Royal has been a going concern ever since.

Its popularity reached a peak when the first postwar fair was held in 1946. There was an almost frantic public hungering for entertainment and the Royal took a buffeting from overflow crowds. So intense did the congestion become that the Royal bought newspaper space and radio time asking the public to stay away. It even went so far as to set up a public-address system in the Canadian National Exhibition grounds where its building is located, at streetcar terminals and other key points around the city, and they all blared the same message: no room at the fair.

It hasn't been necessary to resort to this kind of drastic action since, although in most of its postwar presentations the Royal has succeeded in turning a profit. One of the tidier margins (twenty thousand dollars) was registered in 1956 and the executive gave much of the credit for that happy situation to, of all people, Arthur Godfrey. He came to Toronto as a rather casual guest star of the Royal's horse show (he got interested in it after meeting one of its officers at a horse show in the States) and proved a tonic for the whole fair.

Godfrey scored his hit with a somewhat unlikely act. Riding his own Palo-

mino stallion, he gave nightly demonstrations of an equestrian specialty called dressage, which is the guidance of a horse through a set of manoeuvres without perceptible use of hands or legs. Since Godfrey as a rider is only an adept amateur at best, the real entertainment came from the running commentary he delivered through a small microphone that hung around his neck. Godfrey refused any payment but accepted as a gift a prize Hereford bull. The management of the Royal is understandably happy about his decision to come back this year.

With or without Arthur Godfrey, the Royal Horse Show is recognized as one of the three top horse shows in North America, the others being the Pennsylvania National at Harrisburg and the National at New York.

Top hats and jeans

Since the draught horses—the noble Clydesdales, Percherons and Belgians—have been shunted off to an exercise ring for judging, the Royal has become even more the classic horse show of well-turned-out ladies and gentlemen putting three- and five-gaited saddle horses, roadsters, hunters and jumpers through their paces. It is also a horse show spiced with the high style and excitement of international jumping teams from countries like Argentina, Ireland, Chile, Mexico, France, Spain, Cuba, Germany, Great Britain and the U.S. as well as Canada.

All these events are run off in the Coliseum, a seventy-one hundred-seat amphitheatre that is the hub of the Winter Fair layout. It is where the Royal's opening and closing ceremonies are held and where, in an atmosphere of briskly marching guards of honor, martial music and unfurling flags, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and the Governor-General of Canada are welcomed yearly on their traditional visits. It is where the Royal puts on its top hat.

Each of the Coliseum's two hundred and sixty-eight boxes accommodates from five to eight people and, depending on location, costs from a hundred and twenty-five to three hundred dollars. These boxes, for which there is always a waiting list, are largely occupied by men in white ties and tails and brilliantly gowned women in jewels and expensive furs; their liveried chauffeurs standing outside make an intriguing contrast with exhibitors strolling to the livestock pens in windbreakers and jeans.

The horse show is all the entertainment the true Royal fan wants and there is no need for a carnival midway or

"Ring In"

26 Christmas Greetings

WITH MACLEAN'S

3 GIFTS ONLY \$5⁰⁰

each additional gift only \$1.65

2 GIFTS ONLY \$4.00

1 GIFT ONLY \$3⁰⁰

These rates good only in Canada. For gifts to addresses outside Canada, please add \$3.00 for each subscription.

ORDER NOW — PAY LATER

No need to send payment with your order, unless you wish. We'll gladly bill you after the New Year to help you spread your expenses.

FULL COLOR GIFT CARDS

A handsome full color gift card — the finest Maclean's has ever produced — goes with every gift you send to your friends this Christmas.

More than ½ million alert, intelligent Canadians follow the fascinating story of Canada — today and tomorrow — as it unfolds on the pages of Maclean's, "Canada's National Magazine". So you can be sure that everyone on your list will appreciate and welcome your gift of Maclean's.

PLEASE SEND A YEAR OF MACLEAN'S TO ☐ new ☐ renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

SIGN CARD FROM

NAME ☐ new ☐ renewal

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

SIGN CARD FROM

MACLEAN'S

481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO 2, CANADA

YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS

Enter my own ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

☐ Mail gift cards signed as indicated OR

☐ Send cards to me for personal mailing

☐ I enclose \$..... in payment OR

☐ Please bill me after New Year

AD-NOV 22

PLEASE SEND A YEAR OF MACLEAN'S TO

☐ new
☐ renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

SIGN CARD FROM

.....

☐ new
☐ renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

SIGN CARD FROM

SPECIAL GIFT RATES AVAILABLE UNTIL DEC. 24 IF MORE SPACE REQUIRED USE PLAIN PAPER AND ATTACH TO THIS FORM



Serve 'White Horse' ...
it gives you the special
flavor and extra smoothness
of Scotland's best whiskies.
Every drop is distilled, blended
and bottled in Scotland—for
your enjoyment.

WHITE HORSE

SCOTCH WHISKY

Available in various bottle sizes

gaudy booths. But even in the cattle-judging ring there are moments of hilarity.

In 1948 a farm lass named Ellen Bompas from Bell's Corners, Ont., entered her champion Ayrshire cow at the Royal. As the only woman exhibitor in the class, Ellen was the subject of more than a little amused interest. Undisturbed, she prepared her entry, brushed its coat, combed its tail, polished its hoofs and finally buffed its horns.

In the ring the judge examined one animal after another, noting the chuck, shanks, brisket, loin and flanks. After completing his survey, he stood back for a moment, then walked to Ellen's cow, gave it a resounding slap on the rump and pinned the red first-prize ribbon on its halter.

In the next instant the cow gave its head a vigorous toss, trying to shake the ribbon from over its eye. It succeeded. But at the same time one of its horns went flying through the air and landed almost at the feet of the astonished judge.

Oakville cowboy

The spectators burst into cheers and applause while the other exhibitors crowded around the slightly nonplussed Ellen. How, they wanted to know, had she managed to patch a broken horn so thoroughly that it escaped the detection of the judge? Nothing to it, Ellen explained: a little paste, some fingernail polish and, of course, a touch of feminine ingenuity. At fall fairs and exhibitions across the country, wherever cattle judges gather, the flying horn of Ellen Bompas' Ayrshire is still a lively topic of conversation.

No animal with broken horn or any other obvious defect is likely to pass muster at the most dramatic of the Royal's auctions, a series of seven breeding-stock sales—six for cattle and one for sheep—that run under the common banner "Sales of the Stars."

Animals bought at them in 1957 went to eight provinces, ten states, three countries in South America and to Bermuda.

Manager of the sales is bustling Tom Hays, a forty-four-year-old onetime Edmonton Eskimos lineman who still wears western cattleman's garb around his Oakville, Ont., farm. Hays, who describes his firm as North America's big-

gest exporter of purebred livestock, operates the Sales of the Stars on a fifteen-percent commission, turning two and a half percent back to the Royal. Since the sales were started in 1949, Hays has sold over sixteen hundred animals for a million and a quarter dollars.

Hays usually functions as ring-man at the sales while his older brother, Harry, who owns a four-thousand-acre ranch near Calgary, acts as auctioneer. Alternating low-key cajolery with the traditional chant, Harry keeps the bidding brisk. From his platform in the arena-style cattle ring, he praises the stock on sale, occasionally comparing prices he's noted in the west with the "bar-gains" at the Royal.

"They've got to have beef," he always says reassuringly. "The price is going to be the highest in three years."

Just as Hays has no doubt about the future of the beef market, Clarence S. McKee, the former lawyer-soldier-stock-broker who is the Royal's general manager, has no doubt about the future of Canada's top fall fair. However, the need for more space is pressing. Viscount Montgomery, invited to open the Royal four years ago, remarked with characteristic candor: "It does seem to me that the building is a bit cramped."

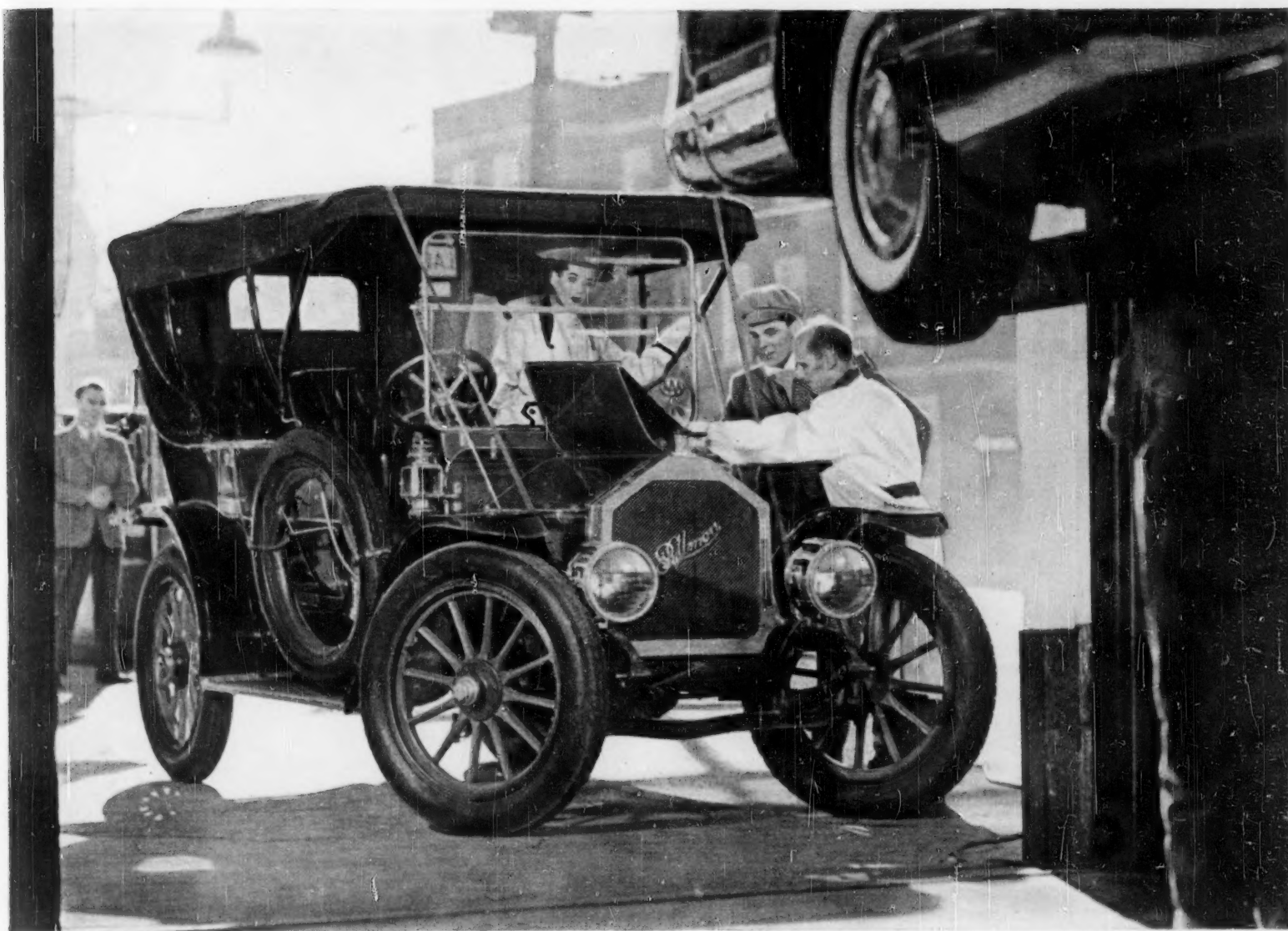
In the Horse Palace the exercise ring is busy all day from 4:30 a.m. The admission of three new beef cattle breeds had to be denied last year for lack of room and several days of preliminary livestock judging were held before the fair opened. A new cattle-judging ring, with seating for three thousand, is under consideration.

An accommodation problem of an entirely different nature arose at the Royal last year. The number of female grooms with the international jumping teams has been increasing annually—the 1957 British team alone had four—and the girls felt that since they had to live with the horses they should at least have a shower of their own.

There was a moment of perplexed hesitation when their desire became known at a higher level but it duly gave way to action: the plumbers were called in and the shower installed.

An official of the fair described it as "one of our more peculiar requests." Then he added with a touch of pride: "But this is the Royal . . . and we handled it." ★





Even today, you might happen to see this Pullman automobile, owned by a collector of ancient cars. Built in 1910, it is still in good condition. Matching progress in cars, Mobiloil products have protected Canadian motors for over 50 years.

Ever since this "antique" was born, **Mobiloil** has helped motorists prevent engine troubles

Today's engines are miracles of power compared with those of yesteryear. But methods of protecting them remain the same in one important way: *It still pays to use the most dependable oil you can buy!*

Change *now* to Mobiloil. You will be using products that have satisfied Canadian motorists for over fifty years. And with Mobiloil or Mobiloil Special you will have an oil that meets every demand of modern motoring.

For better performance from any car! Gives *double wear-fighting action*, quick starting, reduces sludging and releases more power. In grades for every season.

Mobiloil

CHANGE NOW—FOR THE PROTECTION THAT ONLY FINE OIL CAN PROVIDE



Designed especially for modern high-compression engines. Keeps all parts including hydraulic valve lifters super-clean, gives split second starting, more gasoline mileage. Reduces wear in every kind of driving all year round!

Products of Mobil Oil of Canada, Ltd., makers of the "Mobil Oil Family" of modern lubricants

SOLD BY **IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED** AND OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE



IVE BETTER... *Electrically*

Give up the tired 'n true and give something new—something they'll enjoy for many Christmases to come—something electric! There's an electric gift to fit every person and purse! Be star-bright this Christmas... take your gift list to your local appliance or department store today!



WESTINGHOUSE Stereo-Fidelity

Model 11C1. Now Westinghouse brings you Stereophonic Sound. With the simple addition of a Westinghouse Stereo Amplifier Speaker Unit to your Stereo Fidelity instrument, you can enjoy the thrill and excitement of new stereophonic records. With Westinghouse, the Stereo amplifier speaker unit can be added later.



SILEX Deluxe Regent Coffee Maker —Serving Carafe

The most famous coffee-maker — contemporary styling... gold-trimmed Pyrex glass... hinged cover... 8-cup capacity! Silex infusion method retains fresh, all-coffee flavour... No acid flavours... no "boiled" taste... no bitter residue. Other models \$3.95 up. See Silex ad page 80.



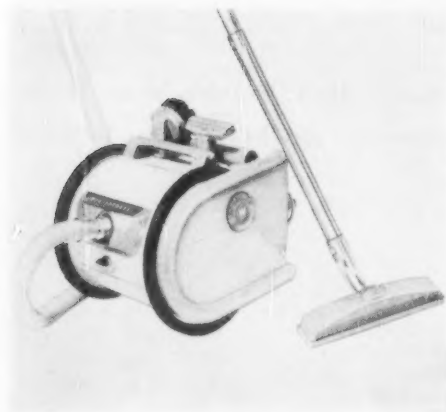
Inglis Royal Dryer Year-Round Gift

Make this a perfect Christmas for Mom. An Inglis Royal Dryer can set her free from lugging heavy wet wash loads out to the line to dry. Inglis dries a 20-lb. load as fast as it is washed—and leaves clothes with a fresh-air fragrance, thanks to "Sani-Sun" germicidal lamp.



WESTINGHOUSE Automatic Fry Pan

Model FP-2. Be "new-fashioned" with this handsome Westinghouse that cooks, bakes and fries the modern way! Temperature Guide provides list of correct temperatures. Control knob permits precise dialing for cooking foods to your taste. Wash in water right up to end of handle. Coppertone or heat-proof glass lid.



WESTINGHOUSE
Mobile Speed Cleaner
Model MC-1. Has wheels — will travel! New Westinghouse with BIG-wheel design, rolls with ease throughout house, even up and down steps. Built-in tool caddy carries full set of cleaning attachments. Tilts while cleaning stairs — will not roll off. Powerful suction picks up more dirt faster. Beige and brown. Five-year warranty on motor unit.



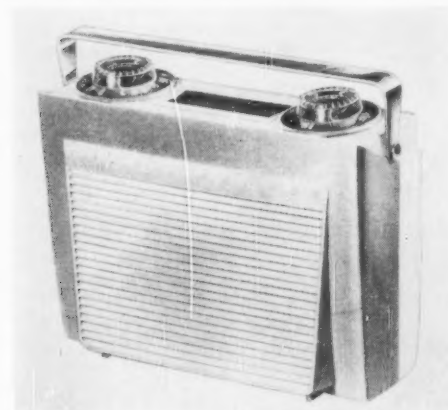
SUNBEAM
Controlled Even Heat Automatic FRYPAN
• Frys, grills, stews . . . even bakes
• Fryguide — lists foods with correct cooking temperatures
• Controlled Heat Dial—easy to see, easy to set
• Square Shape — holds up to 20% more food
• Four sizes for every family need
• Aluminum or glass covers available



MORE FUN THAN A PICNIC
No other portable tape recorder can touch this Seabreeze VM-710 at \$239.95. Fun at a party—a real help at the office. Records or plays at the touch of a button. Model VM-711S has binaural head and exclusive "stacked - staggered" switch that lets you play any stereo tape. Makes your living room a concert hall for \$269.95 (suggested retail price).



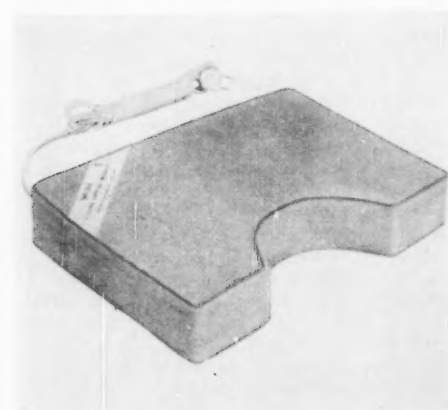
WESTINGHOUSE
Steam or Dry Iron
Model IS-12T. A light touch in living by Westinghouse. Weighs only 3½ lbs., yet combines the advantages of both steam or dry ironing at the turn of a dial. 15 steam vents deliver more steam over a wider area . . . provide a protective cushion between hot sole plate and delicate fabrics. Famous Westinghouse Open Handle design gives perfect balance.



WESTINGHOUSE
Transistor Portable Radio
Model 6PT4. World traveller or stay-at-home, the compact, new "Gadabout" provides big set performance, outdoors or in. Operates on battery pack or flashlight cells. Plays in two positions — upright, or on its side. Plays instantly —no warm-up necessary. Charcoal and White, Lemon Yellow and White.



Enjoy this musical gift ALL year
From Seabreeze, Canada's leading phonograph maker comes this deluxe 4-speed automatic . . . Model VM-675. Here's portable pleasure with all the features — including the VM Tri-O-Matic changer; TWO full range, balanced speakers; sapphire needles . . . all in the easiest-to-carry carrying case you've seen, for just \$69.95. (Suggested retail price.)



SOLARAY ELECTRIC
VIBRATORY MASSAGER
Ideal gift for the busy executive or housewife! 15 minutes a day, in office or home, relaxes, eases tension, stimulates, gently massages. Deluxe, contour styling, durable corduroy cover. Choice of 3 rich colours. Polyfoam pillow, noiseless vibrating motor with rectifier (\$10.95).



WESTINGHOUSE
Deluxe Automatic Coffee Percolator
Model CP-12A. Like your coffee perfect every time? Westinghouse "Deluxe" Percolator makes it possible with special high-speed water pump that extracts essential coffee oils better . . . locks in full flavour. Two controls! One perks water at high velocity; second takes over to maintain even serving temperature . . . for hours.

Merry Christmas Gift Ideas from

SILEX

No need for hinting...
no need for hunting—a Sillex gift
is the perfect and practical answer.



A STARLIGHT CARAFE
An attractive server for
casual or formal service.
Wide neck for ice cubes... instant coffee.
Candle warmer stove.
12-cup—\$9.25 8-cup—\$8.45

B BUETTE COFFEE & TEA MAKER
Percolates coffee, brews tea. 8-cup, complete with
tea ball. Copper or Chrome—\$9.95

C SUN-KIST-APPROVED DELUXE JUICER
Magic-motion strainer, free lime and lemon
reamer... mere juice... additional vitamins.
DeLuxe model—\$29.50 Custom model—\$21.50

D HI-POWER 2-SPEED FOOD BLENDER
Dozens of uses. With recipe book—\$39.95

E ELECTRIC TOASTER-BROILER
Toasts, broils (steaks and chops, too),
grills, heats TV dinners, waffles—\$19.95

F ELECTRIC BUN & FOOD WARMER
Ideal for buffet service—warms, freshens
baked goods, popcorn or chips. Perfect for
pancakes, waffles—\$12.50

G ELECTRIC COCKTAIL BLENDER SET
A wonderful gift for him. Custom strainer,
bar spoon and double jigger of stainless steel.
Gift-packed—\$29.95



GIVE BETTER Electrically

continues...

If war comes by sea or land continued from page 17

"The Russians consider that World War II was
proof that the value of surprise is limited"

in fact, now that submarines can cruise in the Arctic without trouble—under constant surveillance to a depth of at least a thousand feet. There are twelve million square miles of surface in the North Atlantic alone. Obviously to patrol such an area with short-range detection equipment would keep thousands of ships at sea all the time, and even then they would not be sure of catching every undersea prowler.

Navy men are not too discouraged by this situation. Considerable progress has been made, and more is already in sight. For example, SONAR buoys that automatically relay their information to patrol ships by radio, multiply the area that any one ship can cover. SONAR itself has been vastly improved in range and efficiency since 1945. Incidentally, Canada has made a real contribution to this improvement—a Canadian device for variable-depth SONAR equipment, to be towed by patrol vessels, eliminates noise from the patrol ship's own hull and gives the listening gear a much wider range.

More important are the new methods, still in the earliest stages of experiment, that may change the whole picture of war at sea. One has detected submerged submarines at distances of hundreds of miles. The trouble is that this feat was achieved in ideal conditions, and it's not yet certain that the gear can ever be made rugged enough and flexible enough for use in actual war.

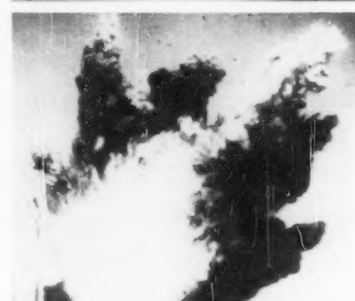
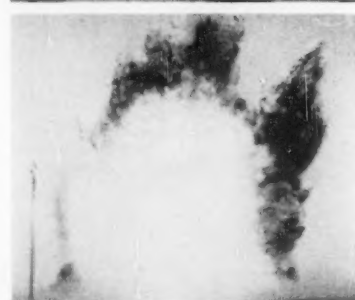
Therefore it is idle to say, as some people do: "Let's spend money on anti-submarine defenses, instead of spending it all on DEW Lines and such against air attack." You can't spend money making things until you know what it is you want to make.

However, many naval men do believe that if half the concentration of effort, and one percent of the money, had gone into anti-submarine research that did go into air defenses and air "deterrents," we might by now have made the scientific breakthrough that eventually will stop the submarine. Meanwhile, we are terribly vulnerable to attack from the sea.

We are also vulnerable on land—not to assault here in North America, where the Red Army can't get at us, but to major defeats abroad. There is solid reason to believe that this is the line of attack, rather than by air or even by sea, that the Soviet Union is most likely to take against the Western alliance and its friends.

Dr. Raymond L. Garthoff, an American student of Soviet military thinking, recently published a book entitled *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age*. It is based on a study of Russian military journals over the past twelve years, some of them publicly circulated but some restricted to very senior Russian officers. (Garthoff doesn't explain how he managed to get hold of these latter.) According to him, the basic Russian strategy is still founded—as it has always been—on the movement of massive land forces to which air and sea weapons are mere supplements.

Time after time he finds Russian military theorists declaiming that "the objective of combat must be the destruction of the armed forces, and not strate-



Missile for Canada

We're "trying out" U. S. guided weapon
Lacrosse, here demolishing mock target.

gic bombing of targets in the rear." Time after time he quotes rejections of the theory of "strategic victory by means of one or another new weapon." They consider that World War II, when the Japanese made a surprise attack on the U.S. as Hitler did on Russia and both failed, was conclusive proof that the value of surprise is limited: "Surprise cannot yield a conclusive result, cannot bring victory in a war with a serious and strong enemy."

The Soviet ideal is a "balanced" force with its feet very much on the ground, in the most literal sense. Indeed, Garthoff says, "they cannot imagine that the United States fails to recognize the great importance which they themselves attribute to the maintenance of continued powerful ground forces."

One reason for this bias is that the Russian armed services are completely dominated by the Red Army. Of fourteen living and active Marshals of the Soviet Union (the highest military rank in the USSR) thirteen are infantrymen and the other is a gunner. No rank exists in the Soviet air force that is equal to the top army rank; the highest an airman can reach is the second level, chief marshal. There is one holder of this rank in active service at the moment, but he is in charge of the civil air fleet. No combat airman is above the third-highest rank in Russian military service, and only four have got even to that

eminence. Anyone who has ever heard a general expound, in any language, the virtue and the primacy of "the old foot-slogger" can readily believe that Russian strategy today must indeed be land-based and land-dominated.

But if the concept seems to us old-fashioned, the Russians have brought to it some dismayingly newfangled developments. They are not at all like cavalymen clinging to the notion that (as Field Marshal Haig once said) "bullets have little stopping power against the horse." Red Army theorists are quite prepared to face, as well as to wage, nuclear warfare on any scale, in any theatre of operation.

They await the event with blood-chilling calm. Lieutenant-General Krasnodnikov, a member of the Soviet general staff, pointed out in 1956 that nuclear warfare requires "not a reduction in number of divisions but their further increase." Why? Because atomic weapons can wipe out whole divisions at a blow, and "for their replacement, large reserves will be needed."

Russian strategists reckon with the possibility that non-nuclear war might still be waged, but they conclude that "troops well trained in anti-atomic and anti-chemical defense can successfully execute any combat mission." Western soldiers agree. It's already evident, though, that any war above brush-fire size will in fact be a nuclear war—involving not necessarily H-bombs, but tactical atomic weapons at least. Conventional heavy artillery is already disappearing in the armies of the Western alliance. With the next four or five years, medium artillery will also be replaced with the new, small atomic field missiles. It will be almost impossible to conduct any engagement above battalion strength with conventional weapons.

Accordingly, NATO armies have agreed upon a new tactical concept which was explained to a press conference last month by Major-General Jean Allard, vice-chief of the general staff, and other senior officers. Dispersal and mobility are the keynotes. A brigade group will hold the same number of square miles that were held in World War II by a whole corps. The front will be fifty miles deep, instead of five as in World War II. Only a hundred and twenty men will be deployed per square mile, instead of a thousand. The hoped-for effect will be that a five-kiloton bomb, which might have destroyed a whole division in the old-fashioned deployment, will now wipe out no more than a company. Ground-warfare weapons of much greater firepower have been tested, so the army is not proof against destruction on a larger scale, but the new tactics will give proportionate defense no matter what the size of the weapon.

Whether or not this will offset the Russian advantage in manpower is another matter. At the October press conference Colonel Norman Wilson-Smith, director of combat operations, said: "In any future war we can expect to be outnumbered three to one in men, and four to one in tanks."

The prospect didn't seem to upset him unduly. Theoretically, superior mobility and superior firepower can outweigh superior numbers. The trouble is that so far, our superiority appears to exist only on the drawing-boards or in the testing stations.

To the assembly of the Western European Union (an organization that includes most but not all the European members of NATO) a committee on defense and armament reported last June:

"No great progress seems to have

been made in the nuclear equipment of ground troops. On the territory of member countries only United States troops have tactical weapons available, while other forces are still equipped only with conventional and mainly out-of-date weapons. Priority should now be given to the delivery of tactical nuclear weapons to the Shield (NATO) forces.

"What are the models to be introduced? The committee witnessed with great interest the deployment of an Honest John and a Corporal unit. The first, with a range of fifteen to twenty miles, is not guided and its accuracy does not seem to be highly satisfactory. The second, a guided missile with a range of seventy-five to a hundred miles, seemed to members of the committee to be a particularly heavy and complicated weapon, needing liquid fuel and up to ten large trucks, and therefore not well suited to European conditions."

Privately, Canadian soldiers have a shorter description of the Corporal: "It's a dead duck." So is the atomic cannon, which turned out to have satisfactory firepower and accuracy, but which is too heavy to move over ordinary bridges and too big to hide in ordinary terrain. The most promising field weapon, and the one the Canadian army has decided to buy at least for a tryout, is the Lacrosse, a light guided missile that can be fired from a standard army truck and guided from a reconnaissance aircraft. But the Lacrosse is just now beginning to come into production, and will be very scarce for some time yet.

The sword and the shield

The manpower imbalance, on the other hand, is with us here and now. Forty-two Red Army divisions, three of them airborne, are "available immediately and without prior mobilization for operations on the central European front," according to the same committee report to the Western European Union. Of NATO forces in the same area, "only fifteen divisions can be considered combat-ready." The Communists also have about twenty satellite divisions in Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, although they are not uniformly reliable.

Of course it was never intended that the Western alliance should even try to match the Russian ground forces man for man. NATO armies are called "the Shield," designed to parry an opening blow until "the Sword" of the American Strategic Air Command, "the Deterrent" of the "massive retaliation," can be employed to devastate the enemy's bases and cities far behind the land front.

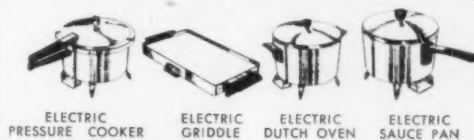
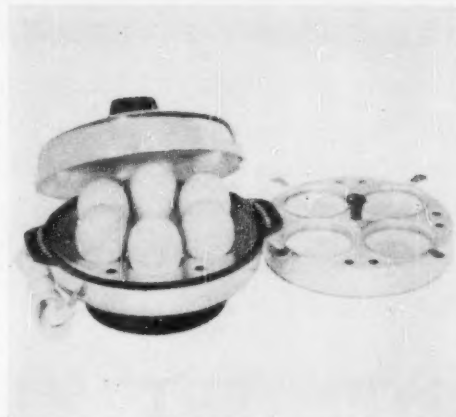
There is no serious reason to doubt that this counter-threat will indeed continue to "deter" direct aggression against members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Europe and North America. At any rate our whole defense structure by land, sea and air is based on that assumption. What it will not deter, and in fact has not deterred, is the "indirect aggression of brush-fire wars."

There have been three such wars since VJ Day in 1945. In two, Korea and French Indo-China, Communist forces have been directly engaged with the Russians operating behind the scenes. (In the third, the Suez affair in 1956, they were able to enjoy the performance from an inexpensive box seat.) The globe is positively freckled with potential sites for "minor" outbreaks of the same kind, none decisive by itself but each containing the threat of "piecemeal defeat" over a period for either side, especially ours. (The Communists are better equipped than we are to make



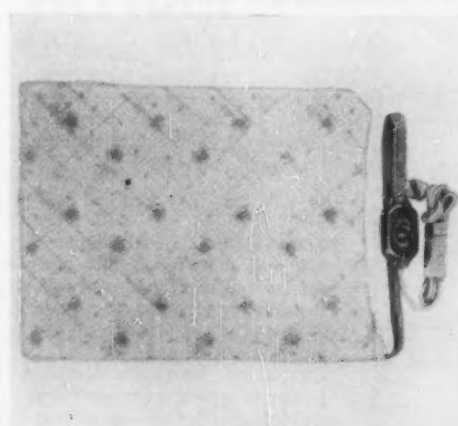
DELUXE ELECTRIC EGG COOKER BY HANKSCRAFT

Poaches 4 or boils 6 eggs automatically — to your exact taste! No messy saucepans or over-cooked eggs! Shuts off automatically. In lustrous chrome finish (\$14.95). Four-egg model, ceramic bowl, chrome top (\$7.95). Perfect gift for the busy homemaker.



PRESTO THE "ORIGINAL" Control-Master ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Only Presto gives you controlled heat at its best in a full range of fully submersible appliances operated by one detachable plug. No burning, no sticking, no watching.



SOLARAY "PROFESSIONAL" Quality Heating Pad

The gift of real comfort... more features than any other heating pad. Choice of 3 heats. Built-in nite lite. Sealed rubber element permits moist applications. Finest quality satin cover, full zipper. Extra protective cover provided. Two-year guarantee (\$9.95).



GIVE BETTER Electrically

continues...



Discover for yourself this rare taste thrill from the Old South.

So smooth, so delicious! Always in good taste, any way you serve it, on the Rocks, in Cocktails and High Balls.

Make Yours with Southern Comfort—
Makes any Drink Taste Better!

SOUTHERN COMFORT®

Buy Southern Comfort at your liquor store

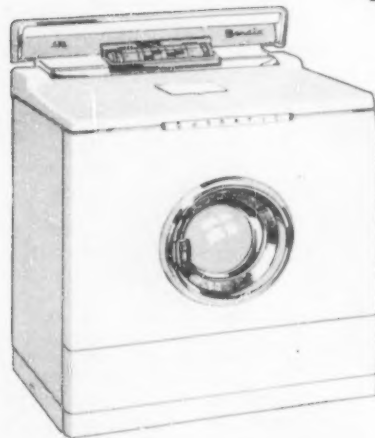


Portable Dishwasher-Dryer

Frees one hour every day—and so portable you can take it up to a cottage on week-ends. Rolls to the table for loading, to the sink for washing. No installation. Just clip it to a faucet and plug it in. The Moffat Roll-o-matic washes and dries dishes from nine settings, then stores them sparkling clean—fresh for the next meal.



**Give her time...
with a MOFFAT**



Every woman gets "wash-weary". Here are two Moffat appliances that will give her time to relax with the family... give her more time for the children... time to enjoy homemaking.

All-in-one Washer-Dryer

Ends those Monday morning blues. Just put in the dirty clothes, set the dial, and forget about washday. It washes and dries eight pounds of clothes in *one* machine, in *one* continuous operation, in as little as *one* hour. The Moffat-Bendix Duomatic is Canada's first and only time-proven combination washer-dryer.



MOFFAT LIMITED
Weston, Ontario

GIVE BETTER Electrically



political gain out of any military loss.)

So far, nuclear weapons have not been used in any minor war. They may not be used in the next one, either. But it is a virtual certainty that if American troops are seriously engaged, nuclear weapons will be used.

Does this mean that if ever again the United States has to send its own troops into dubious battle, an all-out nuclear war of mutual, suicidal mass destruction is inevitable?

Not necessarily. It does mean, though, that all the terrible decisions about using atomic weapons are likely to fall upon the United States, with some back-seat driving from the Western alliance, rather than upon the Russians.

The "balance of terror" may well continue to prevent, as it has until now, a major outbreak between the two giants. In that case the next crisis, like the last half dozen, will be a collision between minor states or an internal explosion within one of them. Suppose, for example, the Communist Party of Iran stages a half-successful revolt against the Shah's government. The Shah invokes the Baghdad Pact, the Eisenhower Doctrine and Article 51 of the United Nations Charter to summon help from the West. The Soviet Union counters by offering to the new Communist "government" of Iran a few divisions of Red Army "volunteers."

This example is not at all farfetched. Six months ago the pro-Western government of King Faisal II and Nuri Said in Iraq looked far more stable than the Shah's government looks now in Iran. Unlike Iraq, the territory of Iran is accessible both to U.S. Marines and to Red Army "volunteers." The Communist Party of Iran is strong. The oil wealth of Iran is tempting bait to the Russians, a valued asset for the West to defend. There would be a far stronger reason to land troops in Abadan than there was to land in Lebanon last July.

But the Marines, once ashore, would find themselves heavily outnumbered by Red Army "volunteers." (The Iranian forces on both sides could probably be disregarded.) To defend themselves the U.S. Marines would have to use, and almost certainly would use, tactical atomic weapons.

The Russians could, if they liked, make this the excuse for an all-out attack on North America. However, they could also choose to make a limited riposte. They, too, could use tactical atomic weapons against the American expeditionary force. They could also attack American shipping in the Persian Gulf, from nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed submarines, and by air from nearby bases in southeastern Russia. In such a local engagement near Soviet territory the odds would be heavily in favor of the Russians. Again, the decision about the next step would rest with the United States.

All this time, presumably, the bombers of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) would be buzzing around their seventy bases like angry hornets, ready and willing to blast Moscow and Leningrad and the whole Soviet Union into kingdom come. But the Russians, too, have a "deterrent." Two or three hundred submarines would certainly be deployed in the Atlantic and Pacific, ready to take vengeance on the cities of North America for any air assault on the cities of the Soviet Union. For that matter, reprisal by air could also be expected, for the chance that either great power could wipe out all enemy air forces at a blow would be slim indeed.

In short, the "balance of terror" would continue to exist even after nuclear war.

(Advertisement)



NEW BRUNSWICK

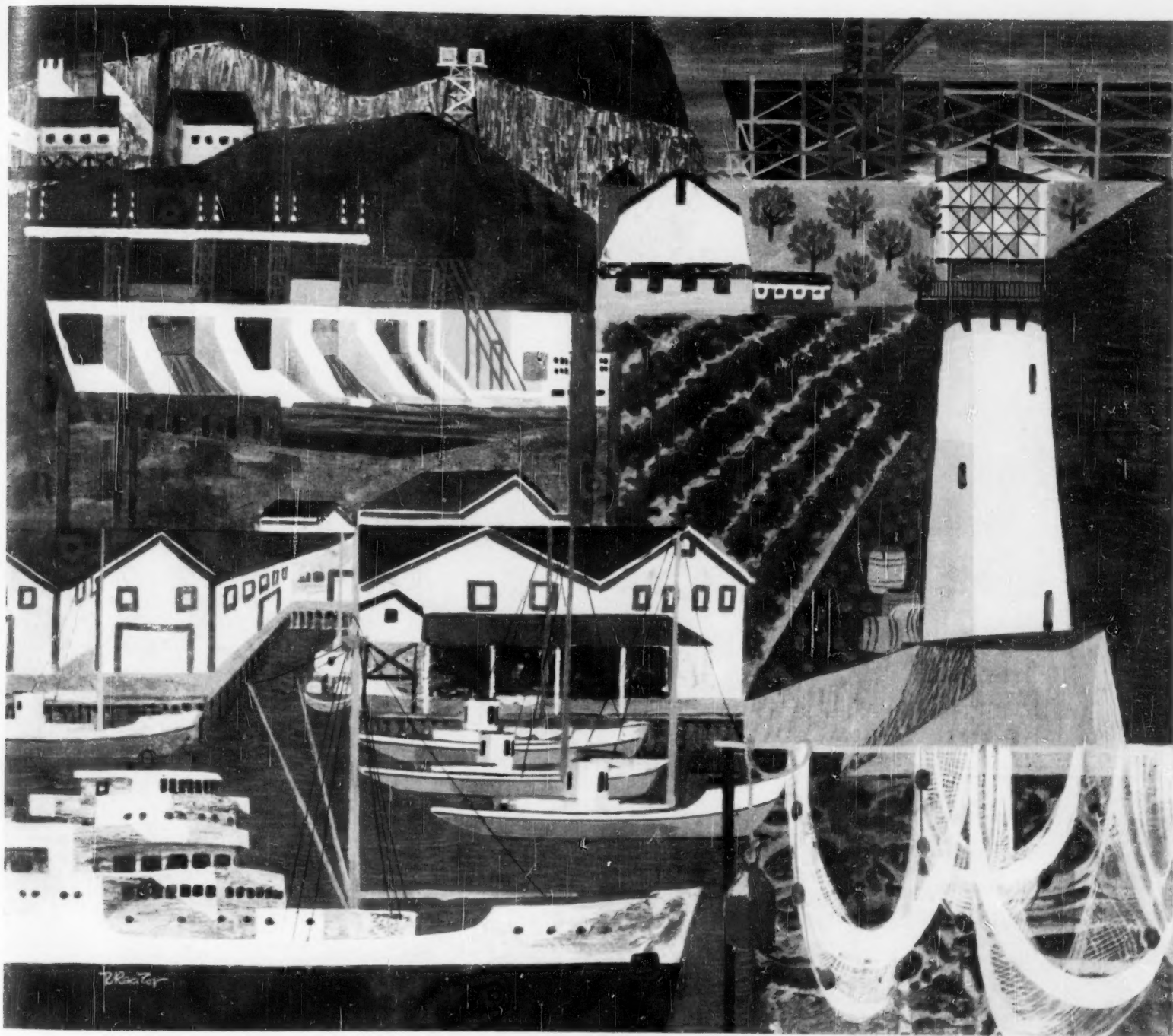
Occupying an area of almost 28,000 square miles and supporting a population of approximately 560,000 people, New Brunswick is centered at the very hub of Canada's great Atlantic Region.

While productive agricultural areas have been consistently developed and an extended coast line provides for profitable commercial fisheries, the foundation of New Brunswick's pastoral economy remains firmly based upon its woodland industries—a fact which is in no way surprising, since almost 80% of the province's terrain is covered in forest.

Notwithstanding New Brunswick's traditional affinity to land and sea, many new and potentially rich industries are building the province's economy... to a point where New Brunswick is rapidly becoming known as the 'Province of Opportunity'. Most promising of these new developments is the processing of base metals—recent mineral discoveries, proving a high sulphur content, could well establish the basis for a lucrative chemical industry. Other enterprises, ranging from woodworking to fast freezing and from textiles to structural steel are playing their part in solidly establishing New Brunswick as Canada's 'Newest Industrial Province.'

NEW BRUNSWICK HAS...

- A population of 560,000.
- An area of 27,985 square miles.
- Developed 339,000 horsepower.
- 13,000 Miles of highways, 2,245 of which are hard surfaced.



NEW BRUNSWICK

goes *FORWARD* with CANADA

Heartland of the Atlantic Provinces, New Brunswick has, for generations, looked to nature to supply her primary needs. Fishing, farming, forestry — these are the pastoral forms from which her strength is sprung; these are the roots from which her character is shaped.

Today, this character is further tempered by the impact of new-born industries and trades; this strength is re-inforced by new-found wealth and new-discovered skills. Zinc, copper, pyrite, manganese . . . names once alien to New Brunswick's rock bound shores, are fast becoming symbols of her new maturity. Food processing, paper products, structural steel, textiles, hydro-electric power and oil refining — these, too, are shaping New Brunswick's economic destiny . . . as Canada's newest Industrial Province.

In supplying New Brunswick's public utilities and industries with a widely diversified range of communications equipment, electrical wires and cables and other electrical equipment of all types, Northern Electric is proud, that in contributing towards New Brunswick's productivity, it too is going "Forward with Canada."

Northern Electric
SERVES YOU BEST

6658-17



When...

It's Monday, and you want a wine to give the cold Sunday roast a lift;

It's Tuesday, and you both want a glass of *something nice* with the omelette;

It's Wednesday, and there's just time for a quick snack before going to the movies;

It's Thursday, and you're having a silver-and-crystal dinner with wine and *all the trimmings*;

It's Friday, and the fish sticks need encouragement;

It's Saturday, and the steaks are so good you want *the wine* to make them taste even better;

then...

or on a hundred similar occasions, is the time to serve chilled Jordan Crackling Rosé, the pink, lightly effervescent table wine



ALL CANADA KNOWS
JORDAN WINES

Ask for Jordan Crackling Rosé at your liquor store

NEW

and just
in time for
**Christmas
giving**



Remington Model 140
1/4 INCH DRILL

NOW . . . tops in value, tops in performance with the highest rating in its class. Made for the growing number of hobbyists, handymen and homeshop craftsmen who want professional quality plus value in their power tool. At all leading department, hobby and hardware stores. The new model 140 gives you more drill for the money with the best brand name a power tool can have because . . .

if it's

Remington
it's right

Made and serviced in Canada by
Remington Arms of Canada Limited

**Got a
Cold?**

Feel better at once—with Lavoris! Lavoris quickly soothes irritated throat membranes, relieves that dry "scratchy" discomfort and cleanses the entire mouth and throat of germ-harboring impurities! A quick rinse with Lavoris and your mouth and throat will be fresh and clean for hours. Enjoy the cool relief and tingling refreshment of a Lavoris rinse several times a day. Help your system fight colds fast!

LAVORIS
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

fare had begun. Every decision to extend the scope of conflict would be as painful as the last, if not more so.

Meanwhile, from the moment that nuclear war begins on any scale anywhere, another danger threatens not only the immediate combatants but all of life on earth. What about the effect of radioactive fall-out, the lethal by-product of atomic battle?

Probably the silliest military secret in the whole world, though one of the most closely held, is the exact number of hydrogen bombs and other nuclear weapons

in the stockpiles of the Western alliance. To the question, "How many hydrogen bombs have we got?" the only answer that means anything is as public as a weather report: we have enough. There is no longer, as there was a few years ago, any scarcity of material for atomic ammunition.

The actual peril from radioactive fall-out is hard to estimate. Military scientists think it is exaggerated in some lay writings. They are irritated by predictions that nuclear war will "extinguish all life on this earth"—theoretically pos-

CANADIANECDOTE



Dynamite farce at the Welland Canal

An attempt to blow up the Welland Canal at Thorold, Ont., at the turn of the century could have been among the most tragic events in our history. It turned out to be a classic blunder.

Shortly after 7 p.m. on April 21, 1900, Thorold Constable Adelbert Clark heard a report like the crash of a gigantic bass drum; it was repeated once. Clark ran into Front Street, beside the canal, where a young girl named Euphemia Constable rushed up to him.

"Two men," she gasped, "blew up Lock 24 and they're walking toward Niagara Falls."

Clark hurriedly commandeered a rig. He called for help and Mayor James H. Wilson swung into the buggy. On the way out they passed the lock. A hole about a foot in diameter was diffidently releasing a few inches of water. The explosives had been inadequate and much too high up.

These wooden gates held back a body of water a mile long, forty feet wide and twenty feet deep. Released, it would have roared down to flood the valley and its several towns. Few would have survived.

In Niagara, twelve miles away,

Clark and Wilson picked up two provincial constables and the quartet waited in a cemetery at the edge of town. Minutes later the dynamiters were in jail.

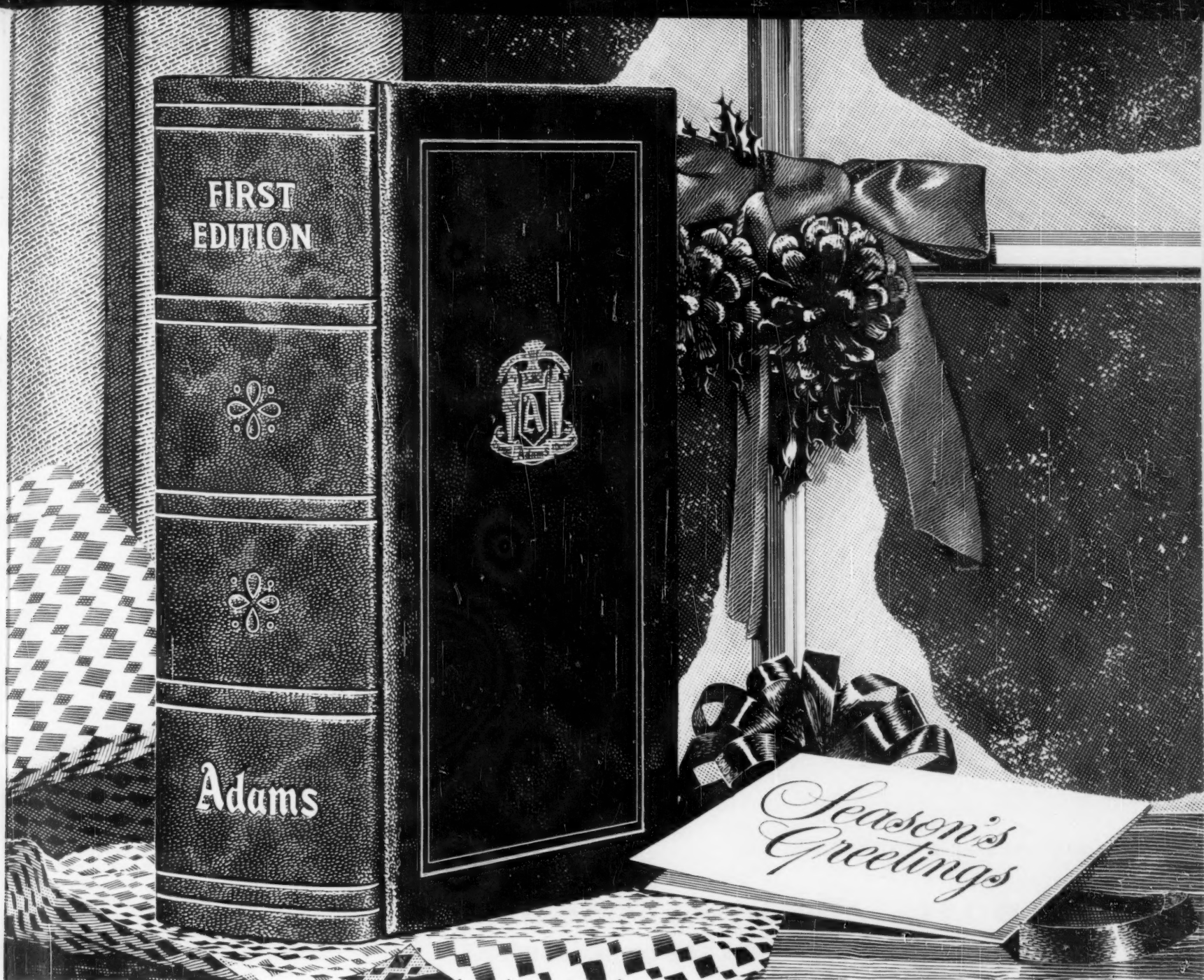
Local police told Clark that the two were part of a trio they'd been watching. They picked up the third man at a Niagara Falls hotel, where he was found sitting amid a quantity of dynamite and caps.

The men were identified as John Walsh, John Nolan, and the leader, Karl Dullman; he and Walsh were from Washington and Nolan was from Pennsylvania.

The trial lasted two days, and the trio were sentenced to life imprisonment. Walsh died in Kingston Penitentiary and Nolan died while on parole. Dullman was released in 1928; it is not known whether he is alive.

To this day no one knows why the attempt was made. But a second mystery was more easily solved. Why were the two dynamiters trying to escape on foot? Dullman was supposed to have picked them up in a carriage after the blast. When the time came Dullman was in Niagara Falls—drunk.—NORMAN PANZICA

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



Your good wishes speak volumes when you give
Adams FIRST EDITION

For you who seek the unique in gifts the search is over. Available for the first time this season, Adams First Edition Canadian Whisky stands alone as the Christmas gift without peer. Years ago the finest whiskies for this incomparable blend were carefully selected from our choicest stocks and they have slumbered undisturbed in charred oak casks for ten years and more. Presented in its own beautifully bound gift box, First Edition is for you if you are extraordinarily particular about the whisky you drink and the friends you select.



ANTIQUE



FIRST EDITION



PRIVATE STOCK

Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd.

sible, they say, but highly unlikely. However, their own appraisal of casualties from fall-out is blood-curdling enough. Here is a bit of testimony given to a U.S. Senate committee in 1956 by General James Gavin, then chief of army research and development.

"Current planning estimates run on the order of several hundred million deaths that would be either way, depending on which way the wind blew. If the wind blew to the southeast, they would be mostly in the USSR, although they would extend into the Japanese and per-

haps down into the Philippine area. If the wind blew the other way they would extend well back up into central Europe."

That was his reply to a question about the effect of a nuclear "assault in force against Russia" by the U.S. Strategic Air Command. In Turkey last summer a young American flier remarked in private conversation: "It scares me sometimes the way generals concentrate on their own task, their own objective, as if nobody else was doing anything in the whole war. They calculate they'll get such and such an effect from one nu-

clear bomb, but if they're not sure it'll do the trick, they add another bomb to make sure. If everybody else is doing the same, on both sides, what will be the total of radiation they all let loose?"

According to plan, the big hydrogen bombs would be exploded high enough that their fireball would not touch ground, and the menace of radioactive dust would thus be minimized. Nuclear weapons designed to explode on the ground, like the atomic bazooka tested in October, would not kick up dust to stratosphere height.

The question is, would every atomic weapon work as it's intended to work, in the heat of battle? Even when they're launched in the calm of a testing station missiles go off course and explode in the wrong places—one Snark, for example, was aimed at the South Atlantic but vanished in the jungles of Brazil. To imagine actual conflict with nuclear weapons, not one of which would ever touch ground before exploding, calls for truly heroic optimism.

Also, how many nuclear weapons would be exploded in a battle? A certain amount of radioactivity is released by any explosion, aerial or not. The "clean" bomb is only relatively clean. If enough clean bombs are set off at once, the radiation will rise above the danger point anyway.

It is a sobering discovery, for the layman, to find that nobody has the slightest idea how much radiation would be set off by a nuclear battle. Rough calculations have been made to indicate what the safe maximum would be, for a given area of conflict, but no one knows how this permissible amount would be shared. Suppose the Russian general doesn't know that the American general has already used up his full fifty percent? Or even if he does know, what is he supposed to do? Surrender?

All through these ghastly speculations I've been talking about the "American" decisions on one side and the "Russian" on the other. Both giants have allies. Why should we assume, then, that the crucial decisions will be made by the two great powers alone?

Already it is possible, though not yet likely, that atomic war might be started by some other nation. Britain has developed her own nuclear weapons. France will test an atomic bomb this year, and West Germany is said to be working along the same line. There is no indication so far that the Soviet Union has shared atomic weapons with any other Communist power, but no doubt Red China will be making her own eventually.

For the time being, though, the only atomic arsenals of perilous size are in the United States and the Soviet Union. On the Western side at least, this American monopoly is enforced by American law. Even though all the NATO armies are reorganizing their tactics for the use of nuclear arms, they have not and they cannot have possession of the weapons they count on using.

The U.S. Atomic Energy Law, the so-called McMahon Act, explicitly forbids Americans to give to any foreigner the custody of American nuclear arms. Recent amendments allow some release of atomic information, but only to countries that have atomic weapons programs of their own in being. In practice this means, so far, Great Britain only. It does not include Canada and the other allies. In general, allied forces are denied actual possession of the nuclear warheads on which their new weapons and new tactics depend.

Thus the United States has a kind of veto power on the military activities of its allies, while the allies have no corresponding power over the decisions of the United States. In this situation, what becomes of national sovereignty? Has any member of the Western alliance, and especially Canada, any real freedom of choice left? Or are we merely bound and blindfold passengers in an American chariot—and if so, what can we do about it?

These questions, which seem to many people the most important of all, will be the subject of the third and concluding article in this series. ★



BOAC's "pure jet" COMET 4

Fly BOAC...the only airline offering you a CHOICE of Jets to Britain



BOAC's "jet-prop" BRITANNIA

BOAC is flying more jets now—has far more on order for international routes than any other airline

BOAC was first to inaugurate jet service across the Atlantic and since then has quietly built up a record of better than 2½ billion miles of jet flying experience.

Today, BOAC offers regularly scheduled transatlantic flights by Britannia from Montreal or by Comet 4 from New York. Just tell your Travel Agent when you want to go and which class of jet-accommodation you prefer... deLuxe, First, Tourist and Economy fare.

In either the Comet 4 or the Britannia you enjoy

the relaxing comfort of two of the fastest, most restful jet liners in the world. The choice is yours—when you book BOAC!

Reservations through
your Travel Agent,
Railway Ticket Office or
**BRITISH OVERSEAS
AIRWAYS CORPORATION**
MONTREAL • TORONTO
WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER

World leader in jet travel
B.O.A.C.
—takes good care of you—



A better world for retarded children continued from page 19

"The list of causes indicates that retardation is something that can happen to anybody"

or his affairs with normal prudence."

But the definition must be translated in real life into terms of children living behind a mental barrier that sets them apart. Retardation is a little boy with the slanting eyes and stubby neck of the Mongoloid, sitting alone and bleak because other children won't play with him. Retardation is a tall, well-built youth painfully enunciating a simple sentence under the patient direction of his teacher. Retardation is a tiny girl with a head so unnaturally swollen that she cannot raise it from the pillow in the crib where she has spent all her short life. It is a ten-year-old boy who is so handsome that you don't notice at first that he has the mannerisms of a three-year-old. In some ways this is the most tragic form of retardation. In one typical case the child's parents clung so strongly to the unattainable hope that he would suddenly "break through" and become normal that they would not allow him to be photographed. When he "gets well" they do not want pictures to remind him that he was once retarded.

But that attitude is now an exception. So completely have the twelve thousand members of the Canadian Association for Retarded Children rejected the old tendency to hide or "protect" their children that they become annoyed when what they call "retarded newspapers" paint out the features of children in photographs used with articles on the association's activities.

One on every street

Doctors usually divide retardation into three categories. Mildly retarded children are those with an IQ of fifty to sixty-nine and a maximum mental age of ten years. Moderately retarded children have an IQ of twenty to forty-nine and a potential mental age up to eight years. Severely retarded children range in IQ from zero to nineteen, and their mental age will not exceed three years even in adulthood.

What causes retardation? No fewer than seventy factors have been blamed by medical investigators: they include such things as injury during the process of birth; a mother's attack of German measles in early pregnancy. A premature child is more likely to be retarded than a full-term baby. Jaundice, high fever and meningitis during infancy are added dangers. Lack of oxygen, either during birth or through accidents in later life, such as near-drowning, can change a normal individual into a retardate in a few seconds.

Geneticists maintain that both the first child of a very young mother and a child born of a relatively old mother are more than usually likely to be Mongoloid retardates, due to defects in the genes which determine children's characteristics. Research indicates that forty percent of Mongoloids are born to women over forty years of age. The list of causes indicates that retardation is literally something that can happen to anybody.

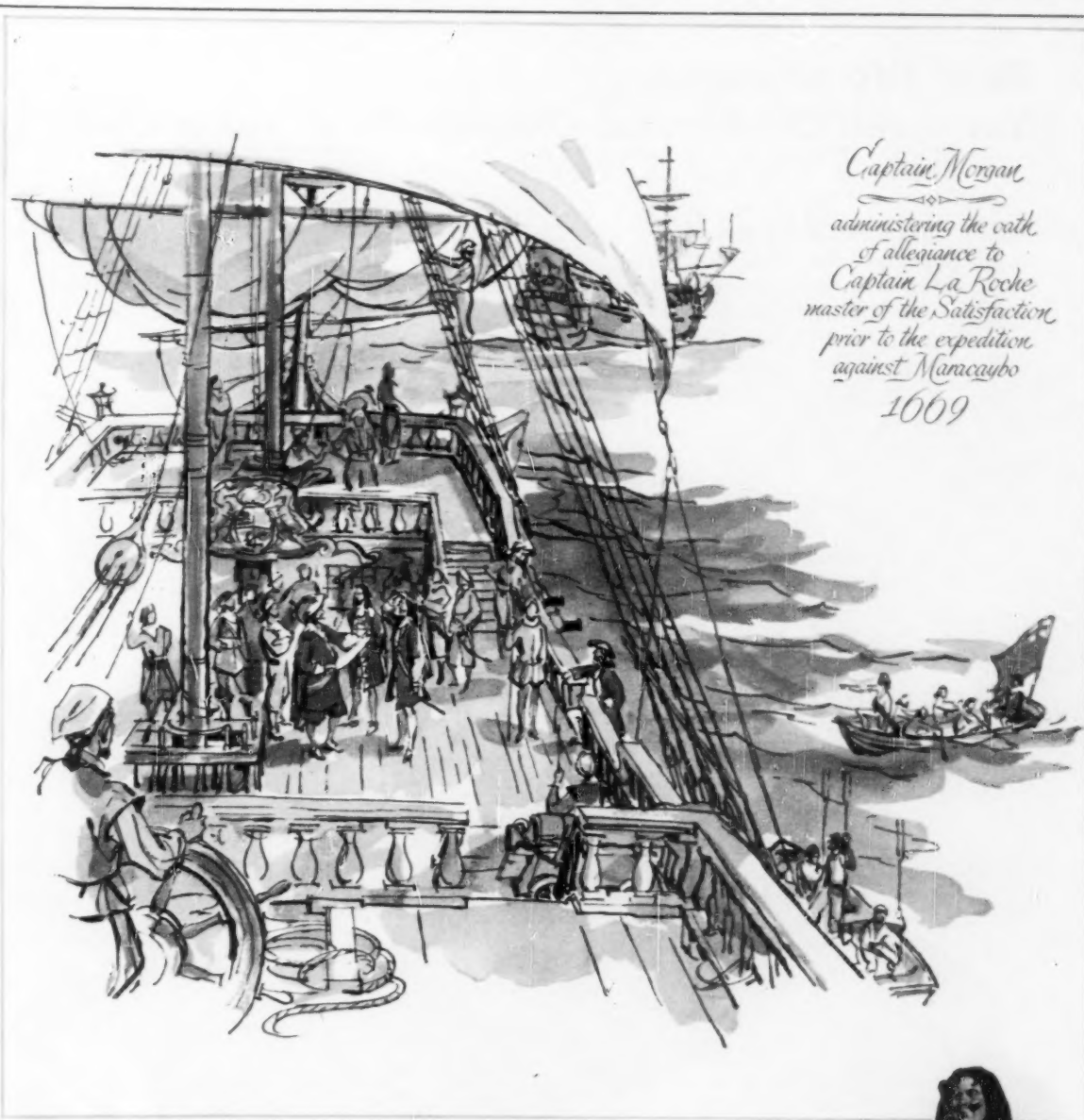
How often does it happen? A few years ago an old family doctor, trying to comfort a mother and father to whom he had just broken the news that their child was retarded, remarked: "Don't feel that you're alone in this—there's one on every street."

That was cold comfort, but it was no figure of speech. Throughout Canada, in any street on which thirty-three children live, the grim law of averages condemns one to retardation. The incidence of retardation—three thousand in one

hundred thousand births—is far greater than any other affliction of childhood, and twice as frequent as the next four disabilities combined. Of one hundred thousand children, seven hundred get rheumatic heart disease, three hundred

and fifty develop cerebral palsy, two hundred become blind and in pre-Salk vaccine days three hundred suffered crippling polio.

As recently as five years ago doctors estimated that one to two children in



Captain Morgan
administering the oath
of allegiance to
Captain La Roche
master of the Satisfaction
prior to the expedition
against Manacaybo
1609

Heritage of a Memorable Age Captain Morgan Rum

Worthy of their great tradition, each of the four

brands of Captain Morgan Rum has a distinctive flavour and character of its own. For memorable rum drinks, try

Captain Morgan soon.

BLACK LABEL Smooth and flavourful

GOLD LABEL Rich and full-bodied **WHITE LABEL** An extra-light rum

DELUXE A superb rum of unexcelled quality



FREE: Set of three 10½ x 12 prints from this series, ready to frame. Write: Captain Morgan, 1430 Peel Street, Montreal.

a hundred were retarded. The apparent increase to three percent is, ironically, largely due to the formation of the Canadian Association for Retarded Children. "In our early days, whenever we broadcast for help what we got were more parents of retarded children coming forward," explained an association official.

Today it is estimated that there are half a million retarded persons of all ages in Canada. The proportion of children is higher than in the rest of the population for two reasons: the increased postwar birthrate and the devel-

opment of antibiotics and other medical advances that save the life of many a retarded baby who otherwise would die early.

What can be done for retarded children? The first fact that parents must accept is that retardation is a condition, not a disease, and it is unrealistic to talk of a "cure." On the other hand, specialized, patient training can increase a typical retarded child's capacity to function. This improvement does not represent an increase in the child's mental equipment; rather it is the attainment of

his true level of intelligence, which may have been submerged by poor environment or lack of expert training.

Training can change many a retarded child from being a crushing mental and physical burden to even the most loving and sympathetic parents, into a reasonably disciplined member of the family. The child himself is, of course, the chief victim of his affliction. But nobody who has not had close contact with a family that includes a retarded child can realize the effect on the parents.

From the moment they receive the

dread news, the parents are on the brink of a private hell of fear, remorse, frustration and guilt. Often they go to great lengths to pretend the misfortune hasn't really happened. The doctor may be wrong—the doctor *must* be wrong. The first impulse is to look for another doctor who will agree with them. Sometimes they spend thousands of dollars and agonizing months shopping around for the words they want to hear and never do. They punish themselves with questions. What will our friends think? Why has God done this to us? What will happen to our child when we die? Is there "bad blood" in the family—dare we ever have another child?

The answer to the last question is that countless parents have healthy children after a retarded child, since the majority of retardations are accidental. Even when inherited genes are involved, the odds are great that the defect will not recur. If a genetic expert is consulted he will never order a couple not to have a child. He will explain the degree of danger and let the parents decide.

The physical burden on parents is heavy. Retarded children often are restless and disturbed, unable to concentrate on any activity for more than a few seconds at a time, and require constant attention. Many spend sleepless nights wailing and fretting. The care of a retarded child has led to nervous breakdowns, broken homes, neglect of other children in the family.

It was against such problems that Mrs. Victoria Glover protested in 1948, and helped add impetus to a revolution in the dark world of retarded children and their parents. Mrs. Glover, bringing up an orphaned retarded grandchild, wrote a letter to *The Toronto Star*, suggesting a meeting with others in the same position as herself.

Thirty parents replied, and seventy turned up at the first meeting, held in the basement of Carlton Street United Church.

"At first we just sat and talked to each other," one parent recalled. "It was wonderful to be able to talk without having to explain or watch what you were saying. It was helpful, too, to find that there were others in the same position and you were not alone in the world with your tragedy. We talked through a few meetings and then decided to act. We formed an association for retarded children."

One of the association's early activities was akin to that of Alcoholics Anonymous. Members frequently got calls from parents wrestling in loneliness with their dilemma. Many new members were enlisted in this way, and providing a sympathetic ear for distressed parents is still one of the informal services of the association.

Once the dam of silence was broken, parents of retarded children came into the open all over the country. In 1955 representatives of provincial associations from coast to coast met in Toronto to form a national body, the Canadian Association for Retarded Children. At the association's first annual meeting, held in Calgary this year, one hundred and sixteen branches were represented.

As if to make up for lost time, the organized parents of retarded children have been moving with explosive energy. Before they went into action, there were pitifully few facilities for the constructive care and training of retarded children, and those few were hopelessly overcrowded. One was the residential school of the Ontario Hospital at Orillia, founded in 1876 with the sad name, "Asylum for Idiots."

Some public schools held auxiliary

Your life changes...

You need Occidental Change-Easy Insurance

New Man Joins Team!

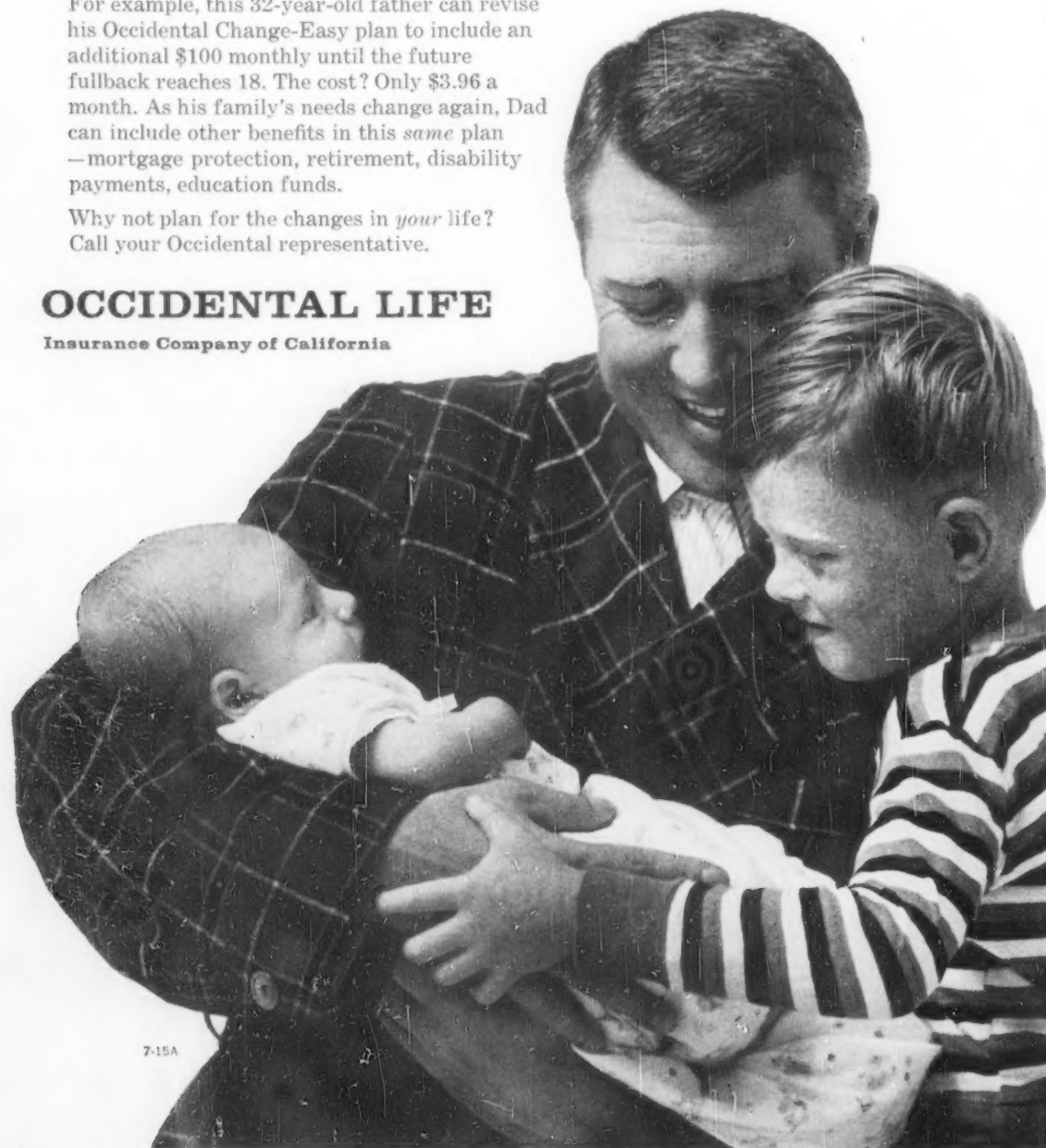
He's part of you—he needs your love and protection now and in the future. That means your insurance needs have changed again. But it's no problem if you own Occidental Change-Easy Insurance. With just *one* Change-Easy policy you can be prepared for most changes life can bring.

For example, this 32-year-old father can revise his Occidental Change-Easy plan to include an additional \$100 monthly until the future fullback reaches 18. The cost? Only \$3.96 a month. As his family's needs change again, Dad can include other benefits in this *same* plan—mortgage protection, retirement, disability payments, education funds.

Why not plan for the changes in *your* life? Call your Occidental representative.

OCCIDENTAL LIFE

Insurance Company of California



7-15A

GENERAL MANAGER FOR CANADA: Toronto, Ontario • Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance • Group Insurance • Pension Plans

"opportunity classes" for mildly retarded children. But children with an IQ of 50 or under were considered "ineducable" and not eligible for these tax-supported special classes. Thus the parents of perhaps half of Canada's retarded children, although they paid the same school taxes as more fortunate parents, received no help.

The organized parents have radically changed all that. In tackling their problem they made two interesting discoveries. First, that the attention with which politicians listen to pleas for action depends on the number of people doing the pleading. Second, that once the case for the retarded child is taken to the people, the people respond with warm generosity and understanding. Seldom now do the parents hear of anyone voicing an old attitude toward special efforts to educate the retarded: "Why bother, as long as they're well cared for? They will never be normal anyway."

Dr. L. A. Kerwood, superintendent of British Columbia's Woodlands residential school, has this answer for persons in whom lingers a negative attitude toward the retarded: "Any society that fails to care in the best way it can, for even its weakest members, is sick. To fail to do, all we can for the handicapped is to make a judgment we have no right to make."

Favorite passengers

The extent to which Canadians have proved they care has gratified and even amazed the organized parents. Three years ago a fund-raising campaign in Toronto brought in four hundred thousand dollars. The greatest part of this money has gone into the establishment of recreation programs, day camps and special association-operated schools for under-fifty-IQ children to supplement the public schools' "opportunity classes" which have themselves greatly increased in number.

The parents now operate eighty-seven schools across Canada, giving training to two thousand children. The schools range in size from a small classroom organized by Mrs. A. B. Perlin in St. John's, Nfld., to the 350-pupil Beverley Street school in Toronto, housed in the mansion that was once the home of Sir George Brown, founder of the Toronto Globe.

Toronto children are taken to and from Beverley Street by a fleet of taxis at a cost of sixty-four thousand dollars a year, which the parents claim is the biggest single taxi contract in the city. The cost comes out of the monthly fees paid by the parents, but Metropolitan Toronto municipal governments and service clubs make grants to help parents who can ill afford the outlay. The taxi drivers have become touchingly attached to their small passengers, and regularly take up a collection of fifty dollars a month among themselves for the association's treasury.

The teachers of retarded children are careful to point out that their pupils differ from normal youngsters only in degree. They know joy and sadness, the frustration of failure and the glow of accomplishment. They delight in games—but must be taught patiently how to play. Hula hoops are as big a hit with them as with other children. Teaching them academic subjects and handicrafts is a meticulous, repetitive and time-consuming process. But the reaction of parents to an utterly heedless child who gradually assumes the characteristics of a "person" is a priceless reward.

"Sometimes retarded children are overprotected at home by parents who

hesitate to discipline them because of their condition," says Mrs. Lucy McCormick, the firm but friendly principal of the Beverley Street school. "We find they accept discipline and are much happier when they learn to get along with others."

Some retarded children show flashes of brilliance. Mrs. McCormick cited one little boy who is an accomplished mimic. "He repeats conversations I have had with him, taking both voices, with startling realism."

One patient at Orillia school has an

almost photographic talent for reproducing complex drawings. Once his instructor asked him to copy a drawing in two parts, doing the second half without reference to the first, several days later. The two halves joined to make a perfectly fitting whole.

The education of retarded children is now being underwritten by expanding provincial financing and facilities. "It's true that we urged the authorities into action," said one association official, "but it's also fair to say that once they understood the need they have become more

than willing to help us in our work."

New hospital schools for residential care of retarded children have been opened at Moose Jaw, Sask., Calgary, and Smiths Falls, Ont. Two more are in prospect for Ontario. Each western province now has a government-financed school. In Quebec, Mount Providence School at Rivière des Prairies was built with provincial-government help especially for French-speaking Roman Catholic children. The only residential school in the Maritimes expressly for retarded children is at Truro, N.S. Most existing



WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE

Men must continue to open and develop Canada's northern frontier . . . adequate staffs must stay on duty constantly at lonely outposts. Progress calls for determination, rugged endurance, quick decisions.

Perhaps that is why you find Haig & Haig in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch whisky, they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues . . . the original Scotch flavour and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.



DON'T BE VAGUE... SAY HAIG & HAIG

Scotland's FIVE STAR Scotch Whisky

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

WATCH FOR THIS ISSUE



MADAME JEHANE BENOIT'S CHRISTMAS COOKBOOK

From an old-fashioned larder — here are wonderful Christmas foods. You'll find all the superb essentials for a real old-fashioned Christmas in the December issue of Canadian Homes and Gardens on sale soon.

SLEIGH BELLS AND EVERGREENS

An antidote to stereophonic rock and roll . . . read about these ideas for a merry and tinkling Christmas . . . with the Canadian sleighbell.

A new twist on an old idea . . . see how decorating with evergreens, one of our oldest and happiest Christmas traditions, is also one of the easiest.

GIFTS FOR YOUR HOME

When Canadian Homes and Gardens went scouting for gifts for the home they found some dandies . . . including mosaic plates, fabrics, room dividers.

Read about "Family Cabins for Week-End Escape" and how, in a growing Canadian trend, city families are taking to them in a new return to the countryside.

Watch for the DECEMBER issue of

**Canadian
homes
and Gardens**
A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

schools are overcrowded, and some areas lack any school. This has put the building and staffing of new schools high on the association's list of demands to be made by local, provincial and national bodies.

Probably the development that gives greatest satisfaction to the parents of retarded children is the beginning of a program that promises lifelong care and security — and a degree of self-reliance undreamed of a few years ago — for their children. This development is the sheltered workshop for "postgraduate" training. Here, after they leave day school, growing-up retarded children are taught simple routine jobs and some have developed enough skill to take "outside" jobs in industry. Others, although they will never be completely self-supporting, work in the sheltered workshop and earn money according to their output. At the pilot workshop in Toronto Miss Jessie Manson, the director, now supervises thirty trainees folding and packing hairnets for a commercial company on a contract basis.

"We hope to show industry how some of these people can help them," says Miss Manson, "just as the sponsors of job programs for the crippled and blind have been able to educate employers to hire their handicapped people."

New ideas; new methods

The long-range program of the parents visualizes a number of residence-workshops across Canada where retarded children as they grow up can live happily and occupy themselves usefully and even profitably.

But the parents' concern is not only with the present, with retarded children already born. Part of the program is to sponsor and inspire medical research aimed at preventing retardation before it happens. In view of the wide variety of causes of retardation, this is an enormous job on an extremely wide front. Yet one example shows that it can be done. The presence of an inherited RH factor in a baby's blood has been identified as a cause of retardation. A modern technique of replacing the blood by massive transfusions of normal blood has saved many an infant from retardation and bestowed normal physical and mental health.

In the United States, research into prenatal nutrition as a factor in retardation is being pursued, as well as investigation of a dozen other aspects of the affliction. In Canada a start in full-time research is soon to be made. The Ontario Junior Red Cross has given the Ontario Association for Retarded Children sixty thousand dollars to establish the first research professorship in mental retardation. The professor and the university in which he will work are to be announced soon.

The balance sheet of the organized parents of retarded children, which had its first small entry just ten years ago, now adds up to a better life for thousands of handicapped children in a world made friendlier to them because it understands their problem. And, in a new column, a fresh entry promises tomorrow's children and their parents the hope of freedom from the misfortune that separates its victims from a full life. ★

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.



A long thin biscuit, that looks like a "Twig" but has its own distinctive taste. Party time and Peek Frean's Twiglets go together. Twiglets come all the way from London for your entertaining pleasure.

MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH
Biscuits M74

the
**tailored look
in leather**



\$3.50 TO \$10.00

*Henry Perkins
Billfold's*

FOR EVERY GIFT OCCASION

"A pleasure to give . . .
a pleasure to receive"

Could hardly walk — ARTHRITIC PAIN

"I suffered so long with arthritic pain in my legs, I could hardly walk. My case seemed hopeless, yet to encourage me, my husband promised me a holiday in England when I was well enough to go. Happily, I heard about DOLCIN Tablets and the way they helped others. I got relief within a few hours and every day saw me so much better. I cried with joy at the great change in me. Thanks to DOLCIN I won the trip," writes Mrs. R. K. Moncton.

For fast effective relief from pains of arthritis, aching muscles, sciatica, lumbago or bursitis, you can rely on DOLCIN. Sold on 5 continents, proof positive of outstanding results in relieving pain. Costs so little, works so fast. DOLCIN.

57-10

¹⁰There's already some reason to believe that a natural defense mechanism exists against cancer.

promotion of people who have authorities of public health, infectious and diseases in their field.

We are learning new things about every more about the body's defense mechanism. Because of this, I think that you will find in medicine many new things within the body.

Here's a typical message:

* A safe and certain protection against many types of cancer may be devised. There's already reason to believe this: a natural defense mechanism exists against cancer. The person who is "cancer-proof" uses the body, in low, in whom the defense mechanism is not working. Using laboratory animals, it has already been proven possible to cure some types of transplanted cancer by giving the dormant defense mechanism the impetus it needs to send it into action. In controlled experiments with humans it has been found possible to immunize them against transplanted tumors, although as yet no means has been found to grant immunity against self-grown tumors.

• It is possible that some cases of schizophrenia—the most common of the serious mental illnesses—represent a failure of the body's defense system. Doctors theorize that schizophrenia may be caused by an elusive chemical which they have tagged "P." The body of the normal person, they speculate, fights "P" and builds an immunity to it; the body of the schizophrenic is helpless against it. Two significant facts point up the possibility that the chronic schizophrenic's immunological defense system is out of kilter. The first is that the chronic schizophrenic usually shows no reaction to LSD-25 — a drug which seriously disturbs the normal person. The second fact is that the schizophrenic rarely develops allergic conditions—a strong indication that his immunological system may be functioning abnormally. When this puzzling situation is fully explained, we may be closer to the prevention of one of the toughest and greatest problems in mental health.

● Paradoxically, there are times when the body's defense mechanism works too well, and the cure is worse than the ailment. Allergic reactions are a prime example. Hives, eczema, asthma, etc., are merely bodily symptoms of the defense mechanism at work trying to oust an invader. The possibility now exists of protecting the individual for many years—if not for life—against allergies. This would be done by the newly discovered technique of acquiring immunological tolerance, *i.e.* treating a living body so that its defense system won't react to a foreign invader. This kind of tolerance may be granted by treating the child at birth. Another method would be by treating the child *before* birth by altering the mother's diet or injecting her with certain substances or by some other means not yet evolved.

Acquired tolerance points toward other medical blessings as well. Hitherto, a person in need of a skin graft has had to depend on skin from another part of his own body. The one exception was if he happened to be an identical twin; in that case he could successfully accept a graft from the other twin. The reason that skin grafts ordinarily don't succeed is that the donor's skin



**LITTLE
BROWN JUG
G&W
OLD RYE WHISKY**

A LITTLE BROWN JUG HOW I LOVE THEE

Get in the spirit of an old-fashioned sing song:
Get your Little Brown Jug today and enjoy the smooth,
rare flavour of the first whisky bottled in Canada.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, CANADA'S OLDEST DISTILLERY - ESTABLISHED 1837

Give a Bolex for Christmas

Here's a very special gift for someone very special... a gift to capture and recapture life's happiest moments—clearly, sharply, permanently.

Bolex movie cameras are easy to use, completely dependable... built by Swiss craftsmen to standards comparable to those of the finest precision watch.

Visit your dealer soon, and choose from a wide Christmas range of superb 16mm and popular 8mm cameras. Examine the Bolex H16 16mm Reflex, the C8 single lens, the B8 twin lens turret, the B8 VS with variable shutter—and many others. Prices as low as \$97.50.

You'll make better movies with

BOLEX



Write for illustrated colour brochure to:

GARLICK FILMS LTD.

"Bolex House", Tycos Drive, Toronto 19



The dramatic splendor of DUSSEHRA, man's victory over evil... Serene DIVALI, the festival of myriad lights... An exotic XMAS... Rare harvest of Folk Dances, rejoicing in the birth of a Republic... Colorful, buoyant HOLI, which mirrors the frolic of the Gods of Spring and Love...

Excellent modern hotels, expert guides, Springtime climate; all travel comforts...

For illustrated brochure on Festivals, contact your Travel Agent or address Dept. MC

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
19 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Murray Hill 8-2245
685 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.
EXbrook 7-0066

tient with blood-manufacturing bone-marrow cells from a healthy person. Hitherto, these cells would only function for a limited time because the donor's cells and the host's cells were incompatible. This produced antibodies which, in turn, led to "secondary diseases" and death. The use of new techniques points the way to a permanent cure for radiation sickness.

The recent discovery of one simple fact has made acquired tolerance possible. This fact is that the defense mechanism does not begin to operate until birth or shortly after birth. The exact time when the immunity mechanism matures and is able to fight foreign invaders by spewing forth antibodies varies with each species. In man, the time is some period soon after birth. In mice, it's believed that the defense system remains inactive until a few days after birth. Rats and rabbits evidently have no immunity mechanism until they're about a week old.

If foreign matter is injected into the body during this period before the immunological mechanism has matured, the body will not fight it. No antibodies will be produced. There will be no reaction. The body will accept this material as part of itself at that moment and, with some reservations, as long as it lives. Scientists have tagged this phenomenon "actively acquired tolerance."

Researchers at the Princess Margaret Hospital, Toronto (formerly known as the Ontario Cancer Research Institute), have injected unborn mice with horse serum—a procedure which usually produces a strong physical reaction. (Serum is the watery portion of blood left after the blood coagulates. The serum of horses is widely used to prepare protective "shots.") The foetal mice did not react to the serum, which was not unexpected since their immunological mechanism had not yet matured. However, some weeks after birth when the mice were given another dose of horse serum, they did not react to it despite the fact that their immunity mechanism was now fully grown and capable of reacting to other substances. They fully tolerated the horse serum.

In another experiment, a few cancer cells were implanted in embryo mice. After they were born, tumors of the same type were implanted in the mice and practically all of them grew vigorously. The mice had virtually no defense against them. In other words, because a sample of the antigen was introduced into the mouse's system before immunological maturity, the mouse tolerated this particular type of antigen

throughout its life. This experiment was performed with a type of cancer which is most difficult to grow on an untreated, adult mouse. The immunity mechanism practically always fights it off.

The ability to make a living body tolerant to any antigen by injecting it with that antigen before its immunity mechanism matures is, in the words of one doctor, "a double-edged sword." One is the possibility of banishing allergic reactions. Almost everybody, nowadays, is allergic to something—specific drugs or foods, alcohol, dusts, pollens, synthetic materials or animal hair and dandruff. When the body comes in contact with any substance to which it is sensitive—by inhaling, touching or eating—the body's defense mechanism immediately springs into action. This "defense" sometimes results in symptoms as disabling as hay fever, migraine headaches, eczema and asthma. Sometimes, allergic reactions cause death: in the last five years fifty-two people have died of bee bites in the United States and similar fatalities have also been reported in Canada. In children, allergic reactions can stunt growth and lead to the faulty development of bones and muscles.

With our growing knowledge of acquired tolerance it may be possible to ward off these unhappy effects. Practically all things people get allergic to can be injected at birth. Nor would it be necessary to inject a hundred different substances into the newborn infant at random. Geneticists have found that many specific allergies run in families. Some estimates claim that at least seventy-five percent of allergies can be traced to parents. Thus, offspring could be injected with the substances to which their family histories indicate they may be allergic and rendered tolerant to them.

There is evidence that nature sometimes follows this technique in bestowing people with tolerance to certain antigens. A case in point is the skin disease caused by a highly potent antigen found in poison oak, poison ivy and mango fruit. It has been noticed, in a California study, that California residents who had been born in Hawaii or the Far East suffer from poison-oak irritation far less frequently than the native-born. Furthermore, patch tests confirmed the fact that they were far less sensitive to this group of plants known as the Rhus.

What could be the explanation? Dr. Rudolf L. Baer, a New York dermatologist, speculates that the people born in Hawaii and the Far East were exposed to mango fruit—probably the most powerful of all the Rhus materials—during pregnancy and childhood. "The mothers were exposed to mango fruit and ate it



"Come and see the parade!"

MACLEAN'S



MCVITIE & PRICE (CANADA) LTD.

50P 110 Jutland Road, Toronto 18, Ont.



EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

Easiest way ever to keep your toilet bowl immaculate!



Let Sani-Flush clean it... twice a week!

Fragrant Sani-Flush cleans, disinfects, deodorizes... removes rust stains, makes toilet bowls sparkle. Powder or liquid.

Disinfects as it cleans

during pregnancy and this may have had an effect in creating a tolerance for the Rhus antigen in the offspring," says Baer. This view is underscored by other studies which show that you can prevent future allergic reactions in a child by manipulating the diet of the pregnant mother.

At Princess Margaret Hospital, staff scientists have injected the foetuses of mice, rats and rabbits with various antigens, working particularly with horse serum. When the animals were born, they had no horse-serum antibodies, indicating that they were tolerant to this substance and completely accepted it. When older, the same mice were given another dose of horse serum. There was still no physical reaction or physical discomfort. On the other hand, two successive shots of horse serum given to adult mice produced an immunological reaction so great that death usually resulted.

This technique of acquiring tolerance to horse serum may be of great future benefit to man. People who suffer deep body wounds are injected with anti-tetanus antitoxin which is made with horse serum for reasons of practicality and convenience. (So are diphtheria antitoxin and other immunological products.) This treatment is prescribed to ward off lockjaw, caused by lethal bacteria. However, many individuals react severely to the anti-tetanus preparation, particularly if they have been sensitized to it by a "shot" during childhood. The shock is often so great that it's suspected that these allergic reactions cause more deaths than the actual injuries which are being treated. A small dose of horse serum at birth, for the purpose of inducing tolerance, might rule out the possibility of such a severe reaction for the duration of the person's life.

One of the most useful applications of our newly found knowledge about immunity and tolerance may be in the transplantation of skin, kidney, lung, heart and other tissues. The simplest form of transplantation is skin grafting. This consists of laying a piece of skin over the area to be repaired and keeping it there under light pressure until the connective-tissue fibres become knitted to the skin underneath. Early surgeons thought it possible to exchange grafts between people (homografts) and, indeed, even between people and animals. However, they soon learned that they were wrong. The two pieces of skin were incompatible. The immunity mechanism of the host would reject the foreign matter. After a week or so, the skin graft would become puffy and inflamed and drop away. It soon became evident that the only grafts possible were autografts (with skin taken from another part of the person's body) or skin transplanted from one identical twin to another.

Two new techniques may usher in a whole new era in tissue transplantation. The first is that it should be possible to use grafting material from embryo or newborn animals because this material does not yet contain antigens which create antibodies in the host, which in turn leads to the sloughing off of the graft. Second, it is now possible to make use of the principle of acquired tolerance. At birth, it may be discovered that an infant is going to need extensive skin grafting. It might then be possible to inject him with skin cells from an adult who is going to be his donor at some future time. When the skin graft is actually carried out the infant will tend to accept it because he has been rendered tolerant to tissue from his future donor.

Some of the future developments in transplantation are foreshadowed in a recent report by an English scientist, Dr. R. E. Billingham, and his associates. He



Say "Merry Christmas" with ROYAL BANK MONEY ORDERS!

A gift of cash is always welcome—and when you buy your money orders this year be sure to get them at your nearest Royal Bank branch. *With each Royal Bank Money Order you'll get—at no extra cost—an envelope and a charmingly illustrated Christmas card with which to send your gift and personal greetings.*

You can use *Royal Bank Money Orders* to send gifts of cash to friends or relatives in Canada, the United States, Great Britain or The West Indies—and *Royal Bank Drafts* to send money anywhere else in the world.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA





To give a child a dream...

*To sow a dream and see it spread and grow,
To light a lamp and watch its brightness gleam,
This is a gift that is divine, I know,
To give a child a dream.*

ANNE CAMPBELL

Teaching, in its highest concept,
is a privilege and a challenge.

If you see a teacher only in terms of wiggling,
giggling moppets and endless pages of uninspired
examination papers, then look again.

Look for the dream. The dream that lies behind
the eyes of every child
in every classroom across Canada.

To bring that dream into existence is to build
manhood... and inevitably, to build nationhood.

Teachers have business with eternity.

Their influence can be endless.

They deserve your respect and support.

You can take an important step by writing today
for the booklet listed below.

FREE—your personal copy of an interesting
and informative booklet, "Education at
the Crossroads". Write today to
Crossroads, Box 200, Station D, Ottawa.

Published by
Maclean's Magazine in
co-operation with the
Canadian Advertising
Advisory Board



records that mice, rabbits, rats and birds were injected with blood cells from adult members of the same species during the foetal period. Later, these animals successfully accepted skin grafts from these same adults who belonged to a similar strain.

Because of the increasing number of injuries due to fires and accidents, there is a constant demand for human-skin substitutes. It was only natural that medical researchers should be attracted to embryo material because of its freedom from trouble-causing antigens. In recent years, Dr. A. N. Silveti and colleagues of the Naval Medical Research Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, have been using the skin of embryo calves obtained from slaughtered cows, on human beings. Silveti is enthusiastic about the material. "It's hairless, clean, soft, pliable, transparent and light colored," he says. He used it to repair a skin wound on the leg of one woman; after five weeks he reported that there was no inflammation and that there was now a thin layer of normal skin tissue growing. Skin from an embryo calf has already been used in experimental laboratories to correct skin defects in mice, rabbits, rats and dogs. It has also been used as a temporary biologic dressing on human wounds on the thigh, arm and scalp. "In none of these patients," says Silveti, "were there any obvious or apparent foreign-body reactions to the bovine material."

From mice to men

Our newly acquired information is being applied to the looming problem of preventing death from excessive radiation. Death is caused because of damage done to the blood-forming cells which are principally located in the bone marrow. In past laboratory experiments, attempts have been made to keep irradiated mice alive by injecting them with bone-marrow cells from healthy, adult mice of the same strain. The early results were encouraging. The freshly injected cells caught on and began manufacturing blood. However, in time, the injected cells recognized the host cells as foreign and began to manufacture antibodies against them. This led to "secondary disease" and ultimately death. Recently, medical researchers at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, England, have been injecting bone-marrow cells from foetal mice into grown mice whose own blood-manufacturing cells had been destroyed by massive doses of radiation. Lacking defense machinery, these foetal cells don't engage the host in battle. The result has been a much higher rate of survival among animals who have received "lethal" doses of radiation. Already, in England, experimentation is under way with the use of human foetal material to save the lives of human beings who have been excessively irradiated.

Current exploration of tolerance and immunity suggests new avenues of progress in the fight against cancer. Many cancerologists now share the opinion of Dr. Max Cutler, former director of the Chicago Tumor Institute, who says that "a defense mechanism against cancer exists in the body and it may be that the cases of cancer we see in the clinic are only the ones where the defense mechanism failed."

Dr. Philip West of the University of California cites a series of autopsy studies done on a number of males past fifty who died of miscellaneous causes other than cancer: forty-five percent of them were found to have cancer of the prostate gland. Yet, says West, "obviously most of these cancers remained station-

ary or regressed and the individual lived his normal life span oblivious of the fact that he may have had cancer for twenty or thirty years." In a mass detection survey a large group of women were discovered to have cancer of the cervix. Their cases were studied for a number of years. In only twenty percent of the women did the cells proliferate to the point where they required treatment. In the remainder, the growth disturbance was self-controlled and vanished. West concludes, "It is very possible that all of us may have had or will have some form of cancer but because of a built-in natural defense mechanism we will never know it and die of an unrelated cause."

The most dramatic — as well as the most mysterious — examples of the defense mechanism at work, are the cases of "spontaneous remission" of cancer. In the past fifty years at least 120 case histories have been gathered which describe patients who were given up by doctors but survived and went on to enjoy years of good health. It was as though, at the eleventh hour, the body mobilized its defensive machinery to cast out the tumors which had gained a firm foothold. A typical case of spontaneous regression, gathered by Prof. William Boyd, a former University of Toronto pathologist, concerned a young woman in her thirties who had tumorous growths in her breast, upper arm, abdomen and groin. Doctors pronounced her incurable. Yet, she survived the delivery of her child and, when seen four years later, the masses of growth had vanished and she was perfectly well. Commenting on this and similar cases, Dr. Boyd says, "Nothing in nature is ever really spontaneous. There is always a cause." He speculates that at some point in the disease, some part of the tumor cells causes the formation of specific antibodies which eventually conquer the cancer cells. He advocates research to find out exactly how the tumor cells or some fraction of them "can be used as an antigen for stimulating the natural defenses against the invading organism."

It may be that Dr. Gordon Murray, a brilliant sixty-two-year-old Toronto surgeon, has discovered a way of triggering the body's natural defenses to fight cancer. Recently, Murray announced that he had inoculated horses with human cancer tissue, and, after the animals had had time to manufacture antibodies, he bled them, and extracted serum from the blood. He then injected this anti-cancer serum into terminal-cancer patients in increasing doses for twenty-one days. While Murray claimed no cures, he says that patients lived up to three years after other forms of treatment had been abandoned.

Probably the most ambitious attempt to unravel the secrets of the body's defenses against cancer is being made at the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York. Hundreds of human

**WASHING MACHINES
PURR LIKE KITTENS
with 3-IN-ONE**





volunteers are helping the scientists to answer the basic question, "What are the differences in the defense mechanism of the cancer-prone and the cancer-free person?"

The present experiments started with a group of fifteen hospital patients with far-advanced, inoperable cancer. Clusters of cancer cells were planted in the skin under their forearms. The transplants spread and grew until surgeons removed them. "If bodily defenses against transplanted cancer exist," reported one doctor, "then these patients certainly lacked them." Next, the Sloan-Kettering scientists visited Ohio State Penitentiary and injected the same stock of cancer cells into fourteen healthy prisoner volunteers. Unlike the hospital cancer patients, this group had a defense against the disease; the transplants refused to grow and within a month practically all of the cancer transplants had died. Three months later, the Ohio volunteers were again inoculated with the same cells. This time their defense mechanisms acted even more quickly; in a week all the cancer cells died.

From these first experiments, the Sloan-Kettering team concluded that healthy people have some defense against cancer; that the defense against a specific type of cancer implant can be strengthened by a re-inoculation. But they noted, in one of their reports, that a number of general questions had to be answered: had they created an immunity to cancer in the same way an immunity to polio, diphtheria or typhoid fever can be created? And would immunity to one kind of cancer give any protection against others?

On their next trip to the Ohio prison, the researchers took with them seven different kinds of human cancers. This time there were fifty-three volunteers, half of whom had previously received inoculations. Some of these veterans received the same type of inoculations they had previously received; others, different strains. The veterans receiving the new strain conquered the cells faster than the volunteers who were being injected with cancer for the first time. On the other hand, they were slower in killing them off than men receiving a second injection of the same cancer cell type.

"This could be regarded as a major discovery," the scientists report. It appears that if you can develop immunity to one type of cancer, you succeed—at least partially—in developing immunity against all types. The results also suggest

that all kinds of cancer have something in common which triggers the body to resist. The next phase of the enquiry is to find out what part of the cancer cell has this immunizing power. Perhaps if it could be identified and extracted it might be effective against real cancers as well as transplanted ones.

Another search being conducted by the Sloan-Kettering doctors is to discover the precise biochemical ways in which the Ohio volunteers and the cancer patients differ. One startling difference which was almost immediately spotted related to a chemical found in the blood stream known as *properdin*. The volunteers had an average properdin level of seven units; on the other hand, advanced cancer patients seemed to be deficient in properdin—they averaged only two units.

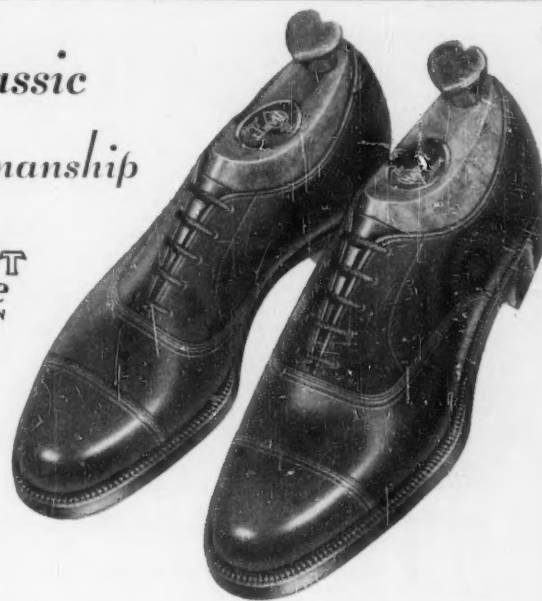
Laboratory results with properdin have fired the interest of the investigators. An injection of a small amount of zymosan—extracted from yeast cells—has the effect of raising the properdin level in the blood. A group of mice suffering from a highly malignant type of cancer that usually kills ninety-five percent of them within three weeks, were given small amounts of zymosan to raise their properdin level. In every instance, the cancers were dissolved and the mice were completely cured. In another experiment, it was noted that the properdin level in the blood of mice in which cancer was growing gradually decreased as the tumor increased in size.

Will transfusions of human properdin, in amounts large enough to restore it to the normal level, help the patient with advanced cancer? Sloan-Kettering scientists hope to answer this question soon.

Properdin, however, is only one aspect of the enquiry into the body's defense against cancer. The virus now occupies a prominent place on the cancer-research stage. It has been definitely established that at least one form of mouse leukemia is caused by a virus. Furthermore, a vaccine—prepared like the Salk polio vaccine—will protect ninety percent of mice against this one form of leukemia. This virus is being carefully studied in laboratories all over the world, particularly its immunological powers and traits. Somewhere in the resulting data may lie the secrets of how the body defends itself against other types of viruses—some of which may be the cause of human cancer. If this research is successfully completed we may realize the centuries-old dream of finding a vaccine against cancer. ★

Classic
craftsmanship

The
HARTT
Shoe
FOR MEN



This classic circular seam Oxford is crafted with traditional Hartt skill and style. Durable, double sole. Choice of imported black calf and finest Aniline brown calf.

At Better Shoe Stores Across Canada

THE HARTT BOOT AND SHOE COMPANY LIMITED • FREDERICTON, N.B.

Let **MACLEAN'S**

say **Merry Christmas to all your friends**

3 Gifts only \$5.00
each additional gift
after three only \$1.65

Page 75 tells you how to order

Because your watch is always on display,
be at your best with a new

HOVERTA
ROTOMATIC

by Hofer of Switzerland

Whether you're at a gay social function,
or making that all-important business call,
your watch is a significant part of your
appearance. That's why you should choose
your next watch with care. By all means, see the
HOVERTA Rotomatic...
inspired styling,
unmatched accuracy...
and it winds itself!



Expensive? No! you can wear
a beautiful **HOVERTA** for as little
as \$71.50. Waterproof... shockproof...
17 jewels... antimagnetic.

No. 7559 — Calendar —
Stainless Steel or Gold Top
Case, Rotomatic,
Luminous dial — \$79.50

HOVERTA Rotomatic watches on display at FINE JEWELLERS
throughout Canada.

Send for this
FREE BOOKLET



Fascinating, full color, 16-page booklet "The Swiss
Jewelled-Lever Watch" sent on request.
Write: Paul Hofer Ltd., 637 Craig St. W., Montreal.

PROPER DIRECTION is essential in trust matters. For 76 years the experienced officers of TGT have successfully piloted the affairs of individuals, estates and corporations. When you consult with TGT you draw on the seasoned judgment of its officers plus the helpful advice of specialists in investing, accounting, and taxation.

Appointments are made to suit your convenience.

TGT TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

Toronto Montreal Ottawa Windsor Winnipeg
Regina Saskatoon Calgary Edmonton Vancouver

Parade

The bride came C.O.D.

The resplendent bride had four glowing bridesmaids and a handsome black limousine to carry them all to the church, but their route lay along a deserted unpaved road in Toronto's western suburbs and there had been a terrible storm the day before. The Cadillac skidded into the ditch and couldn't get out, but they made it to the church on time. The

blue as a five on the other. The CP story said the proud owner had already been offered \$10 for the freak and was hanging out for more—but our advice is to sell fast if he can still get it. We talked to a Bank of Canada official and a coin collector both of whom agree (a) the dollar bill is undoubtedly a perfectly good buck and (b) probably worth exactly \$1. Off-color money keeps turning up occasionally, whenever a bill is accidentally exposed to some chemical influence which, say, bleaches the yellow out of the green ink and leaves it blue.



waiting guests goggled, though, when the bridal party stepped daintily out of a big red-and-black Eaton's truck.

Any restaurant should be delighted to have a dishwasher as careful as the fellow observed by a Parade scout in Vancouver. After washing, drying and stacking all the dishes left over from the noon-hour rush he took a coffee break himself. He looked all the clean cups over, thoroughly, discarding at least seven before he found one fit to drink out of.

When the first house-for-sale ad in the St. John's, Nfld., Evening Telegram didn't do the trick, this follow-up appeared a few days later: "Please buy our house. Mother wouldn't let us answer the phone last week when you called. I'll bet we could have talked you into coming inside to see the house. We sure wish somebody would hurry up and buy it. Mother won't let us do anything for fear somebody's going to come and look at it. If ya don't hurry up you're just gonna have to look at it with toys on the floor. We can't stand this neatness much longer.—Kim and Jeff."

Darndest case of inflationary currency we've ever heard about was reported out of St. Catharines, Ont., by Canadian Press . . . and we've been doing a little investigating on our own since. Seems this man handed a cashier a dollar bill and she insisted on giving him change for a five; then they both took another look at the dollar and discovered it was only green on one side and

They still take the law into their own hands up in the Peace River country, via the personal ads in the Fort St. John, B.C., Alaska Highway News: "Andrew H., if I find you in my chicken house again at night, they find you there next morning. RD."

There's a determined mother on a busy suburban street north of Toronto who does more than worry about the neighborhood youngsters becoming traffic victims—she does something about it. Every afternoon just as school gets out she marches out of the house with a long black extension cord, runs it across the road with the ends hidden in the bushes on either side. Every motorist immediately spots the speed trap and jams on his brakes.

Playing "office" is a favorite pastime with a pair of little girls in Edmonton and an invariable feature is the point at which they meet for morning coffee. After greeting each other enthusiastically

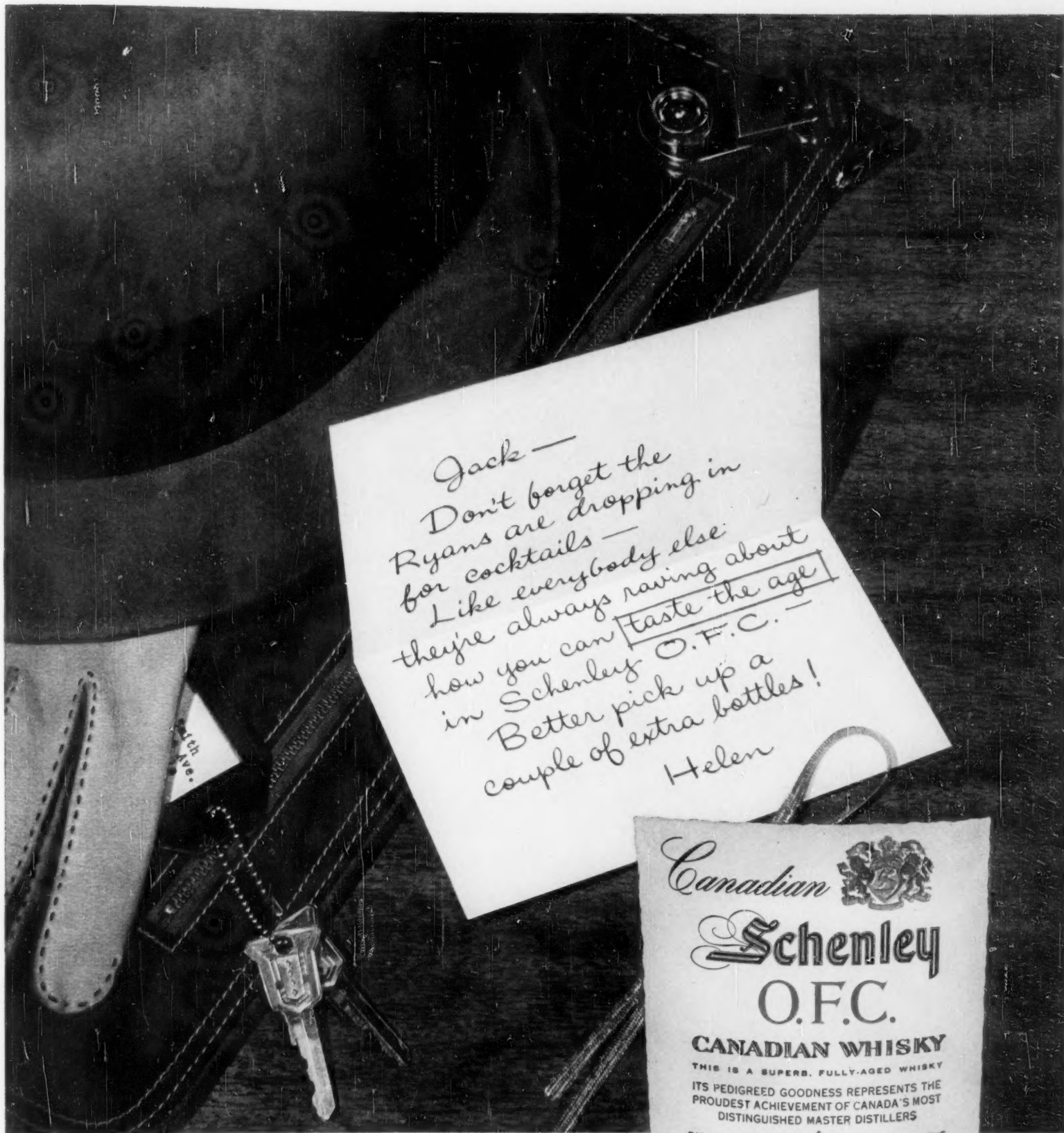


on one such occasion, the first youngster enquired affably, "What are you doing?" and the second replied, "Oh, I'm just having my breakdown."

The owner of one of those flashy outstretched cars pulled up on Broad St. in downtown Victoria and let his wife out. But instead of dashing into the nearest store she marched purposefully to a vacant parking space between car and curb, carefully paced it off, then returned to the car to announce disgustedly, "Another one too short."

PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



Jack —
 Don't forget the
 Ryans are dropping in
 for cocktails —
 Like everybody else
 they're always raving about
 how you can taste the age
 in Schenley O.F.C. —
 Better pick up a
 couple of extra bottles!
 Helen



KNOWLEDGEABLE HOSTS ACROSS THE LAND are becoming more and more aware of the importance of *age in wood* in a whisky. That's why so many of these perceptive people are switching to 8-year-old O.F.C.

When you buy O.F.C. you can be sure of its true age . . . and therefore of its true quality.

Canadian Schenley LTD. "Distillers of certified-age whiskies"

The certified 8-year-old
 Canadian Whisky

O.F.C., AGED 8 YEARS • RESERVE, AGED 6 YEARS • GOLDEN WEDDING, AGED 5 YEARS

MAKING HAPPY MUSIC TOGETHER



- 1.** You're giving a "play it yourself" music party. It's good fun.
Everyone performs while your tape recorder listens merrily to it all.



- 2.** Between numbers, you slip out to arrange the refreshments. Tasteful party snacks and, naturally, ice-cold Coca-Cola.



- 3.** Stop the music! Pause . . . enjoy that cold crisp taste . . . the cheerful lift of Coke. Coca-Cola always tastes so good . . . and is always in such good taste, too.



- 4.** Best fun of all—when your tape recorder plays back. They listen . . . they laugh . . . they love it! Coke and fun . . . Coke and good taste go so well together.

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE

Say "Coke" or "Coca-Cola"—both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.—the world's best-loved sparkling drink.



